

THE
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DECEMBER, 1856.



THE FALLS OF MINNEHAHA.

THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

A JOURNEY is a miniature life; it includes the three classical unities, the beginning, the main action, and the close.

It would be utterly impossible for me to bring the reader at once to the banks of the Mississippi, without noticing the steps *in transitu*; as impossible, as it is for the unsophisticated witness, in a court-room, to give in his testimony, without bringing in a thousand particulars interesting to himself, but about which the court might not care a fig. We were *en route* for "the great West," with an indefinite idea of extent, and of danger, of Indians, wild buffaloes, and prairies. But there must be a first time to an Eastern man going West.

We did not delay in Philadelphia, but sped on to Baltimore. 'Twere long to tell what novelties we met there, what

kind faces we saw, the memory of which is pleasing still; how we visited the crotchety old man at Washington Monument, and, for a shilling, took his lantern and walked up through the dark winding passage to the top; how we looked down, and wondered that the few stones should hold us up there, so high; how we watched the men and horses below, creeping around like mice, and saw the broad Chesapeake, and nearly all creation.

To me, however, thinking of New-York, Baltimore could not aspire to be a city. It seemed only a big town. But the name of Baltimore is dear to thousands. Here, on the evening of the 13th of May, we went to church, listened to a good sermon, and on the following evening started in the night express for Wheeling. Before

retiring for the night to our railroad nap, we looked out on Harper's Ferry, but nothing but an abyss of darkness was visible. No moon or stars revealed the grandeurs of nature, for which this place is celebrated. Toward morning, on Thursday, we were pointed by an appreciative brakeman to a wild glen, where the view was lost in a maze of forests. Here, no doubt, might be found the "lodge in some vast wilderness," that so kindled the longing of the melancholy poet.

All now is excitement: we look forth on the Ohio. With what awe we gazed on the stream, that borrows a charm and a mystery from its connection with the great Father of Waters! At Belair, the hills of Ohio frown angrily over upon the Old Dominion. A curbsity of a steamboat was puffing by, toward Wheeling, with a large paddle-wheel at the stern, realizing the Dutchman's idea of a saw-mill in full operation, moving off, wheel and all, down the river. Everything here is different from what you see at the East. A man, just now, came with a string of fish from the river. The catfish were of a different color, a dark yellow, like the mud they inhabit. There was also what the fisherman called a sturgeon, with a three-cornered head like a cocked hat, and its mouth on the under side, thus forming, probably, a curious mud-plow.

At Zanesville, we fell in with an old friend from the East, located on one of the finest farms of rolling Ohio land. But we could only tarry long enough to be refreshed, amid the attractions of the place, and to call up old reminiscences.

After hasty greetings, we were soon on our way northward, through the most extensive prairies we had yet seen. The first sight of a prairie is an era in a lifetime. My eye never tired in ranging these great American plains. I was reminded of the magnificent hymn of Bryant:

"These are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they
stretch,

In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fix'd,
And motionless forever. Motionless?
No, they are all unchain'd again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;

Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk, that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have
play'd

Among the palms of Mexico, and vines
Of Texas, and have crisp'd the limpid brooks,
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fann'd
A nobler, or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work!
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smooth'd these verdant swells, and sown
their slopes

With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting
floor

For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers, whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above the eastern hills."

One must have some catastrophe on a long journey; and so, as if for our special discipline, a bridge between Chicago and Michigan city, on the Michigan Central Road, was burned down. The approach to this, in the night, was likely to create some gloomy apprehensions. But once at the place, the danger dwindled down to the marring of trunks, or the smashing of bandboxes, while whole car-loads of baggage were transferred across a plank to a train in waiting. Soon, however, the whole company had passed the straits, and the stately march of the great cars of the Michigan Central once more began. At length we reached Chicago, long after midnight, and groped our way to a hotel. The great Western city surprised us for the better. We had heard of its population, increasing beyond all parallel, and of its lake commerce, but we were hardly prepared to see so much order, intelligence, and piety. There are some beautiful marble residences here, one of which is gratefully remembered, whose generous occupants look out upon the waves of Michigan, the changeable, wild, capricious Michigan. Here, too, must learning feel the breath of Western activity. When the people of this country shall wield a still more potent, intellectual sway, the Northwestern University at Evanston shall be an honored name.

Again, we are on our flight to Galena, which place we reached late in the afternoon, and hurried on to the terminus of the railroad at Dunleath. Here, after obtaining a state-room, we had leisure to look

around on the crowd of human beings who were rushing on board. An opposition boat was near by, with a band of music playing, but we preferred the regular line.

Evening came before we left the landing. The boat shot boldly out upon the Mississippi on the way to Minnesota. But how shall I describe the pleasant disappointment I experienced, in the panorama of nature's living beauty that passed before us? It was a delightful moonlight night. The last of the May verdure was just blushing into June. Everywhere before us the mighty river, in spring tide, kissed the foliage of the shores, and murmured around innumerable islands. I can give no better idea of the number and beauty of these islands, than by asking the reader to imagine them scattered along the broad river for four hundred miles, in diversified position, and varying light and shade, all the way from Galena to St. Anthony. No sooner had we passed one group, than we were in the midst of others. I wondered often how the pilot could find his way through them. Meeting the islands at almost every turn, gave the pleasant illusion of a sail through innumerable picturesque lakes. Sometimes we were gliding by angry bluffs that frowned on either hand. I had taken my impressions of the Mississippi scenery from the descriptions of the river below St. Louis, where the banks are generally depressed and monotonous. But nothing can surpass the grandeur of the Upper Mississippi. Is it then strange that I was fascinated while floating through these Western paradises, over which the moon shed her soft, shadowy light, and where the notes of the whippowill rose and died far away, as I had heard them in my boyhood's home, where they still sing among the mountains that surround Wyoming?

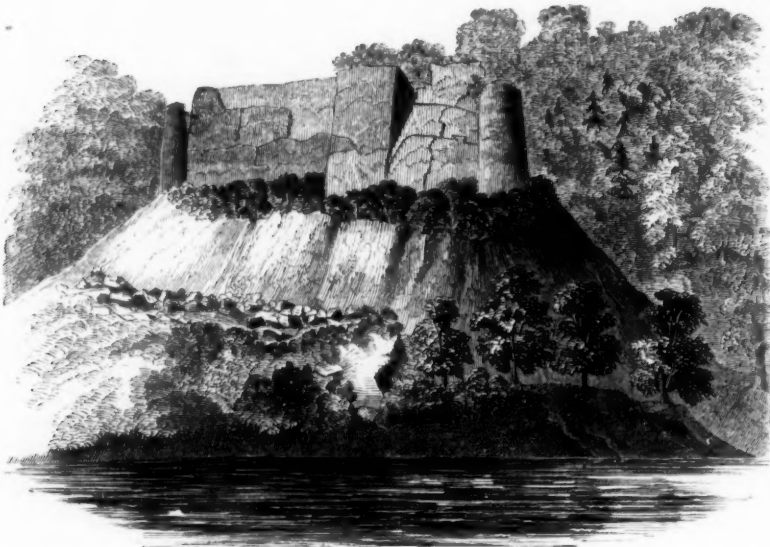
But these bluffs, to be appreciated, must be seen by day. Then their red cliffs, wreathed with foliage, are very beautiful. The rocks mostly have this red color, and are shaded often like the finest painting. The form, in the engraving on the next page, is accurate, though the tint of the old red rock it is impossible to give. The American need not envy the Old World the castles of the Rhine, when he has these grand and enduring monuments of God.

There are brisk towns springing up, as by magic, along these shores. Winona, two hundred and twenty-nine miles from

Galena, is a growing place. The freight landed there was astonishing, and whole families appeared to have come on to make this spot their home. There were two or three hundred people around the landing, where the steamboat torches, by the light of which they were landing freight, shone wildly on what appeared to be an exodus from all nations.

Long after midnight I remained on deck to get a sight at Lake Pepin, which would be famous from its alliance to the great Father of Waters alone, but is also interesting for its own sake. Lake Pepin is about forty miles long, by from two to five wide. It is said to be very deep, and to have no perceptible current. The shores of the lake are covered with logs and driftwood, which the river has brought from above. This lake is essentially northern. You find yourself in the land of hemlocks, pines, tamarac, and cedar. Near the head of Lake Pepin is Maiden Rock, that lifts itself boldly above the water to a great elevation. Here tradition fixes an Indian tragedy. While a group of passengers were gazing at the rock, in the first gray light of morning, the pilot was giving an apocryphal edition of the story to a simple youth. Young America seemed very much gratified, when the pilot observed that a young lady, whom he knew very well, jumped off there a short time ago, and he could show precisely where she was buried. The reader will, however, be better satisfied with the account given by E. S. Seymour, in his "Sketches of Minnesota."

"About half a century ago, an Indian female, whose name was Winona, of the tribe of Wapasha, formed an ardent attachment for a young hunter, by whom her attachment was reciprocated. Her parents, however, preferred to have her unite her hand with a young warrior who had signalized himself in battle against the Chippewas. The warrior's suit being rejected by the daughter, the father threatened that she should be united to him on that very day. The family were then accompanying a party on an excursion up this lake, and were encamped near this rock. The maiden ascended to the summit, and with a loud voice upbraided her friends below for their cruelty to the young hunter, whom they had driven into the forest, and cruelty to her, for opposing her union to the only man whom she loved, and endeavoring to make her faithless to him, by compelling her to marry another. She then commenced singing her dirge, and regardless of the entreaties of her friends and of her parents, who promised to relinquish all compulsory measures, she threw herself from the precipice, and fell a lifeless corpse."



EAST SIDE ABOVE CASSVILLE.

A very similar legend exists, connected with a high, precipitous mountain near Great Barrington, Mass.; and the genius of Bryant has given, in one of his poems, an imperishable tablet to perpetuate the name of the unfortunate maiden. Let Mahaiwee be remembered with Winona.

We pause at Red Wing, three hundred and thirty-three miles from Galena. Here is located the Hamline Institute, the nucleus of a seminary, to which a liberal donation was made by the ex-bishop, whose name it bears. Prescott is three hundred and sixty-one miles from Galena; situated where Lake Saint Croix joins the Mississippi. The Saint Croix leads up into an interesting region, and here forms the boundary line between Wisconsin and Minnesota.

The Mississippi is now growing narrower, the current swifter, and we near St. Paul. This is what might be called a live town, three hundred and ninety-seven miles from Galena, and is destined to become a great city. The gilt letters of the steamboat agencies catch the eye of the traveler, and the boats are going and coming almost every hour.

As we were bound for the Falls of St. Anthony, about eleven miles distant, we took stage immediately, and were soon riding over a fine rolling prairie. We saw, on

our way, a specimen of Western character: we met a wagon load of "the boys" in their red flannel shirts. They had been out in their shantees, on their claims, with, probably, only a rifle and a hatchet for their companions. It was true of them as Wordsworth says of Peter Bell:

"A savage wildness round him hung,
As of a dweller out of doors;
In his whole figure and his mien
A savage character was seen,
Of mountains and of dreary moors."

At St. Anthony we met some old companions of our childhood, with whom we spent a short time, conversing on our boyhood's days. But on this subject we will not dwell.

A day may be spent in looking about St. Anthony's, in examining the large hotel, now in process of erection, the site of the state university that is to be located here, the islands, the stores, and the churches. Then you may cross to Minneapolis, just opposite, by a wire suspension bridge. Here is a water power equal to that of Lowell, and already in the hands of an enterprising company. The situation of both of these towns is delightful, being on the lofty bank of the river, on level ground, with an indefinite expanse of fertile prairie gently rolling away from them to the distant horizon.

The climate in this latitude is remarkably clear and steady. In the winter the thermometer sometimes falls below our ordinary range in New-York, but they say the climate is so clear and even, one does not experience any inconvenience from the cold. The winds are sometimes high, and the storms terrific. One evening, with a friend, I went to walk by the river shore, when a dreadful gale came up, which lasted for some time, after which we had a few drops of rain; but the lightning was awfully sublime. The forked tongues played fitfully through the dark clouds; then, like a volcanic eruption, the flame seemed to burst from the bosom of the prairie. The impression of that scene will never be effaced from my memory. The thunder and lightning in Minnesota, like everything else, are on a grand scale.

Four of us made a pleasant excursion to Fort Snelling in a wagon drawn by mules. Fort Snelling contains a garrison of United States troops, and has in its stables some powerful horses. This post is on the Indian frontier, which is every year receding.

Prairie du Chien, further down the river, ninety-five miles from Galena, is mostly interesting as a pioneer post, and an important name in our early geography.

Returning from Fort Snelling, we

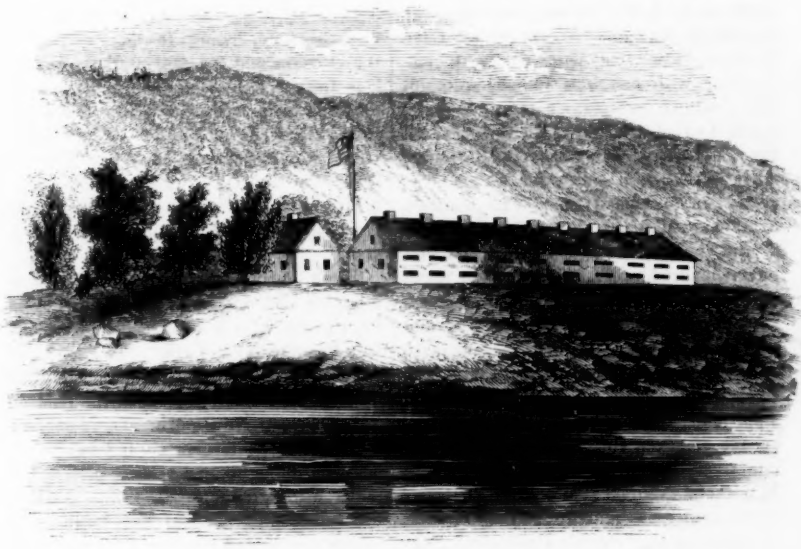
stopped at "Brown's Falls," recently made famous as the Falls of Minnehaha in Longfellow's "Hiawatha." We give on the first page a sketch taken on the spot.

The following is the description given by Seymour:

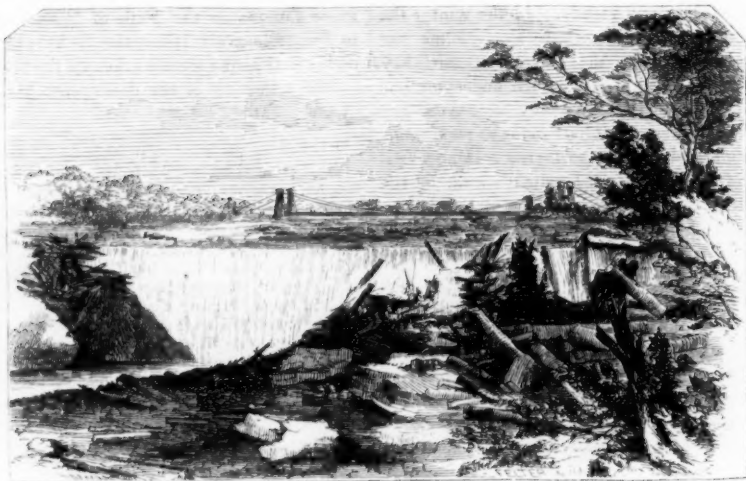
"Following the road that leads to the Falls of St. Anthony, we arrived in three miles from the fort, at a very pretty cascade, known by the name of Brown's Falls. A small stream, about five yards wide, the outlet of the Lake of the Isles, Lake Calhoun, Lake Harriet, and other lakes, precipitates itself from the verge of a precipice, of about fifty feet in height, into a basin below, forming a curved sheet of water, which presents features, not of grandeur, but of great beauty. The rays of the sun reflected by the spray produced a beautiful rainbow. The action of the spray upon the soft rock had excavated an arch in the rear of the cascade beneath the bed of the stream, under which we entered. We followed this stream down half a mile, and found it full of rapids or cascades. Its total fall from the crossing of the road to its junction with the Mississippi is probably not much less than one hundred feet."

Here lived "The old Arrow-Maker," whose beautiful daughter, Minnehaha, or Laughing Water, Hiawatha wooed and won. Hiawatha kills a deer in hunting, and placing it on his strong shoulder, brings it in and lays it at the feet of the beautiful Minnehaha, who gives the simple greeting,

"You are welcome, Hiawatha."



PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.



THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

At the proper time the youthful warrior begins his plea to the old sachem in the presence of the maiden, and asks him for the hand of his lovely daughter, to whom Mr. Sachem refers him. As in duty bound, the lady blushed, and took the young Indian "for better or for worse," as all who have read Longfellow's "Hiawatha" are aware.

Our party concluded to return to St. Anthony by Lake Calhoun, leaving Lake Harriet to the east. We bathed in Lake Calhoun, saw two wild ducks, which, together with one live Indian, were all the untamed animals we met. We did desire to visit a larger and more splendid sheet of water, Lake Minnetonka, some miles to the south; but want of time compelled us to hasten on. The distance navigable between the different rapids above St. Anthony is set down at about three hundred miles. Far to the north the banks become lower, and the stream meanders through tamarac swamps and forests of cedar and fir. Take your map, and behold the network of lakes and rivers between the sources of the Mississippi and Lake Superior. A traveler speaks of seven small lakes strung along one river, like beads upon a string. In Minnesota, Nebraska, and Iowa are wonderful geological remains, as may be seen by referring to "Owen's Geological Survey" of these regions.

Again we are on the Mississippi, on the fine steamer "Ocean Wave," homeward bound. No sloops appear, as on the Hudson, but only the puffing, high-pressure steamers that navigate these waters. Now one of them, the "War Eagle," more like a bird of prey, or dragon of the deep, has shrieked her salute, which reverberates among the bluffs, and she plunges on among the Western solitudes. The boats make the downward trip in half the time, owing, to the rapidity of the current, and the fact of their having less freight. Having plenty of time to meet the cars at Galena, we passed Dunleath, and went up the Fever or Galena River. A more crooked stream I never saw. Our boat was running to all points of the compass. Galena, Chicago, and Indianapolis are reached in rapid succession.

Even steam is slow to the rushing thoughts and wishes of one long absent from home. So it seemed to me, till my feet touched New-York. My friend and I had parted company at Indianapolis, and now, alone, I was hurrying, by the Hudson River cars, to Newburgh. O, ye sublime old mountains! forgive me if I have ever said or thought that those Mississippi bluffs were grander than you. And ye beauteous waters, clear and bright, and foliage green, and rippling fountains, with joy I see you once again.



LAURENT CLERC.

SKETCHES OF HUMANE INSTITUTIONS.—N^o III.

AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

IN the family of an eminent physician in Hartford, Connecticut, in the year 1807, there were deep anxiety and sorrow. A little daughter of uncommon loveliness and promise, whose winning smiles and innocent prattle had, during the two short summers of her life, filled that household with joy, now lay upon a sick and apparently a dying bed. The spotted fever, a new and fearful epidemic, was ravaging the city, and the little Alice had been smitten by its pestilential breath. Long and patiently did those fond parents watch over that little couch. Never was child nursed more tenderly; and at last their anxious care seemed repaid; the parched lips grew moist, the fevered brow became

cool, the mutterings of delirium ceased, and after a long and quiet slumber, the little one awoke to reason and to life. Fervent and heartfelt were the thanksgivings which gushed from the hearts of those parents; but suddenly, as her convalescence continued, a new terror seized them. Though gleeful and happy, their questions, their exclamations, their words of endearment, called forth no response; and at times they noticed on the countenance of the child, as she gazed in their faces while they spoke, a look of blank amazement, as if she could not understand their wishes. The conviction at last forced itself upon their unwilling minds that their little Alice was hopelessly deaf, and, becoming deaf at so early an age, that she would be dumb also.

The thought was appalling, and it was

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long before they could fully realize that she, whose sweet voice had filled her parents' heart with delight, and whose budding intellect was already beginning to develop under a mother's loving care, was to be shut out henceforth from all the melodies of nature, from the sweet harmonies of song, the pleasure of conversation, and the participation in the worship of God in the sanctuary and at the family altar.

As years passed on the little Alice grew in stature and loveliness; but it became evident that though possessed of intellectual faculties of a high order, and surrounded by all the appliances which parental affection and ingenuity could suggest, the mental development did not keep pace with that of the body. Though blessed with other children, Alice's intelligence and amiability, not less than her misfortune, endeared her greatly to her parents; and when Dr. Cogswell learned that in Europe deaf mutes were taught, and their intellectual and moral faculties developed, his heart yearned to provide for her, and for the hundreds of others whose equally sad fate he had learned to commiserate, similar advantages here.

Among those whose sympathies for these afflicted parents had been most active and cordial was a young neighbor, whose cultivated intellect and genial disposition had led him to take a deep interest in the lovely child, thus deprived of the ordinary means of intercourse with her fellows. With great tact he succeeded in conveying to her mind many ideas, and had won her confidence and attachment.

Having completed his course of professional study at Andover, Mr. Gallaudet, for it was he who had become the friend of little Alice, had returned to his home at Hartford with somewhat impaired health, intending ere long to settle as a pastor. Alice Cogswell was now ten years of age, and her father, who had for nearly eight years been revolving in his mind plans for her instruction without sending her across the Atlantic, had ascertained by circulars addressed to clergymen and others, that there were at least eighty deaf mutes in Connecticut, many of them of an age to be benefited by instruction, and felt that it was time something should be done for their relief. He accordingly invited to his house on the 13th of April, 1815, a few prominent gentlemen of the city, and among the

number Mr. Gallaudet. Ten persons were present, and, after full discussion, it was resolved to send some one to Europe to acquire the art of deaf mute instruction.

Dr. Cogswell and Ward Woodbridge, Esq., were appointed a committee to obtain subscriptions for this purpose, and also to obtain a suitable person to undertake the required duty. The funds were speedily secured, and after the most earnest solicitation, Mr. Gallaudet consented to go. He accordingly sailed on the 25th of May for Liverpool. Having arrived in England, he immediately addressed himself to his work of becoming qualified to instruct deaf mutes. He was met, however, at the very outset by a serious difficulty. As we have stated in a former article, the instruction of the deaf and dumb was at this period entirely in the hands of the Braidwood family and their relatives and pupils.

Mr. Gallaudet applied at first to the London Institution, and, after repeated and vexatious delays, was at last offered tuition there if he would bind himself to remain as an assistant three years, and to take one of Dr. Watson's assistants, or the younger Braidwood, then in America, as an associate teacher. Declining these terms as inconsistent with his relations to the parties who had sent him out, and as arbitrary in their character, Mr. Gallaudet sailed for Edinburgh, in the hope of being able to attain his object at the deaf and dumb institution there, at that time under the care of Rev. R. Kiniburgh. He was again foiled, as Mr. K. was under bonds to the Braidwood family of £1,000 not to communicate the art to any other person for seven years; and they, on Mr. Gallaudet's appeal to them stating his objects in desiring to acquire knowledge on this subject, refused to remove the restriction in his case.

Thus thwarted in his purposes, Mr. Gallaudet spent some four months in Edinburgh in the study of mental philosophy under Dr. Brown and Dugald Stewart, and in February went to Paris, and in the Abbé Sicard, whom he had previously met in London, found a man in whose view the welfare of a large body of the human family, deprived by misfortune of ordinary intercourse with society, was of too much importance to be confined within the bounds of a patent or monopoly. The abbé devoted a large

portion of his own valuable time to his instruction, gave him opportunity for the most unrestrained intercourse with his assistants, Massieu and Clerc, and when, after three months' acquaintance, Clerc desired to accompany Mr. Gallaudet to this country, the venerable abbé, in a manly letter which shows conclusively the struggle which it must have cost him, gave his consent. They accordingly sailed from Havre on the 18th of June, 1816, and arrived in New-York early in August.

In the whole of this movement thus projected no one who believes in an overruling Providence can fail to see the guiding hand of God.

In hundreds of other households in city and country there were children perhaps as fondly cherished, to whom the gifts of hearing and speech were denied; in other cities there were men of noble liberality who would have contributed freely had their attention been called to this object; elsewhere, too, were young men whose talents and education would have fitted them for such a work; but He who

" Moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,"

had selected the means and instruments best adapted to work out his purpose of love to the poor mute. The loveliness of the child, the deep affection of the parents, the earnest practical philanthropy and high social position of the father; the promptness with which the community responded to the appeal; and, above all, the peculiar training and natural adaptation of Mr. Gallaudet for this work, all indicate, as clearly as any event in history, that the providence of God had directed the whole. And, in the disappointment of Mr. Gallaudet's plans in England and Scotland, his subsequent instruction by the Abbé Sicard, and the emigration to this country of Mr. Clerc, we see further evidence of the wisdom of God's providential dealings.

The process employed for deaf mute instruction in all the British schools at that time was mainly that of articulation; and it is reasonable to suppose that had Mr. Gallaudet received his instruction from Dr. Watson or Rev. Mr. Kinniburgh, he would have been prejudiced in favor of this method, and thus thousands who, through his instrumentality, have been taught by the language of signs, far more

rapidly and thoroughly the truths of science and religion, would have left the institutions for their instruction, with very inadequate notions of either, and able only to converse with others in those unpleasant guttural tones so generally used by deaf mutes who attempt articulation.

But, to return to our narrative. Messrs. Gallaudet and Clerc, on their arrival in this country, at once entered upon the work of exciting a more general interest in the instruction of the deaf and dumb in several of the larger towns and cities of New-England and the Middle States, and in soliciting aid for the establishment of an asylum at Hartford. In these efforts they met with a good degree of success, the eloquence and enthusiasm of Mr. Gallaudet, and the intelligence and courteous manners of Mr. Clerc, winning everywhere the confidence and good-will of the communities they addressed.

On the 15th of April, 1817, the school was opened in the building now forming a portion of the City Hotel, with six scholars. In the course of the year the number increased to thirty-three. The autumn previous the Legislature had donated to this asylum (which had been incorporated in the spring of 1816 under the name of the "Connecticut Asylum for the Instruction of Deaf and Dumb Persons") the sum of \$5,000, which was afterward expended in the instruction of indigent mutes in the state. This was the first instance of legislative aid being granted for such an object in this country.

The number of pupils was constantly increasing, and in 1818 the directors resolved to erect suitable buildings for the use of the asylum, and accordingly purchased the Scarborough estate, about half a mile west of the center of the city, being the present site of the institution.

Application was made during the ensuing winter to Congress for aid, on the ground that the institution was national in its character, and had already pupils from ten states. Congress granted a tract of land in the then new State of Alabama of a little more than twenty-three thousand acres. This grant, though not immediately available, has by careful management produced an endowment of more than \$278,000, the interest of which being applied to the reduction of the current expenses of the asylum, enables the directors to furnish board and tuition at

the very low price of \$100 per annum for each pupil.

Mr. Gallaudet remained at the head of the institution till 1830, introducing from time to time improvements upon the system of Sicard, especially in the more thorough intellectual and moral development of his pupils,* and by his energy, tact, and skill, so elevating the character of the asylum that it was regarded by the European institutions as a model school, and in 1823 the directors of the Birmingham school, England, (one of those from which Mr. Gallaudet had been excluded in 1815,) invited Mr. William C. Woodbridge, one of Mr. Gallaudet's assistant instructors, to take charge of their school, so fully had they become convinced of its superiority to their own.

The cares, anxieties, and labors connected with the management of such an institution proved too severe for Mr. Gallaudet's health, which had always been delicate, and in 1830 he resigned his post, and was succeeded by Lewis Weld, Esq., a former assistant, but at that time the principal of the Pennsylvania Institution. He continued, however, one of the directors until his death, in 1851.

Mr. Gallaudet is justly entitled to the credit of having done more for the cause of deaf-mute instruction in this country than any other man. In the organization of the American Asylum, in the wise development and improvement of the methods of the Abbé Sicard, in the thoroughly systematic arrangements of the plan of instruction, and in the deeply religious tone of his character and teachings, he was preëminently fitted for the work to which he was called. But we have neither the space nor the ability to do justice to the character of this truly good man. Happily, that pleasing duty has been performed by a far abler pen, and in a manner which leaves little to be said.†

Most ably was Mr. Gallaudet seconded in all his efforts for the deaf mute by his faithful friend and associate, Laurent Clerc, who, after more than forty years of service in Europe and America, still, in a

green old age, devotes himself to the relief of his mute friends. To him many of the deaf mute institutions in the country are indebted for the thorough training of their superintendents. His life has been one of constant toil for the good of his fellow-men, and while his whitened locks and infirm step remind us that ere long he too, the last living link which connects the instruction of the deaf and dumb in the two hemispheres, shall pass away, that the genial countenance and the loving heart which animates it, shall be borne away to the land of forgetfulness, we cannot but feel that heaven will be the richer and earth the poorer for his departure. The toils of these pioneers in the instruction of the deaf and dumb have not been expended upon ungrateful hearts.

On the 20th of September, 1850, deaf mutes from most of the Northern and several of the Southern states assembled at the American Asylum to put in execution a design conceived by one of their number, and promptly responded to by the rest; the presentation of two services of plate, the one to Mr. Gallaudet, the other to Mr. Clerc. The exercises on the occasion were deeply interesting, and must have forcibly reminded the recipients of the time thirty-three years previous, when they commenced their labors with six poor ignorant children, the first pupils of a deaf and dumb school in this country. Little did those who thus assembled think that in one year from that time the form of their beloved teacher, Gallaudet, would be laid in the grave.

But their love for him did not cease with his death. That noble monument, which adorns the grounds of the asylum, was designed and reared by the graduates of the asylum he founded.

The monument consists of a platform and plinth, both of Quincy granite, a marble base, and die of four panels, the south one containing an exquisitely sculptured bas-relief representing Mr. Gallaudet teaching the manual alphabet to a group of children; the name Gallaudet in the letters of the manual alphabet is inscribed on the north panel; the east panel has the following inscription:

THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET, LL.D.,

Born in Philadelphia, December 10, 1787;

Died in Hartford, September 10, 1851,

Aged Sixty-four Years;

* Mr. Gallaudet introduced at a very early period the practice of conducting the devotional exercises in the sign language, which has since been adopted in most of the institutions in this country and England.

† Tribute to Gallaudet, by Henry Barnard, LL.D. Hartford, 1852.



MONUMENT TO GALLAUDET.

And the west the following :

Erected to the Memory of

REV. THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET, LL.D.,

By the Deaf and Dumb of the United States,
As a Testimonial of profound grati-
tude to their earliest and best
friend and benefactor.

The *die* is surmounted by a *cap*, upon which rests the *base* of the *column*, which rises to the height of eleven feet. Upon the south side of the column, surrounded by radii, is the Syrian word, "*Ephphatha*." The *band* which connects the two blocks of the main column is encircled with a wreath of ivy, the type of immortality ; and the column itself is crowned with an ornate *capital*, surmounted by a *globe*. The whole height of the monument is twenty feet and six inches. It is inclosed

with a handsome iron fence with granite posts. The completion of this monument was celebrated on the 26th of September, 1854, by appropriate exercises and addresses. The principal address was by Professor Clerc, Mr. Gallaudet's early coadjutor, and embraced a eulogy on the deceased. Three hundred and ninety deaf mutes from sixteen different states were present on the occasion.

Mr. Lewis Weld, who was unanimously elected principal of the asylum on the resignation of Mr. Gallaudet, in 1830, had been one of the earliest instructors in the institution, and for eight years previous to his election as principal of the American Asylum had presided with distinguished ability over the Pennsylvania Asylum. Fully imbued with Mr. Gallaudet's spirit and methods of teaching, and possessing a high degree of ability

and tact in the management of the institution, its career under his twenty-three years' superintendence was one of constant progress toward perfection.

Mr. Weld was a graduate of Yale College, and had chosen the clerical profession; but, being called at the close of his college course to act as an instructor of deaf mutes, he soon became convinced that a door of usefulness as wide as the ministry was offered to him in the intellectual and moral training of the deaf and dumb, and when once convinced of the path of duty, he adhered to it with that unwavering firmness which constituted a marked trait in his character.

Himself an eminently devoted Christian, he contributed by his holy example not less than by his daily instruction in leading his pupils to Christ, and in cultivating in them that high sense of Christian purity and duty which ever marked his own character.

In 1844, in consequence of reports of great improvements made in the methods of teaching in the European schools, especially in the matter of articulation, it was deemed advisable by the directors of the American Asylum, in conjunction with the New-York Institution, to send a deputation to Europe to investigate the processes there adopted; to acquire a knowledge of any improvements they had made, and to profit by their experience. The deputation consisted of Mr. Weld and the Rev. George Day. They visited most of the European schools, and obtained a large amount of valuable information, which was embodied in the subsequent reports of their respective institutions. The result of their investigations, however, was conclusive, that, so far from the European schools being in advance of ours in the intellectual and moral improvement of their pupils, they were, in reality, very greatly behind them; and that, while a few pupils who had been able to speak before becoming deaf, had acquired a more perfect and less unpleasant articulation than pupils similarly situated here, from the greater amount of care which had been bestowed upon them; the time devoted to articulation by all the pupils in the German schools, could be much better employed in extending their knowledge of the sign language.

This visit, however, led eventually to other improvements in the American Asy-

lum, with a view of extending still further the course of instruction by the organization of the Gallaudet High Class in 1852, and the reception of younger pupils in 1855.

After suffering for several years from enfeebled health, during which period it had required the exertion of great fortitude and a most resolute will to perform his duties, Mr. Weld resigned his office early in December, 1853, and on the 30th of the same month his sufferings were terminated by death.

On his resignation, the present principal, the Rev. W. W. Turner, who had been connected with the institution since 1821, was elected to fill his place. Mr. Turner had originated the Gallaudet High Class, intended to give to the more advanced pupils the advantages of a high school education, and was its first instructor. He possesses, in an eminent degree, the qualifications necessary for the important and responsible post which he holds, and we hope may long be spared to fill it.

We have dwelt thus at length upon the history of the American Asylum, because it is the parent of all the other deaf and dumb institutions in the country. Even at the present day, forty years after its organization, a large proportion of the principals and instructors of the other institutions in the country received their first training, either as pupils or teachers, within its walls; and its modes of teaching have been adopted without any important modification by every institution in the country. The "American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb," the recognized organ of the deaf mute institutions in this country, originated here in 1847; and though receiving contributions from all the institutions in the country, is still published here.

The "New-York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb" was incorporated in April, 1817, by the Legislature of the state; but the school was not opened till May, 1818, with a class of seven pupils, and the Rev. A. O. Stansbury, who, for a year previous, had been the steward of the institution at Hartford, was appointed principal. Mr. Stansbury attempted, but with indifferent success, instruction in articulation and reading on the lip. He resigned in 1819, and was succeeded by Mr. Horace Loofborrow, who assayed, though with an imperfect knowledge of his pro-

cesses, to introduce the system of the Abbé Sicard. The state, from and after the year 1822, provided for the support of thirty-two pupils in the institution; but in 1827, so completely was the public confidence lost in the methods pursued, that the Legislature directed the superintendent of common schools, the Hon. A. C. Flagg, to visit the institutions at Hartford and Philadelphia, and report what improvements were necessary to secure greater efficiency in the New-York Institution. Mr. Flagg fulfilled his mission, and made a detailed report, which resulted in the directors securing, in 1831, the permanent services of Harvey P. Peet, Esq., then one of the most experienced and able instructors in the American Asylum. About the same period the services of Mr. Leon Vaysse, an eminent teacher from the Royal Institution at Paris,* were procured. Under the superintendence of Mr., now Dr. Peet, the New-York Institution, has gone forward in a continuous and rapid course of improvement, till it may be regarded as one of the finest deaf and dumb institutions in the world. During the past summer they have completed, and now occupy, their new edifice, which in cost, extent, beauty of location, and perfection of arrangements, is unsurpassed by any similar asylum on this continent. The number of pupils in the institution is nearly three hundred; the corps of instructors is large and highly educated.

An effort has recently been made in the city of New-York, to found a church for deaf mutes, where those mute-worshippers who visit or reside in the city, may assemble and participate in religious exercises, all conducted in the sign language. The enterprise is likely to prove successful. The services are those of the Episcopal Church, and Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, a son of the lamented founder of the American Asylum, is the rector.

The Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, situated at the corner of Broad and Pine streets, Philadelphia, was first originated as a private enterprise by Mr. David Seixas, a Jew of Portuguese descent; and we may be permitted to observe in passing, that in several instances the world has been indebted to the Jew

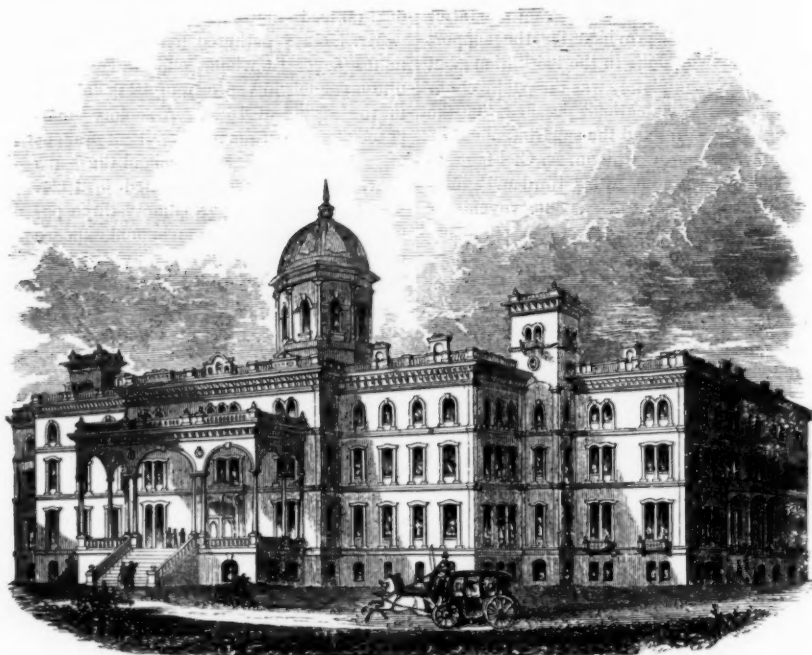
for noble contributions to the relief of the deaf mute, the blind, and the insane.

Mr. Seixas gathered a few poor deaf mutes (several of whom he fed and clothed) into a school, in the city of Philadelphia, in the spring of 1820. A society, composed of some of the most eminent citizens of that city, adopted this school the same year, and it was incorporated in 1821. The Legislature supports ninety-three pupils in the institution, at an annual expense of one hundred and sixty dollars for each pupil. Pupils are also supported by the States of New-Jersey, Maryland, and Delaware.

The school was organized in 1821 by Laurent Clerc, who remained there six months, and returned to Hartford on the election of Mr. Weld as principal. When Mr. Weld was recalled to Hartford, in 1830, Mr. Abraham B. Hutton was elected principal, and still fills that position. The whole number of pupils is about one hundred and sixty.

The Kentucky Asylum, located at Danville, Mercer County, was incorporated in the winter of 1823, and opened for pupils the ensuing spring. Its first and only principal, Mr. John A. Jacobs, received his preliminary training at the American Asylum, and by his zeal and ability as a teacher, has brought the institution to a high degree of efficiency. Congress endowed this asylum, in 1826, with a township of land in Florida. Their present number of pupils is eighty-one. The Ohio Institution, though not incorporated or organized at so early a period as the Kentucky Asylum, was in part the result of a movement made as early as 1821 at Cincinnati. In that year an association of gentlemen was formed at Cincinnati, for the purpose of establishing a school for the instruction of deaf mutes in the Western country. They selected the Rev. J. Chute as principal of the institution, and sent him to Hartford to qualify himself for the position. He remained at Hartford but four months, a period altogether too short to acquire a practical knowledge of the system of instruction, or of the language of signs. The association applied the following winter for incorporation, but were unsuccessful, objection being made to their location. Under this repulse the school was given up. But the attention of the Legislature and of philanthropists had been called to the subject of deaf mute

* Mr. Vaysse subsequently returned to Paris, and is now, or was recently, connected with the Imperial Institution there.



NEW-YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

education, and it was not suffered to be long diverted. In 1822-3, a census of the deaf and dumb in the state was ordered; and in 1826-7, a successful effort was made to establish an institution. In this work, the Rev. James Hoge, D.D., of Columbus, was the immediate agent, and to his zeal and devotion the deaf mutes of Ohio are greatly indebted. A liberal charter was obtained, and Mr. Horatio N. Hubbell was selected as principal. Mr. Hubbell repaired to Hartford in March, 1828, and remained there a year and a half in the zealous prosecution of his preparatory studies. In the autumn of 1829, the school was opened in Columbus, under circumstances sufficiently discouraging; although the opening of the school had been widely advertised, and legislative grants had been made for their gratuitous education, yet there were but three pupils present, and those from the immediate vicinity; of these one was idiotic, and another soon after became hopelessly insane. Soon, however, their numbers increased, and the school has been for many years one of the most efficient in the West.

In February, 1851, Mr. Hubbell, to whose ability, energy, and faithfulness, the success of the institution was mainly owing, tendered his resignation, to take effect at the close of the year. The Rev. J. Addison Cary, who had been connected for nineteen years with the New-York Institution, was chosen to succeed him. Mr. Cary's health was impaired when he accepted the office, and on the 7th of August, 1852, he was removed by death.

The present incumbent, the Rev. Collins Stone, had been connected with the American Asylum since 1833, and had given evidence of signal ability as a teacher.

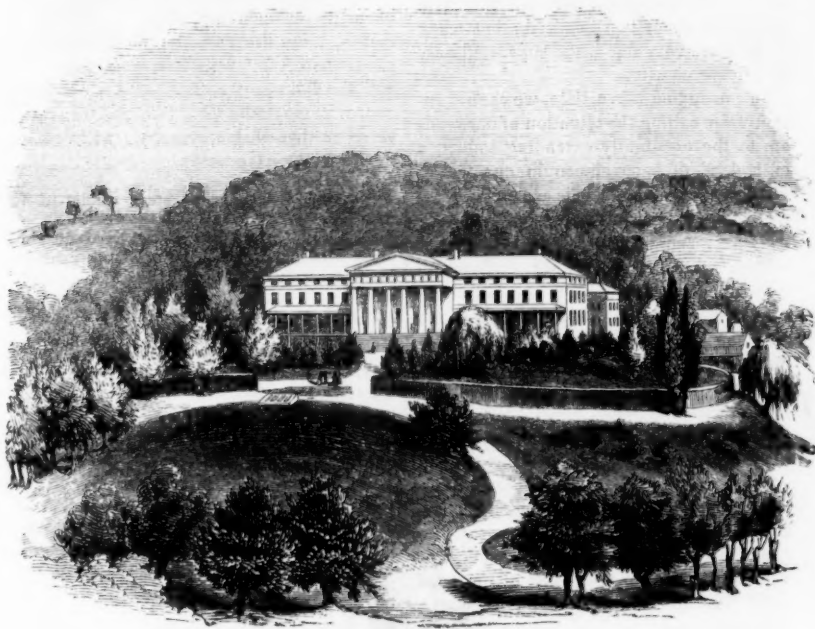
Ohio deserves the credit of being the first to provide amply for the education of the deaf and dumb, as a matter of plain and acknowledged duty.

The present number of pupils is about one hundred and fifty, nearly all of whom are supported at the expense of the state. Appropriations have recently been made for the erection of new and enlarged buildings, as their present edifice is inadequate for the number of pupils in attendance.

The Virginia Institution at Staunton was opened in 1838, under the instruction of Joseph D. Tyler, who had been an assistant instructor in the American Asylum. It is pleasantly situated, is supported by the state, and has sixty-six pupils. Mr. Tyler died in 1852, and was succeeded by Dr. J. C. M  rillat.

The Indiana Asylum for the education of the deaf and dumb is located at Indianapolis. It originated from the efforts of Mr. William C. Bates, of Vermilion County, and Mr. Coffin, of Parke County, through whose earnest representations the Legislature was induced, in 1843, to lay a

tax of two mills on each hundred dollars for the support of a deaf and dumb asylum. A school was opened by Mr. William Willard, an intelligent deaf mute, at Indianapolis, in the following October. In 1844 a board of trustees was appointed by the Legislature to superintend the proposed asylum; and on the 1st of October of that year, they appointed Mr. James S. Brown, an experienced teacher of deaf mutes, principal of the asylum. In 1846 the asylum was permanently located at Indianapolis; and although it was at the period of her greatest financial embarrassment, when it almost seemed that bank-



VIRGINIA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

ruptcy was before her, yet her Legislature, without a dissenting voice, provided by direct taxation for all her unfortunate inhabitants, the *indigent* deaf mutes, blind, and insane; and in 1848, "the doors of all her asylums built at public expense for mutes, for the blind, and for lunatics, were thrown open for all; that their blessings, like the rains and dews of heaven, might freely descend on these children of misfortune throughout the state, without money and without price."

Of the other institutions for the deaf

and dumb; namely, those in Illinois, Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia, South Carolina, Missouri, Michigan, Louisiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Alabama, and Mississippi, it is only necessary to say, that all of them have gone into operation since 1845; and that they are all conducted on the same general plan with those already described. None of them are as yet large, the Illinois school numbering, in 1855, only ninety-nine pupils, and none of the others over seventy; but all are well managed.

The present provision for the instruction

of deaf mutes, though greater in this country than elsewhere, is entirely inadequate for the education of the whole number who need instruction. The whole number of deaf and dumb reported in the last census, was in round numbers ten thousand; and this estimate was notoriously below the truth. It is certainly not an unfair estimate, that there are in this country fully three thousand who are of proper age to be instructed. Of this number, less than sixteen hundred were in attendance upon the asylums of the country the past year. It is to be hoped that the noble example of Indiana will be followed by every state in the Union. The whole number of institutions for deaf mutes in Europe is about two hundred; but many of them are very small, and supported only by private charity.

In concluding this article, we cannot refrain from calling the attention of our readers to the constantly-extending influence of a deed of benevolence in our world. Neither that philanthropic physician who, touched by the privations of his little daughter, sought the establishment of a school, where she and her unfortunate companions might be taught the rudiments of science; nor the thoughtful and far-reaching mind of Gallaudet, or his liberal-minded coadjutors, when, in 1817, they gathered their little group of six ignorant children around them, could have looked forward to the triumphant results of their benevolent labors at the present day. Forty years have passed, and the beloved physician, and his interesting daughter; the able and enthusiastic instructor; the eloquent preacher, who gave his influence and abilities to the promotion of the good work; the liberal and generous men who cherished and sustained the project, are in their graves; but their noble charity lives on, and is destined in coming generations to accomplish an untold amount of good; it has raised the deaf mute from a condition but little superior to idiocy, to an equality with his fellows in the avocations and duties of life. It is now giving him opportunities of high intellectual culture, and in the world of bliss above thousands will bless that era, when the light of life illumined their darkened hearts; when in the embrace of the *wounded hand*, fit symbol of the Saviour's love and compassion, they found peace, joy, and the blissful hope of heaven.

BIRDS; OR, RECREATIONS IN ORNITHOLOGY.

CHAPTER SIXTH, CONCLUDED.

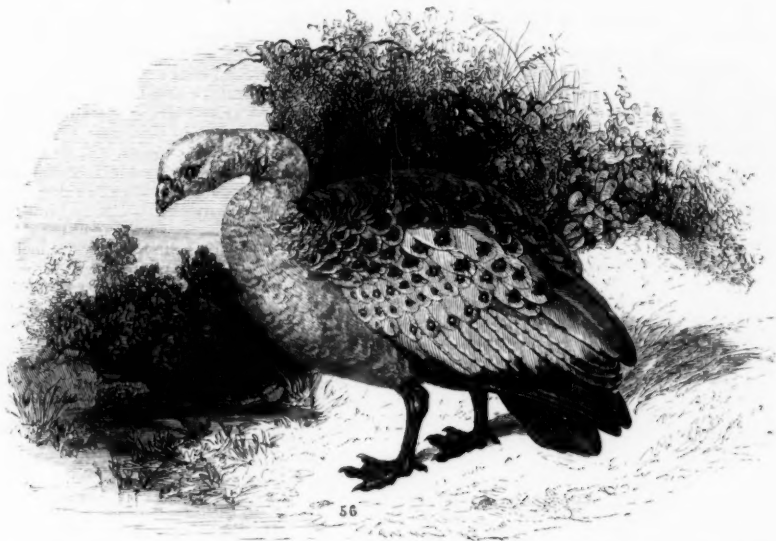
SWIMMING BIRDS.

NEXT in order to the Duck, comes naturally the *Goose*, of which, in a wild, as well as in a tame state, many interesting tales are told. Like some of the world's greatest benefactors, the goose has been slandered, and multitudes run away with the idea that he is not as sensible as he might be; they think him, indeed, little better than a fool, and speak of a goose contemptuously. Now the fact is, there are very few more sensible, affectionate, and well-behaved creatures, and the following account of a Canadian goose is given by Mr. Sharpe, who assures us that all his neighbors will vouch for its truth. He says:

"Though Canada geese are generally of a rambling disposition, this one was observed to attach itself in the strongest manner to the house-dog, and would never quit the kennel, except for the purpose of feeding, when it would return again immediately. It always sat by the dog; but never presumed to go into the kennel, except in rainy weather.

"Whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle and run at the person she supposed the dog barked at, and try to bite his heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog; but this the dog, who treated his faithful companion with some indifference, would not suffer. This bird would not go to roost with the others at night, unless driven by main force; and when, in the morning, she was turned into the field, she would never stir from the yard-gate, but sit there the whole day, in sight of the dog. At last orders were given that she should no longer be molested, but suffered to accompany the dog as she liked. Being thus left to herself, she ran about the yard with him all night, and whenever the dog went out of the yard and went into the village, the goose always accompanied him, contriving to keep up with him by the assistance of her wings; and in this way of running and flying, followed him all over the parish.

"This extraordinary affection is supposed to have originated from the dog having saved the goose from a fox, in the very moment of distress. While the dog was ill, the goose never quitted him day or night, not even to feed; and it was feared that she would have been starved to death, had not orders been given for a pan of corn to be set every day close to the kennel. At this time the goose generally sat in the kennel, and would not suffer any one to approach it, except the person who brought the dog's or her own food. On the death of the dog, the goose would still keep possession of the kennel;



and a new house-dog, resembling in size and color the one that was lost, being placed there, the poor bird was unhappily deceived; and going into the kennel as usual, she was seized and killed by the new occupant."

Differing in several respects from the goose, but so nearly allied to the family as to deserve mention in this connection, is the *New Holland Cereopsis*, (figure 56.) Its name indicates its native regions, and it is to be found acclimated and domesticated in the London Zoological Gardens, where they breed freely, and are said to be in their dispositions more inclined to become familiar than the ordinary wild goose.

The *Great Northern Diver* (57) is about two feet and three quarters long. Its plumage, in the upper parts, is black spotted with white; the head and neck glossy black, intermingled with brilliant green; the lower parts are white. Dr. Richardson says, "That though this handsome bird is generally described as an inhabitant of the ocean, we seldom observed it either in the Arctic Sea or Hudson's Bay; but it abounds in all the interior lakes, where it destroys vast quantities of fish." It is rarely seen on land, its limbs being ill fitted for walking, though admirably adapted to its aquatic habits. It can swim with great swiftness, and to a very considerable distance under the water; and when it comes to the surface, it seldom

exposes more than the neck. It takes wing with difficulty, flies heavily, though swiftly, and frequently in a circle round those who intrude on its haunts. Its loud and very melancholy cry, like the howling of a wolf, and at times like the distant screams of a man in distress, is said to portend rain.

Our next engraving (58) is that very singularly-formed creature, the *Puffin*. In its contour it is round, thick, and ball-like. In length it is about thirteen inches. The bill is deeply furrowed and bluish-gray at the base, the middle part orange-red, which deepens into bright red at the tip. "Perched," says Cassell, "on the cliff of the craggy precipice, the puffin looks down with eager gaze on the sea beneath, and skillfully throws itself into the abyss. Here it expertly swims and dives; its food consisting of the smaller fishes, and especially the young of the sprat." Colonel Brooke tells us how these birds are captured among the rocks of Norway. They sit together, he says, in prodigious numbers in deep holes and clefts of the highest rocks. A little dog, being sent in, seizes the first by the wing. This, to prevent being carried away, lays hold with its strong beak of the bird next to it, which, in like manner, seizes its neighbor, and the dog continuing to draw them out, an extraordinary string of these birds falls into the hands of the fowlers.

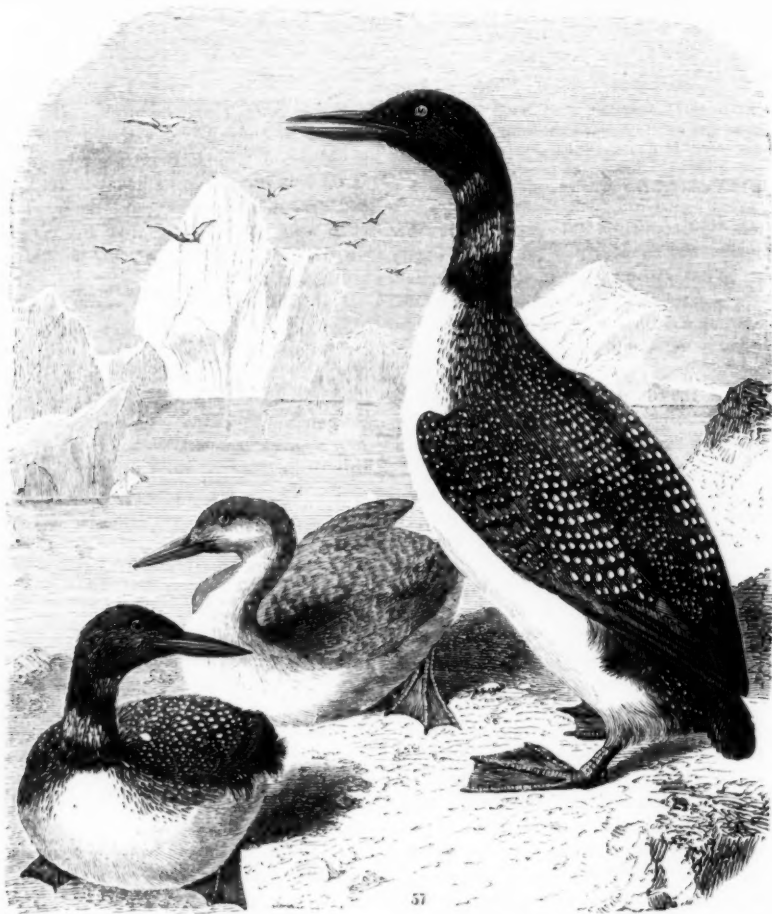
Of the habits of the puffin we have the following admirable account from the pen of Audubon :

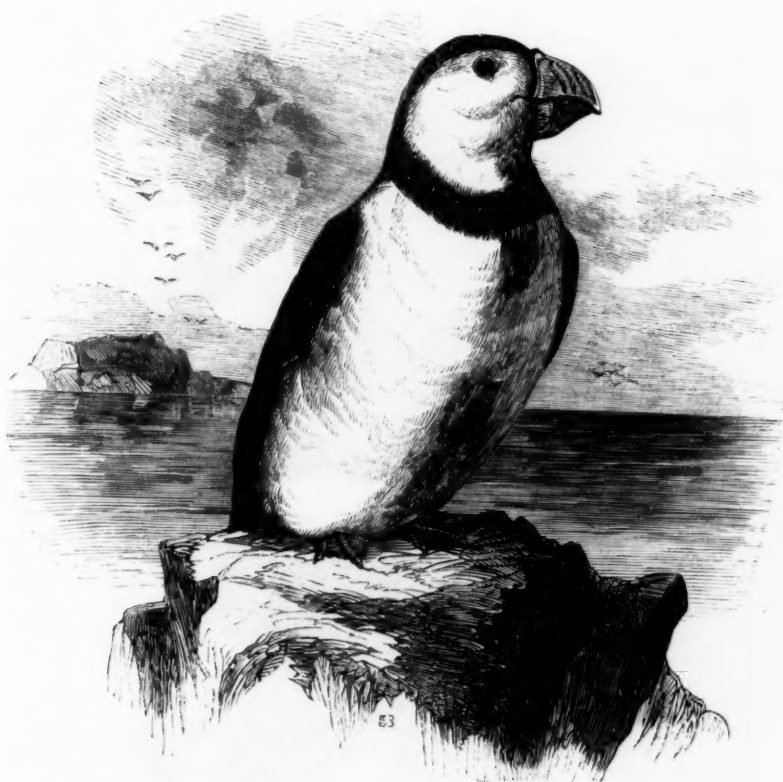
"There is," he says, "on the coast of Labrador, a small island, known to all the cod-fishers, and celebrated for the number of puffins that annually breed there. As we rowed toward it, although we found the water literally covered with thousands of these birds, the number that flew over and around the green island seemed much greater, inasmuch that one must have imagined half the puffins in the world had assembled there.

"This far-famed island is of considerable extent; its shores are guarded by numberless blocks of rocks, and within a few yards of it the water is several fathoms in depth. The ground rises in the form of an amphitheater to the height of about seventy feet, the greatest length being from north to south, and its southern extremity fronting the Strait of Bellisle. For every burrow in the island previously visited

by us, there seemed to be a hundred here; on every crag or stone stood a puffin, at the entrance of each hole another, and yet the sea was covered and the air filled by them. I had two double-barreled guns and two sailors to assist me, and I shot for one hour by my watch, always firing at a single bird on the wing. How many puffins I killed in that time I take the liberty of leaving you to guess. The burrows were all inhabited by young birds, of different ages and sizes; and clouds of puffins flew over our heads, each individual holding a 'lint' by the head.

"This fish, which measures four or five inches in length, and is of a very slender form, with a beautiful silvery hue, existed in vast shoals in deep water around the island. The speed with which the birds flew made the fish incline by the side of their neck. While flying, the puffins emitted a croaking noise, but they never dropped the fish; and many of them, when brought down by a shot, still held their prey fast. I observed with concern the extraordinary



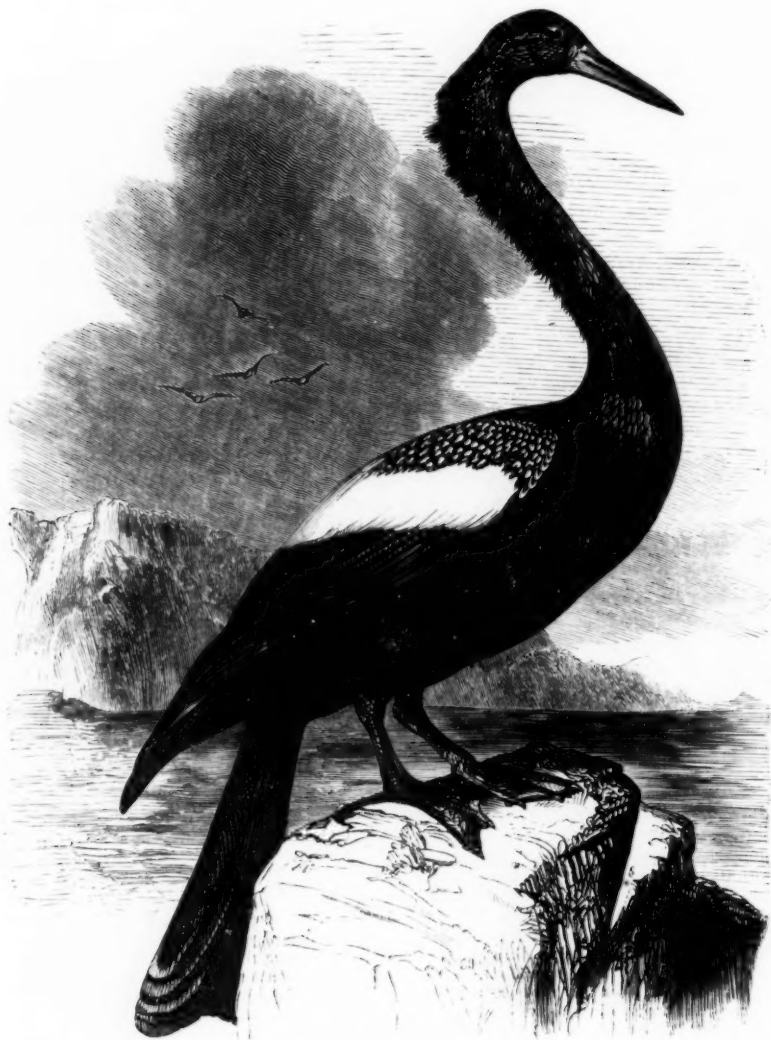


affection manifested by these birds toward each other; for, whenever one fell down or tumbled in the water, its mate or a stranger immediately alighted by its side, swam round it, pushed it with its bill, as if to urge it to fly or dive, and seldom would leave it until an oar was raised to knock it on the head, when, at last, aware of the danger, it would plunge below in an instant. Those which fell wounded immediately ran with speed to some hole, and dived into it, on which no further effort was made to secure them. Those which happened to be caught alive on the land bit most severely, and scratched with their claws at such a rate that we were glad to let them escape.

"The burrows here communicated in various ways with each other, so that the whole island was perforated as if by a multitude of subterraneous labyrinths, over which one could not run without the risk of falling at every step. The voices of the young sounded beneath our feet like voices from the grave, and the stench was extremely disagreeable, so that as soon as our boats were filled with birds, we were glad to get away. During the whole of our visit the birds never left the place, but constantly attended to their avocations. Here one would rise beneath our feet; then, within a few yards of us, another would alight with a fish, and dive

into its burrow, or feed the young that stood waiting at the entrance. The young birds were far from being friendly to each other, and those which we carried with us kept constantly fighting so long as we kept them alive. They used their yet extremely small bills with great courage and pertinacity, and their cries resembled the wailings of young whelps. The smaller individuals were fed by the parents by regurgitation, or received little pieces of fish which were placed in their mouths; the larger picked up the pieces of fish which were dropped before them; but almost all of them seemed to crawl to the entrance of the holes for the purpose of being fed. In all the burrows that communicated with others, a round place was scooped out on one side of the avenue, in the form of an oven, while in those which were single, this oven-like place was formed at the end, and was larger than the corridor. The passages were flat-tish above, and rounded beneath as well as on the sides. In many instances we found two birds sitting, each on its own egg, in the same hole."

Our next specimen is a bird of very different appearance and habits; indeed, very unlike any that has passed in review before us. It is called the *Snake Bird*,



or *Darter*, and is accurately delineated in figure No. 59. Buffon calls it a reptile grafted on the body of a bird. It is an inhabitant of the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, and Louisiana, and is also found frequently in Brazil and Cayenne. It seems to have derived its name from the singular form of its head and neck, which, at a distance, might be mistaken for a serpent. In those countries where noxious animals abound, we may readily conceive that the appearance of this bird,

extending its slender neck through the foliage of a tree, would tend to startle the wary traveler, whose imagination had portrayed objects of danger lurking in every thicket. Its habits, too, while in the water, have not a little contributed to its name. It generally swims with its body immersed, especially when apprehensive of danger, its long neck extended above the surface, and vibrating in a peculiar manner. The first individual that I saw in Florida, says Menard, was sneak-

ing away, to avoid me, along the shore of a reedy marsh which was lined with alligators, and the first impression on my mind was that I beheld a snake; but the recollection of the habits of the bird soon undeceived me. To pursue these birds at such times is useless, as they cannot be induced to rise, or even expose their bodies.

Wherever the limbs of a tree project over and dip into the water, there the darters are sure to be found; these situations being convenient resting-places for the purpose of sunning and preening themselves, and probably giving them a better opportunity of observing their finny prey. They crawl from the water upon the limbs, and fix themselves in an upright position, which they maintain in the utmost silence.

There is also a variety of the darter found in Africa, of which Le Vaillant says that those who have only seen it issuing from the water, twisting about above the herbage and among the foliage, would easily mistake it for a snake.

The last bird among the swimmers which we shall notice, and with which we bring our ornithological recreations to a close, is the *Pelican*, (figure 60,) of which many stories have been told, now known to be fabulous. The pelican is found in the Oriental countries of Europe, on the rivers and lakes of Hungary, and on the River Danube. They are found also in Asia, and are mentioned among the unclean birds of Scripture. They feed on fish, and sometimes devour small quadrupeds and reptiles. They are capable of rapid flight, and have an extraordinary power of rising upward. When they see from an elevated position a fish, or fishes on the surface of the water, they dart down with inconceivable rapidity, and, flapping their large wings so as to stun their prey, fill their pouches, and then retire to the shore to satisfy their voracious appetite. The fish thus carried away in the pouch undergo a sort of maceration before they are received into the stomach, and this grinding process renders the food fit for the young birds.

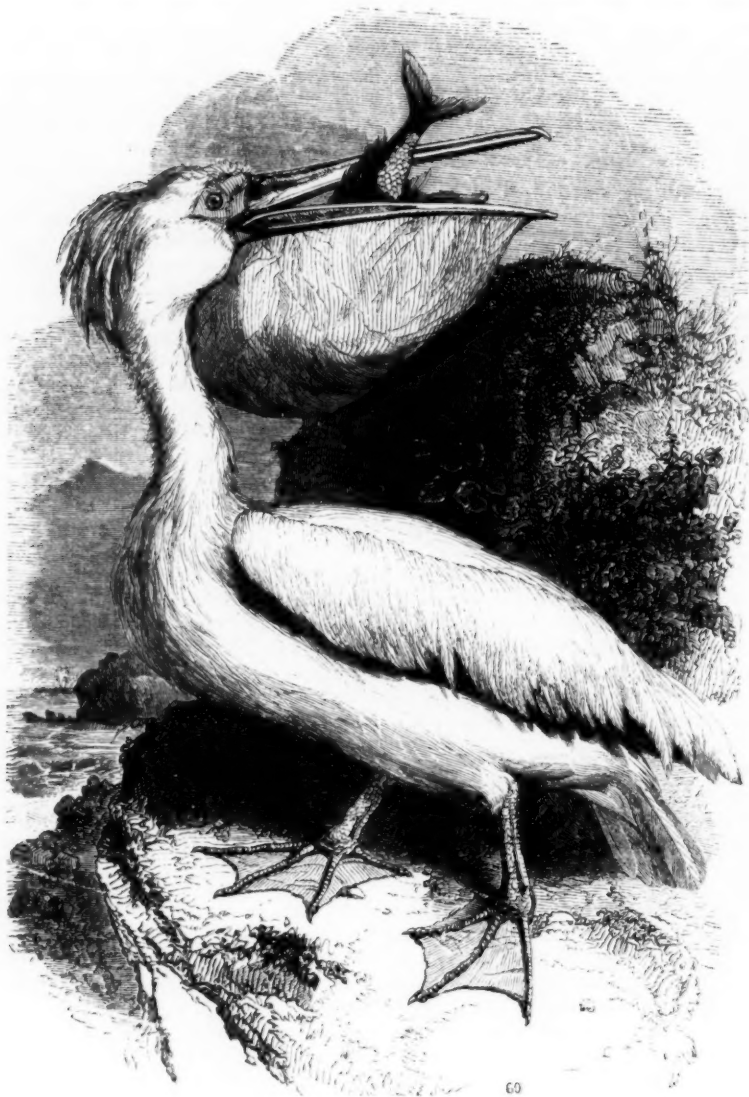
The male is said to supply the wants of the female in the same manner as the parent birds make provision for the nestlings. The under mandible is pressed against the neck and breast to assist the bird in disgorging the contents of its capacious pouch; and during this action the

red nail with which the upper mandible is provided appears to come in contact with the breast. This singular process probably laid the foundation for the fable of the pelican nourishing her young with her blood, and for the attitude adopted by painters in portraying the bird with the blood spirting from the wounds made by the terminating nail of the upper mandible into the gaping mouths of her offspring.

The subject of Montgomery's beautiful poem, the "*Pelican Island*," was suggested by a short passage in Captain Flinder's voyage to Terra Australis, in which he describes one of those numerous gulfs which indent the coast of New-Holland, and are thickly spotted with small islands. "Upon two of these," he says, "we found many young pelicans unable to fly. Flocks of the old birds were sitting upon the beaches of the lagoon, and it appeared that the islands were their breeding-places; not only so, but from the number of skeletons and bones there scattered, it should seem that, for ages, these had been selected as the closing scene of their existence. Certainly none more likely to be free from disturbance of every kind could have been chosen, than these islets of a hidden lagoon of an uninhabited island, situate upon an unknown coast, near the antipodes of Europe; nor can anything be more consonant to their feelings, if pelicans have any, than quietly to resign their breath, surrounded by their progeny, and in the same spot where they first drew it."

The following is one of the poet's pictures of the training of the young:

"On beetling rocks the little ones were marshal'd;
There by endearments, stripes, example, urged
To try the void convexity of heaven,
And plow the ocean's horizontal field.
Timorous at first they flutter'd round the verge,
Balanced and furled their hesitating wings,
Then put them forth again with steadier aim;
Now gaining courage as they felt the wind,
Dilate their feathers, fill their airy frames
With buoyancy that bore them from their feet,
They yielded all their burden to the breeze,
And sail'd and soar'd where'er their guardians led.
Ascending, hovering, wheeling, or alighting,
They search'd the deep in quest of nobler game
Than yet their inexperience had encounter'd:
With these they battled in that element,
Where wings or fins were equally at home.
Till conquerors in many a desperate strife,
They dragg'd their spoils to land, and gorged
at leisure."



60

Another picture, from the same exquisitely graphic pen, may well be added :

“ Day by day,
New lessons, exercises, and amusements
Employ'd the old to teach, the young to learn.
Now floating on the blue lagoon behold them,
The sire and dam in swan-like beauty steering,
Their cygnets following through the foaming
wake,
Picking the leaves of plants, pursuing insects,
Or catching at the bubbles as they brake ;

Till on some minor fry, in reedy shallows,
With flapping pinions and unsparing beaks,
The well-taught scholars plied their double art,
To fish in troubled waters, and secure
The petty captives in their maiden pouches ;
Then hurry with their banquet to the shore,
With feet, wings, breast, half-swimming and
half-flying ;
And when their pens grew strong to fight the
storm,
And buffet with the breakers on the reef,
The parents put them to severer proofs.”



CHATEAU OF GRIPSHOLM.

RETURN TO STOCKHOLM.

BY CHARLES U. C. BURTON.

THE morning after our arrival at Mora we took a small boat, and after rowing perhaps half an hour, landed near the cellar of Tomtegard. A small wood building covers the place; the cellar is still entered by a trap door as in the days of Gustavus Wasa. A good-natured and talkative old woman has charge of the place, who reminded me somewhat of the garrulous personage who long years ago did the honors of Shakspeare's house at Stratford on Avon. The old woman of Tomtegard seemed disposed to do the honors of the establishment in as truly hospitable a manner as had good dame Larsson of old. By way of preliminary she offered us at once a glass of her last brewing. A tallow candle was soon lighted, the trap-door opened, and down broken and precipitous stone steps we entered the cellar which had sheltered the hero. It was a dark spot; not a ray of light entered it. The flickering blaze of the tallow candle showed only rude walls, and an empty, solitary place silent as the grave; "but there lives in it a great

memory, the memory of a hero who was concealed in its dark vault, with his misfortunes, his great plans, and Sweden's future welfare in his heart. What feelings, what thoughts have there not lived within these subterranean walls!"

The tyrant had issued a proclamation throughout the province of Dalecarlia to the effect that whoever afforded shelter or food to the houseless Gustavus Wasa should suffer death; while, on the other hand, an immense sum in gold was offered as the reward of his apprehension. Still the homeless wanderer passed from one humble hearthstone to another, protected by the honest Dalesmen. The sum offered for his arrest would have brought the smiles of plenty to many an humble habitation, where starvation was only avoided by a most laborious existence in contact with a severe climate and ungrateful soil.

As the story is related an humble peasant woman sat once in the doorway of the house which then covered this rude cellar and sang as she worked the song of the Dalesmen:

"God strengthen and gladden the people who dwell
By river on hill and in Dalom."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Carlton & Porter, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

It was in the early summer, the glad season to the people of the North, when nature awakes from her long sleep, and every heart seems raised in thankfulness to God that he has made a world so beautiful as that which bursts suddenly upon their sight, in the magic change which the green leaves, the opening flowers, the laughing sunshine, and dreamy beauty of the night brings to the people of the North. But dame Larsson is startled, her song ceases, she looks no longer upon the beautiful lake and its green hill-sides. A body of Danish soldiers approach; she is pale with fright.

"Alas! what can they want?" said the Dalwoman, trembling as she gazed; "their haste bodes no good."

"They are in pursuit of me," said a voice at her side. "Will you give me shelter? I am Gustavus Wasa."

"Gustavus Wasa!" exclaimed the astonished peasant. "Come this way, sir; if I can save you I will."

The noble fugitive was hurried down the broken stone steps into the cellar. The trap-door was closed, and a brewing tub placed over it, and good dame Larsson reseated at her spinning wheel before the soldiers had time to enter.

"We will search every cottage," said the officer; "perhaps we shall find him in this one. I am convinced he is lurking near."

Dame Larsson, rising calmly from her spinning, said, "You are welcome to search my poor hut, sirs; it is not much you will find here." The calmness of the woman saved the hero. The soldiers seemed satisfied, after a hasty glance about the premises, and one of them remarked, "He cannot be here; the woman would never be so calm."

"Tell me," said the officer to the Dalwoman, "if a fugitive rebel like Gustavus Wasa came to you for shelter, would you admit him?"

"I have never yet turned away any one from my door, or refused hospitality to a stranger," replied the peasant calmly; "and this reminds me I have not offered you a cup of my last brewing. Let me do so now." The officer took the proffered draught, and then departed, calling out as he galloped off with his party, "Remember! if I find you ever extend your hospitality to Gustavus Wasa, nothing shall save you from instant death!"

The parsonage of Mora is not on as extensive a scale as the one I have described at Leksand. It is, however, a large establishment and beautifully situated. My companion, who called at the parsonage to leave an introduction which I had brought from Stockholm, returned and told me that the *prostina* (priest's wife) had a mustache as heavy as his own, but that it was gray. When I saw the lady I did not find the mustache quite as formidable as I had been led to suppose; but it was, at all events, sufficient to identify this lady as the original of Miss Lotta described by Miss Bremer in her "Parsonage of Mora." Miss Lotta, it will be remembered, on account of this appendage, was jestingly called "the Major."

From the good parson I learned that Miss Bremer had indulged in some personalities in this novel. Among others, an upper servant in the house had imagined herself caricatured, and had taken mortal offense. I should not have been surprised had this been true of the good *prostina*, as I could not view the description of Aunt Lotta and her mustache in any other light than *rather* personal.

From Mora I returned upon the border of the lake to Leksand, and continued my journey by a different route toward the south. It was with regret that I left the beautiful Lake of Silja, and the noble race of peasantry living upon its borders. This vicinity, says Miss Bremer, is "the quintessence of Dalecarlia." Here, to use her own language in describing it to me, "I found a land and a people yet in their primeval simplicity and beauty, not spoiled by civilization or the cares and refinements of cultivated life." Of the Dalecarlians in the parsonage of Mora, she says:

"Their life is hard. For them ripen no melting fruits; none of the comforts of improvement sweeten and ameliorate their condition. In contact with a severe climate and thankless soil, they secure with difficulty their crops, and mix not seldom their bread with the bark of the fir-tree. Cut off from the rest of the world, except by travels abroad, during which, however, they congregate together and incessantly long after their homes; closely shut up in their valleys, they would stiffen in soul and sense, if they had not families and religion. With sincere affection they bend themselves down to their children, and with deep faith they look up to heaven. Even into the dogmatism of religion they love to penetrate; and many a subtle dogma, which to the

educated, but so multifariously dissipated men of the world, appears incomprehensible, is grasped by their simple and profoundly penetrating minds with equal ease and clearness. To their pastors they are devoted with child-like affection, when they do not prove themselves unworthy of such attachment; and they are proud of their churches, and contribute freely to their embellishment. 'You expend a great deal upon your churches; I wonder that you find means to do it,' said a traveler to a Dalman as he contemplated the church of Mora and its new glittering copper roof. 'We expend all the less on our own houses,' replied the Dalman gravely.

"As the Dal Elf runs through Dalarne, a great and bright thought through a solemn and troublous life, so runs the life-pulse of religion through the laborious existence of the Dal people, and centuries have passed over them without leaving any rust. They are still in their manners, in appearance, in costume, what they were in the days of Engelbrecht and Wasa. Labor and prayer have preserved their health and youthful vigor. Lowly are the dwellings of the people. They stoop their necks at the doors of their huts, but never have they bowed them to the yoke of the oppressor."

KOMTILLMOTTA STATION.

This is a small inn and station-house, situated upon a triangular piece of ground, the road passing on three sides of it. As we arrived, the moon was just coming up, and appeared in her full like an immense ball of fire as her dazzling rays broke through the fringed outline of the hills, which formed the line of the horizon. From the wooded hill-sides fires were blazing here and there, looking like stars in the distance. Now only one was visible, then three or four, stretching along the hill-side for the distance of some miles. I had observed these some time before arriving at the station-house, and was quite perplexed in determining their object. The post-boy could give me no information. At first I took them for signal fires, when I could only discern two, but as they seemed to multiply and sparkle in every direction I was still more at a loss. But the mystery is solved; they are not signal fires, nor do they indicate any revolutionary movement among the Dalesmen, as they might have done had they been seen in the reign of the Northern Nero; but simply that the peasants are clearing off the wood from the whole of this side of the mountain at the same time, and these fires indicate the places where they are at work.

A charming country is that between Leksand and this station; wood, hill, lake,

and the golden harvest-fields, as we passed, were beautifully intermingled. Here was a miniature lake with a background of mountain, its clear waters reflecting the somber hues of a Northern forest, where every tree stood out in as distinct relief from its unruffled surface as on the wooded heights about. The middle ground was occupied by fields rich with the golden harvest; others presented a picturesque line of stacks, with here a peasant's cart gathering the sheaves, and there a group of peasants in their striking costumes; the women in their quaint red and white head-dresses giving just the relief to the picture which an artist would desire. Add to the above scene a picturesque little church situated upon a bold promontory jutting out into the lake, the whole landscape lighted up by one of those peculiarly strong effects of sunset produced by a mass of clouds hanging just above the sun, not obscuring its rays, but rather concentrating them, while every object upon the mountain height, every tree top, the church tower, and every sheaf of grain seems gilded with the glow, and you will have completed a picture combining some of the finest points of interior Swedish scenery. It was such a scene as I have here endeavored faintly to describe, which held me spell-bound for a time near the little church of Gagnef.

Those who can only find enjoyment in scenery of the most stern and gigantic character, that which seems to overpower the soul, and crush one as it were under its mighty weight; where frowning heights and yawning chasms, with roaring torrents, make up the sum of nature about them, would find little in Swedish scenery to excite their admiration. In Dalecarlia dame Nature "seems a face of smilingness to assume," and her frowns are not sufficiently rigid or prolonged upon her brow to hide the dimples in her cheeks. Surely these little gems of lakes scattered here and there, usually at a considerable depth below the mean surface of the country, these tiny indentations filled with water pure and clear as crystal, I may not inappropriately term dame Nature's dimples. Speaking of Northern scenery, I shall never lose the impression left upon my mind of a tour to the extreme north of the Scandinavian peninsula, passing some hundred miles along the Arctic coast, and



THE DALE OF SATER.

then to the interior of Lapland. In the southern and central portions of Norway there is sufficient of the commingling of the smiles of nature with her frowns to relieve the mind somewhat from the crushing weight which one experiences in the more Arctic regions. There all is savage, bare, and desolate; for hundreds of miles you pass at times without the scene being relieved by the least cultivation. Here you lose sight even of those dark and gloomy forests which it now seems would afford great relief to the mind. Continuous mountain rocks, with an occasional dwarf tree, or rather straggling shrub, and mountain tops glistening with snows which have been the accumulation of years, present an ensemble the effect of which is extremely depressing.

GAGNEBRO STATION.

THE road from Komtillmotta to this station does not present as much variety in scenery as the previous stage. But this charming spot abundantly makes up in beauty for what a portion of the road has fallen short. A little distance from this place the road strikes the Dal Elf, which wends its course through scenery of uncommon beauty. Our host seemed quite delighted on our arrival to learn that I was an American. He was a gentlemanly person, who had been unfortunate in bus-

iness. From the previous station we had received an account, by no means favorable, of this establishment. My companion, priding himself on understanding Swedish character particularly well, quite astonished me with the string of titles which he used in addressing the landlord. No people, by the way, are more fond of titles than the Swedes. The *ci-devant* merchant was, therefore, addressed by my companion as Herr Landed proprietor, merchant, and magistrate, all of which, if not actually demanded by him, did not seem to come amiss. Our host informed me that he had a brother settled in the United States, who had passed through various vicissitudes of fortune, now roughing it in the extreme West, and then joining the American forces in Mexico. At last fortune seems to have smiled upon him, and he is now settled in one of the Eastern cities in very prosperous circumstances. This is the first person of whom I have heard in this vicinity who has emigrated to America. There is always a something in scenery of a sublime and beautiful character which fastens itself so upon the hearts of a people that they are far less likely to leave permanently their homes than others. The poorer peasantry of Dalecarlia, it is true, emigrate every spring to Stockholm, and some of them go as far as Germany, but

the autumn blasts are quite sure to recall the wanderers to their dearly loved hills and dales. I have before mentioned the peasants of this province as the most honest, industrious, and trustworthy class of laborers who can be employed in Stockholm.

TO FAHLUN.

AT an early hour of the morning we left our kind host of Gagnebro. He declined receiving the least compensation, and assured me that he was but too happy of an opportunity of extending his hospitality to an American, as he felt so much indebted to my countrymen for the kindness his brother had received in the United States. Our walk toward Fahlun led us for a considerable distance near the river, affording many charming views. Here we fell in company with a peasant, who accompanied us for a while on our road. I soon found myself an object of intense curiosity to the rustic. Surely people living in such a remote place, with the little incident which breaks in upon the regular routine of life, are at liberty to be curious. And when they see a stranger, particularly one who speaks an unknown tongue, they may be excused for asking many questions which would certainly be out of place in a capital. Cultivation, and a knowledge of the world, to a great extent do away with the exhibition of this inquisitiveness. But among a people living secluded, it is but a simple and frank avowal of the thoughts which are stirring within; had they become more artificial, although the same curiosity might exist, it would not find utterance. There is in a rural district a something in this child-like and unsophisticated expression of one's thoughts, which is pleasing. "Where are you from?" says my fellow-traveler; this being the first compliment after the accustomed salutation of "good-day," and a touch of the hat, which courtesy is never neglected by a Swedish peasant. My reply of "From America" to this query, seemed by no means to lessen his curiosity; and many were the inquiries which followed relative to my far-off home. When I informed him that laborers were paid in America four dollars rix geld (one American dollar) per day, he seemed perfectly astonished. He assured me that the most he could count upon here was one rix-dollar per day, and to secure that, he was obliged to commence work at

a very early hour, and continue until eight o'clock in the evening. This amount, he said, was considered here very extraordinary wages, and that few were able to earn as much. But he supposed the expenses of living were far greater in America than here. "Yes," said I, "but what do you have to live upon here?" He described his simple fare of oatmeal, fir-bark, and sometimes a mixture of peas made into bread, with fish, as constituting his principal food. I assured him that were the European peasantry contented to live in America upon the same fare to which they had been accustomed at home, and with the same degree of comfort, that I believed they could live equally cheap. In the course of our walk, passing a field of oats, he inquired if we had such grain in America, and what use we made of it. I replied that we raised a large quantity of oats, which were fed to the horses. He looked perfectly amazed that we should only make such use of a grain which seemed to him so valuable for bread.

After about an hour's walk we crossed the river by a ferry-boat to Båtsta. This large farm establishment, of which I presented a view in the last NATIONAL, is most picturesquely situated. It was formerly occupied as a station-house. In the rear the grounds stretch away for a considerable distance, with a garden prettily laid out, and a gravel walk extending along the river, affording some charming points of view. I had been for a little time at a short distance from the house, sketching, when I received from the proprietor a very kind invitation to enter. The favorite beverage of the country, Swedish punch, was produced; after which I gladly accepted an invitation to dinner. The usual preparatory repast was soon after offered with the never-failing native whisky. It has never been my fortune to see a thoroughly Swedish dinner without this *sharpener* to the appetite being produced. Our first course consisted of fish, the never-failing dish of the lake and river country. The next course was milk, which is allowed to become sour and harden, when it is sweetened, and forms one of the dishes peculiarly in favor here, as well as in Norway. After this mutton was served, and some very excellent home-brewed beer. This course being finished, coffee was brought, and then another turn at Swedish punch. The son of my host is a student



WEeping BIRCHES.

at the University of Upsala, and was then passing his vacation at home. As I have before remarked, the proportion of young men who enjoy the advantages of a University education here among the middle classes is very considerable.

My stay in the dingy, smoking, and sulphureous atmosphere of Fahlun, on my return, was short. Tradition gives the mines at this place an antiquity quite remarkable, even tracing them to Tubal-Cain himself, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," as we read in the Book of Genesis.

The Sagas, at all events, establish the fact of the remote antiquity of these mines; but that it extends to the time of Tubal-Cain, is a point I shall scarcely attempt to establish.

From Fahlun I proceeded to the house of the clergyman whose acquaintance I had been so fortunate as to make on board the little steamer upon Lake Silja; from thence to Westeras by the beautiful Dale of Sater.

The Dale of Sater is quite celebrated in Sweden for its charming effects of Swiss scenery in miniature. During my stay there, the beauty of the scenery was greatly enhanced by the fitly humor of the weather. Now we had bright sunshine penetrating into the depths of the Dale; then the

landscape was shrouded by dark masses of clouds, the whole lighted up by occasional vivid flashes of lightning, attended by the deep and heavy roaring of thunder. The day was such a one as that on which the Swedes say, "Thor has been out traveling to-day."

Near the Dale of Sater I stopped for a time to sketch a group of trees, which combined the two varieties most characteristic of the North, the weeping birch and Northern spruce. In a former article in the NATIONAL, I have enlarged somewhat upon the character of the Northern birch.

Some portions of my journey toward Westeras, I noticed a marked change in the appearance of the buildings, which still continued of timber, produced by the use of turf for roofing in place of boards, as I have described in Dalecarlia. Occasionally a shrub, of almost sufficient size to be called a tree, is seen growing upon the roof. In the vicinity of Westeras tile is used for the same purpose.

WESTERAS.

THIS is a small, but apparently thriving town of some few thousand inhabitants, situated upon the Malar Lake. The cathedral and castle are the principal objects of attraction. A portion of the cathedral

dates from the eleventh century ; but, as in most of the churches of Sweden, various additions have been made from time to time, in accordance with the increasing wants of the population. Three very curiously-carved altar-pieces adorn this edifice. They are of German workmanship, and were among the trophies of the Thirty Years' War. These are inclosed by doors ornamented with paintings, presenting the marked characteristics of the old German and Byzantine school of art.

Among the most remarkable monuments here, is that of Magnus Brahe and his two wives. These persons are represented in a recumbent posture upon the tomb, in that stiff and almost grotesque style in vogue

in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Speaking of tombs and reclining figures, Rauch, of Berlin, has produced some exceedingly fine things in this line. He has done away with the stiffness of the age to which I refer, and his works present as striking a contrast when compared to these, as do the works of Praxiteles and Scopas when contrasted with the death-school of Egyptian art. The statue by Rauch, of the beautiful Queen Louisa, in the Mausoleum at Potsdam, is certainly one of the most successful productions of modern times. The likeness of the queen is admirably preserved. The figure is remarkable for its ease and grace of position.

Here is also the tomb of the wretched



CASTLE OF WESTERAS.

Eric XIV. It is a sarcophagus of Egyptian marble, surmounted by a crown and sword taken from the tomb of King John at Upsala.

The castle of Westeras is picturesquely situated, and of very considerable antiquity. It has been greatly changed in modern times ; its corners were formerly flanked by towers, which have been removed, and a large square structure, which might pass for an American hotel or manufactory, is all that remains. It was here that the wretched Eric XIV. was for a long time confined. It will be remembered that he was the son of Gustavus Wasa, and was compelled to abdicate, his brother John

ascending the throne. The room in which this monarch was confined is still shown. The only light admitted to his cell was through a small aperture in the massive wall some ten feet high. Here are also exhibited irons of immense weight, with which the royal prisoner was loaded. It would seem that banishment from the throne which was his lawful right, and secure confinement, would have been quite sufficient to satisfy his unnatural brother who succeeded to his place, without the addition of all the torture which fancy could devise. However erring might have been the unfortunate prince during his short reign, one cannot visit the place



SKOKLOSTER.

of his confinement, and recall the misery of his later years, without emotions of sympathy. The long period of his close imprisonment, while still in the vigor of manhood, the various means devised by his tyrant brother, apparently to wreak a spirit of vengeance upon him, with the closing scene of his career, dying in prison from poison, all together present a dark page of history.

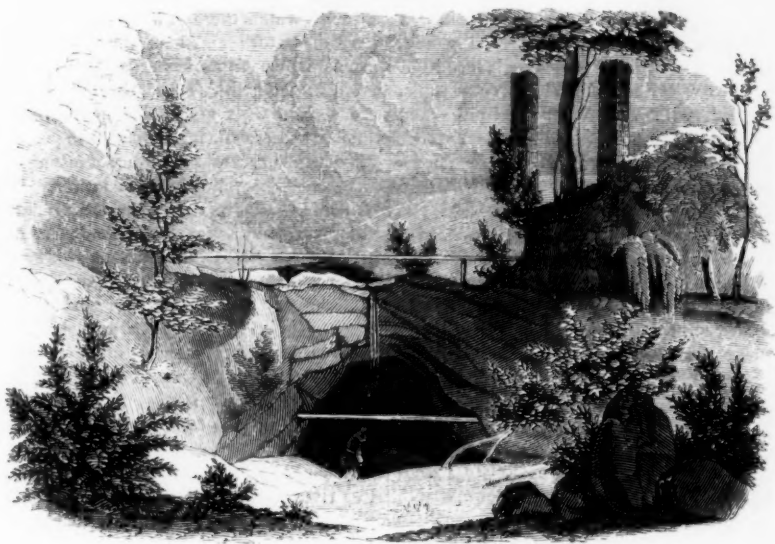
It is a pleasant excursion, of about two Swedish miles, from Westeras to the Royal Chateau of Gripsholm. This palace was built by Gustavus Wasa, about the middle of the sixteenth century. It has been occupied at various periods as the prison of deposed monarchs. Eric XIV., John III., and Gustavus IV., were all confined here. The appearance of the chateau, upon an approach, is singularly picturesque. Its outline, somewhat Eastern in character, is quite unique. Here we were shown some acres of portraits, eighteen hundred in number, all possessing more or less degree of historic interest; but, like such collections in general, of little value when viewed only as works of art.

On my way to Stockholm, I stopped for a day at Skokloster, the beautiful residence of Count Brahe, a lineal descendant of the great astronomer, Tycho Brahe. This is one of the oldest and most noble families of Sweden. The mansion, as will be seen in the illustration, is large. It is most delightfully situated on Lake Malar, and commands extensive views up and down the lake. The collections here are interesting; in the library are shown some of Gustavus Adolphus's letters to Ebba Brahe. The attachment of the great cham-

pion of the Protestant faith to this young lady, is quite an affair of romance. The mother of Ebba Brahe, as mothers sometimes do, though not usually when a crown is offered, interfered in this affair, and by withholding the letters of Gustavus, while he was engaged in the war in Germany, succeeded in marrying her daughter to the Count de la Gardie, one of the most distinguished nobles of the day.

At Skokloster is preserved a fine statue of Bernadotte, King of Sweden, executed by Bystrom, a Swedish sculptor of reputation; the king is represented as a Scandinavian god. Here are many cabinets, containing rare objects of art; among them are old drinking-cups, family plate, &c., as well as some very fine Venetian glass, the art of manufacture of which is lost at the present day. The armories of the chateau struck me as particularly interesting. Here is preserved one of the finest specimens of the work of the great Florentine Benevenuto Cellini. It is a shield of the Emperor Charles XII., and was taken at Prague.

The approach to Stockholm from the Malar side, is far less imposing than from the Baltic. The most marked peculiarity of the scenery of Lake Malar, is its numerous thickly-wooded and beautifully-grouped islands. A brilliant Northern sunset lent its charms to the scene as we approached the city, illuminating the windows of its lofty palace. The early autumn was now upon us; and after my long sojourn in Dalecarlia, wandering among its red and brown timber-houses, the capital appeared, by way of contrast, like a city of palaces.



THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

WHEN our country shall have produced painters and poets equal to the delineation of her scenery, we may well hold up our heads and challenge the admiration of the world; for where is greater majesty presented by nature than here, in our mountains and prairies, our cataracts and caverns! Among the latter, the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, stands preëminent.

It is with no foolish expectation of supplying a desideratum in art, that the present task is undertaken, but simply with a view of stimulating an honest curiosity, especially among my younger readers, and thus drawing their contemplation from the grandeur of historic presentation, to that which lies right about us, offering to genius that gigantic and unworn material, with which, in its stronger manifestations, it delights to work.

About the subterranean country, with the wonders of which it is proposed to deal in this chapter, a great deal has already been written, and sung, and said. Travelers have made full and eloquent, but not exhaustive descriptions; poets have made hymns and sonnets innumerable; artists have originated drawings and engravings; guide books have been published, and yet,

after all, it is more than likely my reader has but an imperfect apprehension of the situation, dimensions, and marvels of the Mammoth Cave.

On the border of an unproductive tract of land known as the Barrens, in the southwestern part of Kentucky, upon Green River, in a corner of Edmonson County, about one hundred miles from Louisville, and sixty from Harrodsburg Springs, gapes the gloomy door of the largest underground territory in the world.

It contains, according to the best authorities, two hundred and twenty-six avenues, forty-seven domes, numerous rivers, eight cataracts, and twenty-three pits. The aggregate length of the various corridors is estimated at several hundred miles. Those who propose a journey thither must be prepared for "rough, uneven ways, that draw out the miles and make them wearisome," the Barrens being simply a vast reach of rolling knobs and hills, once bare and profitless prairies, but now overgrown by dwarf oaks and beeches, together with such vines and shrubs as are capable of rooting themselves in baked and dewless earth.

In the immediate neighborhood of the cave a more agreeable aspect of things is

presented—green park-like openings—also, patches of fine woodland, hickory, chestnut, and elm; and in Cave Hollow, a ravine widening into a delightful valley, the scenery becomes exceedingly beautiful.

This valley is bounded by rocky walls, capped with sandstone, precipitous in parts, in parts piled in loose masses, along the base of which grow walnuts, catalpas, papaws, and maples; while rooted among the rocks, and clambering over them, are weeds, brambles, and flowers, of brilliant colors and wild luxuriance of growth.

Making our way along a winding path through this hollow, we are met by a river of air, so cool as to remind us of that shady place

"Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

And sure enough, as we stop to reconnoiter, we discover it to be the chill breath of the monster of caves, the entrance to which, as we descend the grassy terrace before us, opens upon the ancient darkness.

The declivity is thirty or more feet in descent, and as many wide, forming abrupt and broken steps as the bottom of the abyss is approached, where springs an arch

of rudely piled rocks, overgrown with a mass of various and tangled vegetation, through which there is a perpetual dropping of water; and here the air, which seems blown from icebergs, the moldy arch, brightened here and there by a lizard striped with green and scarlet, the silence and gloom (for the entrance is subterranean) are apt to impress the visitor with sensations of awe, if not horror.

The pit is quite hidden by the pendent foliage, and not till you have put it aside, and made your way over mounds of saltpeter, thrown out by the workmen engaged in its manufacture there in 1812, and across loose heaps of planks, stones, and earth, do you become fully conscious of the dismal and repelling darkness of the great sepulcher, which is certainly well calculated to give a fearful play to the imagination.

Those who have penetrated to its rock-ribbed labyrinths and star-roofed halls, sunless rivers, and glittering petrifications, are most tolerant of the exaggerations concerning it; for they all, with one accord, declare that they have seen nothing more "remarkable beneath the visiting moon," and most appreciatively conceive how phantasms spring out of its grimly fascinating mysteries.



THE CAVE HOUSE.



ENTRANCE TO THE GOTHIC GATE.

A few years ago a tract of land, supposed to cover the Mammoth Cave, was purchased by Dr. John Crogan, for ten thousand dollars, and so tied up by him as to prevent it from passing out of his family for several generations. Explorations and discoveries in its intricate branches made the great pride and satisfaction of his life. Perhaps, indeed, his pleasure in feeling his way along some dark entry to a new chamber, was hardly less than is the astronomer's,

"When a new planet swims into his ken."

Near the entrance of his marvelous possessions he erected a tavern, well suited to the wild aspect of its surroundings, it being built of logs, clapboarded, and rendered picturesque by white-wash, porticoes, and green shutters.

This rude tabernacle is altogether com-

fortable, and is two stories high, and two hundred feet long, with brick buildings at the extremities, showing their gable-ends in front, and is presided over by a towering, broad-shouldered Kentuckian, with a very kind and hospitable face.

There lives, and has lived for sixteen or eighteen years past, the famous slave, Stephen, who has received distinguished consideration in the journals of all visitors to the cave, to which he is attached as guide and ferryman. He has performed a good many wonderful feats, some of which shall be chronicled in the course of this narration.

As he has become a celebrity, and is so intimately associated with the Mammoth Cave, the reader will be interested in knowing he is part Indian and part Mulatto, with the physiognomy of a Spaniard, his masses of black curling hair, and his long

mustache, giving him, together with his dark skin, quite a Castilian air. He is intelligent, used to good society, has tact, talent, and address that might be envied by many a free man. His dress is adapted to his rough life, and consists of a chocolate-colored slouched hat, green jacket, and striped pantaloons.

"His wife is the pretty mulatto chamber-maid of the hotel. He has one boy, takes a newspaper, studies geology, and means to go to Liberia as soon as he can buy his wife, child, and self from his present master."

To this portraiture Mr. Willis subjoins a description of "an extraordinary uniform provided by the hotel for visitors to the cave," which the reader will be pleased to find annexed. He says:

"At one end of the long hall is a row of pegs, where hang the articles for ladies, at the other end are pegs for gentlemen. You are directed to go up stairs and equip yourselves before starting. I cannot say that the dress is becoming. A stuffed skull-cap is worn by ladies to guard them from knocks on the head where the cave is low, and a short petticoat of mustard-colored flannel, with trousers of the same material, as a requisition of the perpendicular, muddy, and sloppy places through which the journey leads."

Caps and frocks of the same yellow material are provided for the gentlemen, the crouching where the river roof is low, lying on the back to obtain the sky-like view of the "Star-Chamber," and the crawling through winding and narrow holes, being work to which one's worldly garments are not readily subjected.

A party thus accoutered, and each bearing a lamp, as is the custom, present a singular and not uninteresting picture.

Our poet, before quoted, suggests as an essential addition to the pleasure and beauty of the pilgrimage, a more picturesque costume, and recommends a slouched hat and plume, instead of the skull-cap, and short coats, instead of the disfiguring frocks, and the idea seems consonant, for why not add to a pleasure trip the charm of a pictorial costume?

Parties often remain at the hotel a week or more, and make daily explorations in the cave, and in such cases one entrance fee only is demanded, the old visitors accompanying the new ones with their guides as often as they choose.

The lands purchased by Dr. Croghan embrace nineteen hundred acres, covering three square miles above ground; they are

highly ornamented by shrubbery and fruit trees, together with fine specimens of the ancient forest growth.

In 1834 the Mammoth Cave (to which it is time we should return) was surveyed by Edmund F. Lee, an engineer of Cincinnati, who performed his task with skill and fidelity—the leveling of many miles of dark and obstructed passages, involving difficulties and hazards, and requiring two or three months for its accomplishment.

A curious map, valuable and interesting alike to the lovers of romance and science, was, shortly after Mr. Lee's exploit, published by him in Cincinnati.

The measureless dimensions so often ascribed to the cavern by imaginative tourists, have thus been cruelly narrowed; scale, chain, and protractor have "laid bare the heart of the mystery," and fixed the facts and figures of this most wonderful and beautiful accident, if accident it be, and is, as seems generally supposed, the result of some terrible convulsion of nature.

It is not one spacious hollow, as may be imagined, but consists of a multitude of labyrinthine branches, none of which extend more than three miles in any one direction. Many of them, indeed, have never been explored, and are not likely to be, owing to the much blasting with gunpowder required to make the gaps, which in some instances are little more than crevices, at all practicable.

Great care is exercised by the guides to prevent visitors from turning aside into these devious winding ways.

A few years ago, a gentleman leaving his party, undertook to conduct his own exploration, and having put out his light by stumbling, remained forty-three hours in total, and doubtless most uncomfortable darkness; darkness,

"Whereof the silence aches upon the ear."

It is related of another equally curious individual that, having ferried himself across the subterranean river and penetrated five or six miles beyond, he fainted from exhaustion, and remained in a

"Savage place, as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath the waning moon was haunted,"

till discovered by the famous guide, Stephen, who bore him back to the daylight in his arms! an achievement requiring a more invincible courage and a manlier endurance than many a one that

is immortalized; for, aside from the distance, it must be remembered there were "ladders to go up and down, holes to creep through, crags to climb, rivers to navigate, slippery abysses to edge around," and passages to thread in a position half double.

A basket of provisions, torches, lamps, and a canteen of oil, are usually provided for each expedition, and with his trappings slung over his back, and a light in his hand that the frozen breath of the cave twists and tortures fantastically, the guide precedes with zeal unabated by familiarity; and, hesitating at every step, the visitors pass beneath the mighty portal, so high, that "giants might get through, and keep their impious turbans on," and the extraordinary observations begin.

The entrance, at first spacious, gradually lowers its ragged and broken roof, and contracts its splintered sides till two persons can only walk abreast; the path is hard and smooth, bearing to the left with a slight descent, and conducting to what is termed the Narrows.

In this vicinity the bones of a gigantic man were found by the niter diggers, and buried again with no sign to indicate the spot, and though they have often since been sought for, they have not been recovered.

The wooden pipes that conducted the water to the hoppers used by the niter manufacturers, are still to be seen.

It has been suggested that the bones of Indians entered largely into the niter produced here—a suggestion originating, probably, from the discovery of arrows and other Indian implements in the cave.

In the Narrows the visitor feels himself almost pushed backward by the wind, which here blows furiously, finds the shaggy roof lowering nearly to his head, and sees before him an east that no morning ever broke, and is likely to understand why even the most faithful dogs cannot be persuaded to follow their masters any further.

Suddenly the walls begin to expand and lose themselves, the ceiling to lift itself up, and the eyes to search through darkness for something to rest upon.

The light made by the torches in this huge vault, called the Rotunda, "is a glooming light, much like a shade," and it is the custom of the guide to kindle with fragments of the saltpeter works a great

fire, by the flame of which the visitor is first apprised of the enormous proportions of the cave. The area, by fair measurement, covers half an acre, and the roof, which is from sixty to a hundred feet above the floor, seems in the imperfect light like a gray cloud rolling itself away. By degrees heavy buttresses, that seem bending under their weight, begin to grow out of the shadowy wall.

We cannot do better than condense from Dr. Bird's elaborate account, a description of this majestic antechamber of the cave:

"It is of oval figure, two hundred feet in length by a hundred and fifty wide, with a roof flat and level as if finished by the trowel of the plasterer. Two passages, each a hundred feet in width, open into it at its opposite extremities, and as they preserve a straight course for five or six hundred feet, with the same flat roof common to each, the impression is that of a vast hall. The passage on the right hand is the great Bat Room; that in front, the beginning of the grand gallery or main cavern. The whole of this prodigious space is covered by a single rock, in which the eye can detect no break or interruption, save at its borders, where is a broad sweeping cornice, traced in horizontal panel-work, exceedingly noble and regular; and not a single pillar or pier of any kind contributes to support it. It needs no support.

"By its own weight made steadfast and immovable."

The rock forming the roof is a hundred feet thick, and will probably defy the peltings of the elements to the end of time.

The silence that reigns in this chamber is unbroken by a single whisper, and more solemn than can be elsewhere conceived of. "An army of a hundred thousand men might fight a Waterloo on the hills above its occupants, and they know nothing of it," unless, suggests our authority, the hideous secret were revealed by the color of the waters.

The Rotunda is one of the triumphs of the guide, as well as of nature, and he is apt to take advantage of the solemnly-elevated feelings of the visitor to inform him that "those who say the Mammoth Cave ain't a real tear cat don't know anything about it." The Bat Room impresses the visitor with the sensation of limitless space, the darkness being so dense as to prevent a single gleam of light from touching the walls.

In an attempt to secure a drawing, says Dr. Bird, we lighted it up with torches, flambeaux, and two or three bon-

fires, but still the obscurity was such as to make it necessary in sketching any one part, to have the torches held immediately before it. And it was found quite impossible to embrace all its striking features. He saw enough, however, he tells us, to determine the quality of its beauty, which consists in its grandeur, its air of desolation, and the unspeakable impressiveness of its gloom.

Leaving the Rotunda in another direction, you enter Audubon's Avenue, which is a mile long, sixty feet in width, and as many in height. A well of sweet, pure water, twenty-five feet deep, has lately been discovered in it. Its roof is gray, and resembles floating clouds; it has a jetting gallery of rocks, approaching till in places they nearly meet, and is set round with numerous stalagmite pillars, surrounded with incrustations, the reflections of which, in the light of the torches, are exceedingly beautiful.

From this avenue a narrow passage, winding among loose rocks, and gradually sloping to a descent of seventy or eighty feet, conducts into a spacious oval, as wide and high as the grand gallery into which it opens. This hall is called the Church, and is ornamented with a fine ledge of gallery, and some craggy images of nature's less painstaking moods. A rude altar has been constructed here, from which sermons have been preached, torches have made solemn illuminations, and congregations have sung the praises of the Divine architect. It is a temple, however, little suited to the love and affection that should underlie worship. It would accommodate five thousand persons.

The little Bat Room, which is found in this neighborhood, is low, dark, and winding, and appears to be the dry bed of what was once a river. Its walls are of sandstone, worn into fantastic shapes and figures by the perpetual dropping of water, and presenting numerous fissures leading into unexplored regions. Near its extremity there are two niches, very black and ugly, from which the beholder shrinks with instinctive horror. The floor treacherously inclines, and approaching you look down into a pit which seems bottomless. Mr. Lee succeeded in dropping a lead two hundred and eighty feet, but whether he met some obstruction, or actually touched bottom, is uncertain.

So curiously crowded one against another, and one immediately beneath another, sometimes, are the divisions of the cavern, as to render any attempt at consecutive arrangement a difficult task. We shall, therefore, make less pretension to order than chronicling what seems most worthy of remark.

On the brink of the frightful abyss above mentioned, the guide stops to tell you that many years before the sounding of Mr. Lee, the miners performed the same exploit by attaching a *young negro* to the end of a string, instead of a lead. He was brought up grinning, and professed to have discovered, in the course of his remarkable journey, a cave of the most glittering magnificence, but as he could never be induced to repeat the adventure, the splendid cave was supposed to have been a creation of his fancy. Of course the reader is at liberty to accept as much of this story as his credulity will bear.

Another story may properly be set down in this place, as it is one of a brace, usually and appropriately told at the verge of the Crevice Pit, as it is called.

We have already stated that the Mammoth Cave was wrought for saltpeter in 1812, and as preface to the story may also state that about the same time there was a general mania concerning the manufacture of this article, occasioned by the high prices it commanded. In the prosecution of speculations, several caves in the South and West became celebrated as scenes of disaster; some of them having been entered by explorers who were never afterward seen. Less serious accidents were frightfully numerous. Connected with these tragedies is the story memorized by the guide. A few miles from the Mammoth Cave, among the knobs of the Barrens, is a cave called Wright's Cave, after the name of its first unfortunate explorer. He was a speculator, who, having reason to think the cave valuable, resolved to examine it, and for that purpose employed an experienced niter-maker as companion. A day was fixed for the assistant to meet him at the cave, but there happening at the time to prevail a terrible thunder-storm, the assistant failed to keep the appointment. Mr. Wright, meanwhile, reaching the cave in company with a miner of little skill, and having made preparations for the exploration, concluded to undertake

it without the assistance of his more experienced aid. So the two men began and continued their work for several hours without fear or accident. They passed several pits in their search, but were not specially alarmed.

By and by, however, the candles which they carried in their hands began to burn low, and, to their dismay, they discovered that they had left their supply of lights at the mouth of the cave. The horrors of their situation immediately took possession of their minds and doubled its dangers, which were dreadful enough. They were too far from the cave's entrance to allow any reasonable hope of gaining it with what remained of their candles, and the fearful pits were directly in the path. If they could succeed in passing these by the help of their already-flickering candles, they might possibly feel their further way through the darkness and into the blessed sunshine.

The desperation of the case left no alternative, and the miserable flight was begun. To their inexpressible joy and surprise, they not only reached the pits, but left them several hundred feet behind, while their candles yet held out.

But now came upon them a new trouble. In the dismay and confusion that possessed them with the utter failure of the last light, they neglected to set their faces toward the mouth of the cave, and when the darkness closed round them round themselves bewildered and at variance, Wright vehemently protesting in favor of one direction, and the miner contending as earnestly for its opposite. The urgency of Wright at length overcame the doubts of the miner so far as to induce him to follow his desperate lead, he being the first to encounter the pits, provided they were wrong.

As they crawled along on their hands and feet, the only way they dare proceed in that fearful place, Wright strengthened the courage of his companion by proposing to throw stones before him as a test of the safety of the path, he supposing that a pit would be thus easily detected. Thus they proceeded for some time, Wright hurling stones before him, and uttering frequent exclamations expressive of the wildest disorder of mind. They had gone so far over the rough, broken floor, that the miner began to feel satisfied of the correctness of the route, supposing the

pits must have already been reached if they were wrong, when suddenly the clang of one of the stones cast by Wright, which seemed to have struck the solid ground, was succeeded by a rushing noise, and the clatter of loose stones and earth down a declivity, and then a heavy, hollow crash at a depth beneath.

He called to his companion, but there came back no answer. He called again, listening in the intensest agony, but his unfortunate employer returned not even a groan. His fate was unquestionable; he had slipped into one of the pits so suddenly, as not to have time for a single cry of terror.

Receiving no answer to his repeated calls, the terrified miner at length turned in the opposite direction, and after crawling about for hours, sometimes sinking flat on the ground from exhaustion, and sometimes overcome by despair, he saw at last away in the distance, a little light, sparkling like a star. He hurried forward, and, sure enough, it was the morning star that had shone into his fearful sepulcher, and lighted him back to life. A party were speedily at the cave, and soon after at the edge of the pit, their torches illumining its chaotic blackness. A workman of the Mammoth Cave, induced by the temptation of a large reward, was lowered by ropes to the bottom of the pit, a depth of fifty or sixty feet, and the lifeless and broken body of Wright was drawn up. This tragedy lacks not authoritative confirmation.

The little Bat Room is doubly remarkable, both for its crevice-pit, and for the thousands of bats which, during the winter season, are found clinging, torpidly, to its roof and walls; with the spring weather they disappear from the cave. Within a hundred yards ruins of niter works are again encountered, in shape of planks, troughs, pumps, vats, &c.

In reference to its manufacture here, Mr. Martin, in his account, says: "The dirt in the cave gives from three to five pounds of nitrate of lime to the bushel, and when left in the cave, becomes re-impregnated in three years." Of late years this manufacture has been driven quite out of the market by the competition of the East India importations. The visitor is next directed to a gallery sweeping across the main cave, at a height of thirty feet from the floor, and losing itself in what is

called the Gothic Gallery, from its resemblance to that style of architecture; for here the huge and grotesque masses of rock become wonderfully imitative. It is entered by climbing a flight of steps, and sidling through a gap in the wall. Its height is fifteen feet, width forty feet, length two miles; the ceiling is smooth, as if finished by a plasterer. In this hall several mummies have been found among the recesses of the rock, and a curious piece of bark-matting, the relic of some Indian queen, perhaps, is still shown. The bodies seemed to have undergone no process of embalming, but were, nevertheless, in a perfect state of preservation; so dry is the air, and so strongly impregnated with niter, as to prevent decomposition. What has been done with these mummies I have been unable to ascertain with any certainty. One is reported to be in the British Museum, and another to have been burned up in the Museum in Cincinnati.

An elaborate description of one of these ancient sleepers has been published by a scientific gentleman who visited the cave in 1813, from which the subjoined is an abridgment: In digging saltpeter earth, a flat rock was met with by the workmen, a little below the earth's surface; this stone was raised, and was about four feet wide and as many long; beneath it was a square excavation about three feet deep, and as many in length and width. In this small subterranean chamber sat in solemn silence one of the human species, a female, with her wardrobe and ornaments placed at her side. The body was in perfect preservation, and sitting erect; the arms were folded up, the hands laid across the bosom, and the wrists were tied together with a small cord; around the body were wrapped two deer-skins. These skins appeared to have been dressed by some mode with which the present generation is unacquainted. The hair of the skins was cut off near the surface, and the skins ornamented with the imprints of vines and leaves, sketched in a substance perfectly white. Outside of this wrapping was a large square sheet, either woven or knit. The fabric was the inner bark of a tree, supposed to be the lime-tree. In its texture and appearance it resembled the South Sea Islands matting; this sheet enveloped the whole body. The hair on the head was cut off within an eighth of an inch of the skin, except near the neck, where it

was an inch long; it was in color a dark red. The teeth were white and perfect, and no blemish on the body, except a wound between the ribs, near the backbone, and an injury in one of the eyes. The finger and toe nails were perfect, and quite long; the features were regular. The length of the bones of the arm, from the elbow to the wrist joint, was ten and a half inches. The whole frame gave evidence of a figure five feet and ten inches in height. At the time it was discovered, the body weighed but fourteen pounds, and was perfectly dry; but on being exposed to the atmosphere, it gained in weight, by absorbing dampness, four pounds.

It has been thought curious that so large a body should weigh so little, as many human skeletons of nothing but bone, exceed this weight. Recently, however, some experiments made in Paris, have demonstrated the fact of the human body being reduced to ten pounds, by being exposed to a heated atmosphere for a long period of time. The color of the skin was dark, not black, and the flesh hard and dry upon the bones.

At the side of the body lay a pair of moccasins, a knapsack, and a reticule. The moccasins were made of wove or knit bark, like the wrapper I have described; around the top was a border for strength and ornament. These denoted feet of small size, and differed but little in shape from the moccasins worn by the Northern Indians. The knapsack was of wove, or knit bark, with a deep, strong border around the top, and was about the size of the knapsacks used by soldiers. The workmanship was neat, and the fabric such as would do credit to a manufacturer of the present day. The reticule was also made of woven bark, in shape like a horseman's valise, and opening its full length on the top; the whole laced up and secured by a cord which passed through loops attached to either side. The edges of the top were strengthened by deep, fancy borders. The articles contained in the reticule and knapsack were as follows: one head-cap, made of woven or knit bark, without border, and of the shape of the plainest nightcap; seven head-dresses, made of the quills of large birds, and put together after the manner of fans, somewhat enabling the wearer to present a beautiful display of feathers. These are represented as very splendid; they would, it is said, form magnificent

ornaments for the female head at the present day. Several hundred strings of beads, consisting of hard seeds, smaller than hemp-seeds. They were of a brown color, strung on three-twined thread, and tied up in bunches as strings of coral beads are tied by merchants. The red hoofs of fawns on a string, supposed to have been worn as a necklace. They were about twenty in number, and were thought to have been emblematic of innocence. The claw of an eagle, with a cord passed through it, so as to form a pendant for the neck. The jaw of a bear, designed to be worn in the same manner. Two rattlesnake skins; one of these had fourteen rattles: they were neatly folded up. Some vegetable colors done up in leaves. A small bunch of deer sinews. Several bunches of white thread and twine. Seven needles, some of which were of horn, and some of bone; they were smooth, and appeared to have been much used. The top of one of these needles was handsomely scalloped, but none of them had any eyelets to receive the thread. A hand-piece, made of deer-skin, and designed to protect the hand in the use of the needles, instead of a thimble. Two whistles, about eight inches long, and made of cane.

In the various articles which constituted the ornaments of the mummy, there were no metallic substances; and in the make of her dress there was no evidence of the use of other machinery than the bone and horn needles. No warlike arms were found among the collection.

Of the race to which she belonged, we can know nothing; and as to conjecture, the reader of this account can judge for himself. The cause of the preservation of the body, ornaments, and dress, is owing to the nitrate of lime that impregnates the atmosphere of the cave, and the entire absence of moisture and heat. There is no such thing as putrefaction or decomposition possible in the cave.

The features of this exhumed member of the human family much resembled those of a tall, handsome American woman.

We will pause here, and give the reader an opportunity to "slide into the rustled air again," hoping he will accompany us next month, for the observance of other special wonders presented by this Mammoth Cave.

"Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's lone star."

A MORNING WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

AS I am fond of sauntering among the stores and manufactories of this great city, I contrive to turn my lounging habit to profitable account. I take great pleasure in gathering information about the various trades and professions of those with whom I spend my leisure hours. Although I am a bookish man, I belong to that large class of readers who are content to enjoy the fruit of other men's labors, without stopping to think of the weary toil and struggling patience it costs them to prepare even an ephemeral work for the press. I trouble myself still less about the various mechanical skill necessary to bring the work to my hands neatly printed and bound. Of the dealings between authors and publishers I knew nothing until a few mornings since, when I happened, in one of my rambles, to step into the great publishing house of Gold-leaf, Jokington, & Co. By a special favor, as I suppose, I was asked into the room where the chief of the firm bargains in a quiet undertone with those who bring their literary labor to that market. I had been seated but a few minutes when a little man entered the place holding in his hand a carpet-bag, the sides of which were well bulged out. It struck me at once that he was an author, for his face wore that somber and cadaverous hue that belongs to old parchments, or very old books. He inquired which of us was the literary partner of the firm, to whom he had been directed by a gentleman at the counting-desk. That polite personage immediately rose and said,

"I am he, at your service, sir."

The author, for such he proved to be, opened his carpet-bag, and with some difficulty brought out a roll of manuscript, which, judging by its size, could not be less than twelve hundred pages of closely written foolscap. As he unrolled the huge document, and spread it out on the table, I perceived that the thumb and middle finger of his right hand were perfectly black with chronic ink-stains. He then began with an air of calm and enviable assurance to open the business of the hour.

"I have here," said he, "the result of nine years' laborious and accurate research, '*A New History of Mexico*,' and

I have called to know what terms I can make with you, as I expect the work will have an unprecedented sale."

At this remark I saw that the publisher smiled, which the author evidently mistook for a sign of encouragement.

"I propose," said he, "to leave the work with you a few days, that you may read it, and judge of its merits. I fancy," he added a little facetiously, "that you publish nothing without some knowledge of its general character."

"Decidedly so, decidedly so," answered Mr. Goldleaf, the publisher, "you could hardly make a more reasonable conjecture. We certainly like to know something of each work that goes through our press. But, my friend, seventy years are the allotted period of human life, and I fear that I cannot spare such a large proportion of my days as the reading of your manuscript would require. Besides, sir, I am discouraged by the apprehension that your history may be a little too late for the market. You are, perhaps, aware that a certain Prescott is thought to have done ample justice to that subject; and it will probably be some time before the public will be prepared for your work, superior as it unquestionably is to anything in that line."

I instantly saw that this reply, half humorous as it was, took all the humor out of the dusky author.

"Prescott," said he, "I allow has done well, considering that he is blind. But what can you expect from a blind man? His style is not sufficiently ambitious, sir. He has imitated the worst models of history. He constantly sacrifices spirit to an apocryphal stateliness of manner. In my work I have broken through all such artificial restraints, and aimed at an epic boldness unknown to either Robertson or Prescott. May I prevail upon you, sir, to read a page or two as a specimen of my historical style?"

This was a request not easily denied. Mr. Goldleaf took up the manuscript and read:

"Cortes, animated by the true Castilian spirit, ascended himself with the agility of a mountain squirrel to the snow-capped summit of Popocatepetel. From thence he descended to the region of brimstone like an angel in his fall, though he went down in a large wooden bucket, and gathered the material for manufacturing gunpowder wherewith to drive before him the barbarous Aztec hordes."

"Truly, sir, this is highly poetical, but not quite the thing for history, I imagine. At any rate, my judgment now is that you had better delay the publication of your work until Prescott ceases to be the rage."

With this remark Mr. Goldleaf made a low bow. The author slowly returned his manuscript to the carpet-bag, and left the room, saying something about the ignorance of publishers, which I did not distinctly hear.

The author of the "*New History of Mexico*" had scarcely reached the street door before another entered, whose appearance anywhere could not fail to attract attention. His deep red hair was curled all over. A fiery mustache, nicely curved and pointed at both ends by the aid of gum paste, beautified his upper lip, while a tuft of hair, appropriately called a *goatee*, hung from his chin. An eye-glass dangled over his vest of changeable silk. The head of his delicate cane was carved on one side into the likeness of a horse, and on the other it bore the image of a dog. Everything else about his dress and manner was in exact keeping with these signs of a vain and empty fellow: and, altogether, he was unmistakably one of that large class of gentlemen who are not inaptly described by the single word "*superfaine*." He was just such a fellow as would be likely to forge a check, or break into a jeweler's shop to get a new-fashioned breast-pin, if it could be had in no other way.

"Will you be pleased, sir," said he, "to look at my name?" at the same time handing Mr. Goldleaf a gilt-edged card.

"Yes, sir," said the publisher, "I perceive that your name is E. WRIGGLEBY SIMPLEX; and what does the E. stand for?"

"Why," said the exquisite, "the first term of a gentleman's name is now indicated, or rather hidden, under its initial letter. Formerly the initial of the middle term was all the go, but that is now entirely out of fashion among gents. As you have asked me, however, for my name in full, I will tell you. I have the honor to have been baptized EVARDUS WRIGGLEBY SIMPLEX!"

"Well, then," said Mr. Goldleaf, who had not a particle of respect for the fellow, "*Evardus Wriggleby Simplex*, what do you want of me this morning?"

"Why, sir, I have called to let you know that I intend spending a year or more on the continent of Europe, and—"

"You have my consent to spend all your years on the continent of Europe!"

"But stop, sir; I was going on to say, that if we can agree, I propose to arrange with you for the publication of three volumes of travels, which I design to write while abroad, and have them ready for the press on the day of my return."

"I am afraid," answered Mr. Goldleaf, who felt somewhat checked for a little pardonable rudeness, "I am afraid, sir, that we shall hardly agree about the publication of a yet unwritten work. Or, perhaps you wish to engage us to publish the work at your expense and risk."

"O no, sir; not at all, sir. That would not answer my purpose. You see an essential part of my plan is to bargain with a respectable publisher, and receive at least one half the value of the manuscript as the means of paying my way."

"At what price," inquired the publisher, with half-suppressed contempt, "do you hold your future manuscript?"

"As to that, sir, I can hardly say, only that I will not be severe on you. I expect to make three stout duodecimos, which I think will be cheap to you at two thousand dollars. I will consent to take that on the condition named—that you pay me one half in advance. In the meantime you can be preparing the public for the work by announcing it in the papers, and thus getting up an excitement. Nothing like a flourish of trumpets, sir!"

A little egotism in a friend is not unpleasant, but to be tormented in business hours by the vanity of an impertinent coxcomb, is too much for the well-trained patience of a publisher. Mr. Goldleaf could endure it no longer; so he gave the fellow a get-thee-behind-me look, and turning toward me, expressed his gratification at the reduced price of bread-stuffs, and went on to say what had been the lowest price of flour in each year since the close of the last war with England. When he had finished this interesting exhibit of the flour market, Mr. E. Wriggleby Simplex, instead of taking the hint, with most refreshing assurance said:

"Now, sir, shall I have your answer to my proposition?"

"We cannot bargain to-day," said the publisher calmly.

"What day would suit your convenience better?"

"The day of judgment," he replied, as fast as the words could be spoken.

"No harm done, sir; not the least in the world. I offered you moderate terms, because I desired to have my book come through a first-class house. I can easily engage elsewhere on the conditions named."

Mr. Goldleaf bowed, and E. Wriggleby Simplex retired.

As soon as he left, I asked the publisher if the fellow could possibly be serious.

"Ay, sir," said he, "as serious as such an animal can be. You have no idea of the foolish propositions which half-cracked men bring to us. It is one of the least pleasant parts of our business to let down their exalted estimate of themselves with becoming civility. You saw how hard it was to be civil—"

Our conversation was interrupted by a young gentleman, whose modest appearance and diffident manner bespoke him the very reverse of the fop who had just left. He trembled and hesitated as he placed a letter in the hand of Mr. Goldleaf. It was a letter of introduction by an author of established fame. While the publisher was reading it I watched his countenance, and saw that he was pleased. I could not fail to notice, also, the evident solicitude and embarrassment depicted in the youthful author's face. He involuntarily made those awkward and unmeaning motions that betray a discomposed spirit. He lifted his hand to his cheek, and then withdrew it. Three times, in as many minutes, he put on and took off his gloves. He buttoned his coat as high as the collar, and again threw it open. He adjusted his hat until it was quite out of place, and if the letter had been much longer I doubt whether he would not have lost all sense of his identity. When Mr. Goldleaf had finished reading, he turned toward the young stranger, and said in the blandest manner,

"I am very happy, sir, to make your acquaintance, and hope that this is but the first of many business meetings. You have great reason to be proud of such a recommendation as this, and coming from such a source, too! Have you the manuscript with you?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, and thrusting

his hand into the left pocket of his overcoat, brought out a bundle, and laid it on the table. The publisher took it up, and removed the newspaper covering, when lo! what did he see but two pair of blue yarn stockings! The confused author took them up, and hurriedly put them back into their place, and at the same time felt in the right pocket of his coat, and produced the manuscript. It was written in a plain, round hand, without interlineations or blots, or anything that could tempt the patience of a compositor. It was just such a manuscript as nobody but a young writer would take the trouble to prepare.

"It will give us great pleasure to publish it," said Mr. Goldleaf. "You know the usual terms, I suppose: ten per cent. to the author on all sales after the book has paid expenses."

"I was not at all solicitous about terms, and if I get anything I shall count it clear gain. Your goodness, sir, has both surprised and relieved me, and my only hope is, that you may lose nothing by the encouragement you have given me."

The young gentleman retired after apologizing for his awkwardness, and engaging to return in a week to read the proof-sheets of his work. I asked the publisher if he expected to make anything out of the book that he had so summarily agreed to publish. He answered that the letter which he had just read was from the celebrated —, who expresses the highest opinion of the essays, and promises a corresponding notice of them over his own name. It is a perfectly safe operation.

Just then a lady entered in a dark dress, which had evidently seen its best days. But though well worn, it was plainly distinguishable as the garment of a gentlewoman of reduced fortune. Her countenance bore an expression of mingled melancholy and humiliation. Before she said a word on the object of her call, she looked at me as if she desired me to withdraw. But I had become too curiously interested in her case to accept such a gentle hint, and fearing that she might repeat the silent request by another imploring glance, I took up a volume that lay on the table, and affected to read while my attention was wholly directed to her. Mr. Goldleaf saw her embarrassment, and with the politeness of a true business man, asked

if it was in his power to do her a service. Relieved by the question, she timidly began:

"I have called, sir, on a business entirely averse to my feelings, yet a bitter necessity has forced me here." Here she paused. I could not resist the temptation to lift my eyes from the book. A single glance, and I saw great tears trembling on her eyelids. When she had somewhat gained the control of her feelings, she continued:

"Four years ago my husband died of a fever. I was left with three children—two daughters and a son. My husband's reputation as a lawyer had been rapidly rising, and at the time of his death he had gained clear of the world six thousand dollars. One half of this was invested in Harlem Railroad stock, and the remainder in the stock of the New-York and New-Haven Railroad Company. This, indeed, was a very scanty provision for me and my poor babes, and having myself been delicately raised, I was unable to do anything to increase my little store. By the severest economy, however, I contrived to get on without depending on my relatives, all of whom had turned away from me because I married without their consent. At length, when I found by experience that I could live on the dividends of my stock, my mind became easy, and I began to be thankful that I was not obliged to depend on those who might have rejoiced in my humiliation. But, sir, how cruel is fortune, and how hard is it to give to that fortune the solacing name of Providence, when there is no solace left but the name. Let me not, however, utter any skeptical complaint. It may be all right, though I see it not. Just then, as I began to feel that I was safe from the hand of grudging charity, and supercilious condescensions in the vestibule, the Schuyler frauds astonished the world, and robbed me of my whole dependence. My stocks became nearly worthless, and all prospect of dividends failing, I was obliged to sell my interests for what they would bring. The consequence is, that my means are daily becoming less and less. I have tried to teach music, but the business is almost entirely in the hands of men. I have but little skill in needle-work, and the few things I have made will not sell. I can teach a school of small children, and for three months

past have been trying it as an experiment; but I shall have to give it up, as I can get no one to come to me but the children of a neighboring widow, who is nearly as poor as myself. And now, sir, in hope of adding a little to my nearly exhausted means, I have brought you this manuscript."

Here she produced about a dozen faded sheets, written in a fine hand and sewed together with red tape. She continued:

"It is a story founded on the siege of Londonderry, which I wrote for my own amusement in the happy days when my husband was yet with me. Ah, sir, little did I think that the time would ever come when, as a lonely widow driven by poverty, I should offer it to a publisher as a means of getting bread for myself and my poor orphan children."

I could see that this story touched the heart of the publisher, and I am very sure it touched mine. In that moment I wished that I was worth a million. After a long pause, during which Mr. Goldleaf was striving to overcome his emotions, he asked,

"At what price, madam, do you hold this production?"

"Indeed, sir," said she, "when I wrote it, I thought it worth nothing, but if you can give me anything for it, it will save me a little longer from utter and hopeless destitution."

"It is a short story," said he, as his lips quivered involuntarily, "and just now the market is well stocked with fictitious works, but I think I can safely offer you fifty dollars for it."

This unexpected offer took her by surprise. For a moment she looked as if doubting whether he was in earnest; but when he drew out his pocket-book to pay her, then, in the beautiful language of Scripture, "*She lifted up her voice and wept.*"

"O, sir," said she, "I had not dared to hope for more than the tenth of this. But surely God is yet good. May the blessing of those who are ready to perish be your consolation in the hour of your last struggle!"

When she had gone out, I asked Mr. Goldleaf how he came to buy a work, of the merits of which he could have no idea, as he had not read it.

"Believe me, sir," he answered, "this is only one of many such cases. I paid

her for the manuscript, and she thinks she has made a good bargain; but it was charity under the form of trade, for I shall never read the story. The only disagreeable part of it will be that she will look for the appearance of the book, and be disappointed. That, however, I cannot help."

I was pleased with this delicate stroke of philanthropic policy, and glad to find that the world is not yet grown so selfish, but that a warm heart may respond to the cry of distress even in business hours.

While the publisher and I talked of the wrecked fortunes caused by the Schuyler forgeries, a man entered the room, whose sinister aspect at once fixed my attention. His head was large and covered with bushy hair of a dull red. It was evident that for a long time neither razor nor scissors had come near his face; and when his sunken, snakish eyes twinkled upon me, I thought that he much resembled a rat staring through a bunch of oakum.

There are certain indescribable peculiarities of manner in different men, resulting from their occupations, or the influence of a particular passion, and most of all from their creeds. I gave myself the credit of detecting in this fellow an enemy to revealed religion. He soon convinced me that I was not mistaken. Drawing from his pocket a greasy looking manuscript, he handed it to the publisher, at the same time saying,

"You may guess, sir, the character of this work by its title: '*A FINISHING STROKE TO CHRISTIANITY.*' I have here proved the whole thing an imposture—a vile and detestable humbug, sir! I have shown that Christ and the twelve apostles are mere allegorical figures, representing the sun, and the twelve signs of the zodiac. The priests I have shown to be a pack of knaves conspiring against the liberties of mankind. You may depend on it, this book will spoil their trade. I know well what I am to expect. The idle drones would burn me if they dared, but I intend the first few editions to go out without my name. '*Strike, but conceal your hand,*' is the word, you know."

"Truly, sir," said Mr. Goldleaf, with most commendable coolness, "I am much at a loss to understand all this, but I have a vague impression that the object of your call is to offer us your book for publication."

"Exactly so, sir; I will leave the work with you. You will read it, and if you shall have courage enough to print it, we will then agree about the terms."

"I am not quite clear," answered the publisher, "that Christianity is the shallow humbug that you represent it to be. Perhaps, after all, and notwithstanding your learned work, there may possibly be some truth in it. I presume you will admit that there is ground for honest difference of opinion. At least you will allow that the Christian religion has heretofore mustered some names of considerable strength."

"Why, as to that there is no dispute. Christianity has had some great names, but they were hypocrites, base hypocrites, sir! It is a fundamental doctrine of my creed that all men are hypocrites."

"I suppose, then," said Mr. Goldleaf, "that you are no part of mankind, or am I to believe that you include yourself among the hypocrites? If so, we must respectfully decline any business relations with you at once."

"Sir," asked the infidel, angrily, "do you insinuate that I am a hypocrite?"

"By no means, sir; by no means; only you said that all mankind are hypocrites, and I desired to know whether you belonged to mankind. I meant no insinuation, sir, but I like to reason straight on."

"I am no hypocrite, sir, whatever you may be," replied the infidel.

"Then, sir, I am right in the impression I first took of you. You don't belong to mankind. You must be the devil, sir. I never talked with the devil before. Sir, I owe you no further civility. Out of my house as fast as possible!"

The author of the "*Finishing Stroke*" took up his manuscript and escaped much faster than he entered. I could not forbear applauding the publisher for taking down the arrogance of the silly fellow in such a prompt and befitting style. "That lesson," said I, "will be likely to do him more good than a thousand unanswerable arguments. His infidelity is a compound of ignorance, depravity, and conceit. The treatment he received will mortify his pride and let him down in his own esteem, and he will be ashamed of the book that occasioned his humiliation."

"Yes," answered Mr. Goldleaf, "I have had frequent opportunities of knowing this class of men, and I have learned enough of them to know that while they charge

others with hypocrisy, they are the vilest hypocrites themselves; pretending to disbelieve Christianity, and all the time afraid to go to bed in the dark lest the devil should make off with them. There is no species of hypocrisy more transparent than the hypocrisy of infidelity."

The last remark struck me as a terse apothegm, easily susceptible of illustration by the lives and deaths of most men of skeptical renown. While we sat talking on this topic our conversation was interrupted by one of those unfortunate men in whom family pride still lingers, though covered with rags. His shoes were untied and worn down at the heels. His pantaloons were through at the knees, and evidently hung upon him by a single suspender. His vest and coat would scarcely have been taken in exchange for a salt-cellar by any trader in old clothes. A battered hat nearly covered with an old scarf, stood far back on his head, revealing an ample front and a fine clear eye that protruded unnaturally. He was evidently a poet, who, like too many of his class, are accustomed to an extempore mode of living. A single glance could not fail to discover that the poor fellow's intellect had been jostled out of plumb.

"I am here, sir," said he, "for the purpose of bringing out a volume of poetry. But now understand me well. I am not a poet by profession. You must know me, sir, only as a gentleman. I have resorted to poetry for amusement; not for a mercenary purpose. You understand?"

Mr. Goldleaf bowed.

"If I am well understood then, I will proceed. This volume of poems is the production of my leisure. Not written for money, sir, though I shall condescend to accept something for it. Gentlemen from Virginia never receive money but by way of condescension, sir."

"You are from the Old Dominion, then?"

"Yes, sir, from one of the first families, in which no plebeian blood has ever mingled. My ancestry run back to the noble barons who struck for the liberties of the world at Runnymede. A branch of the genealogical tree was planted on the banks of the Rappahannock two hundred years ago, where it still flourishes sound as ever in trunk and limb. I know, sir, that these hereditary honors are nothing to the vulgar merchants and gold-worshippers of New-York. Virginia, with less

wealth, but a nobler pedigree, looks down upon you with serene contempt, as the lofty mountain looks upon the gold veins that sneak about its base. Yes, sir, I am a Virginian, proud of my name and State. You see me a little out of repair just now, but I expect a remittance in a few days that will materially rectify appearances. In the meantime, I will take from you a consideration for the copyright of this book. Come, sir, let us to business."

"I am afraid, my friend," said the publisher, "if I may claim the honor of calling you my friend, I am afraid that we cannot bargain to-day about the copyright. Poetry is very dull at present, and—"

"Do you mean to say that my poems are dull, sir? Take that back instantly! Instantly, I say, sir, take that back, or I shall forthwith demand of you the satisfaction acknowledged among gentlemen! Do you understand me, sir?"

"I fear, my friend," said Mr. Goldleaf, "that you don't understand me. I did not mean to say that your poetry is dull; but that poetry in general is at the present time dull of sale. The world is grown too gross for fellowship with the muses; so much so, indeed, that I doubt if Virginia cavendish will not command a readier sale than the best Virginia poetry."

"It is well, sir, that you explained in time. The blood of the Staffords is easily inflamed by insult, and as quickly cooled by suitable explanation or apology. You think, then, that you cannot purchase my book now?"

"I am afraid not, with due submission, Mr. Stafford."

"Will you do me the favor, then, to hand me your tobacco-box?"

"I would with pleasure, sir, if I had one. The senior partner in the adjoining room can furnish you with all you want in that line. I commend you to him, sir."

The poor gentleman from Virginia, a fit representative of the pride and poverty of that ancient state, left in search of a quid, and I saw him no more.

A few minutes after the departure of this ragged specimen of Virginian nobility, the Rev. Dr. Senectus entered and seated himself beside the publisher. The old gentleman, whom everybody knew as the best of living men, had recently been dismissed from his pastoral charge. The only reason assigned for his dismissal was, that nobody wanted him any longer—a

reason, the force of which he constantly declared that he was not logician enough to see, and he doubted whether anything could be produced from the Apostolical Constitutions, or even from Chrysostom or Basil, to justify such a procedure. He was quite sure that the ante-Nicene Fathers were unanimously against the measure. The truth is, that his flock had become weary of his practical sermons about nothing but religion and their souls, with only an occasional thrust at heresies, long ago

"Dead, and buried, and embalmed."

They had become as tired of repentance, faith, and obedience, as ever the Israelites were of manna, and they wanted a young minister who could furnish them a polished essay on some esthetical topic which had nothing to do with this *everlasting* salvation! Other young divines had made themselves very popular by preaching on the "Trees of the Bible," and the "Rivers of the Bible," and the "Women of the Bible;" and for their part, they could not see why they might not have a young man who could tell them something about trees, and rivers, and women too! Hence, in short, Dr. Senectus was dismissed, though the poor old man was entirely unable to get a living for himself and his epileptic daughter.

The reverend divine began his business with Mr. Goldleaf, by saying that as he had no more use for his sermons, he had made a selection of the best of them for publication, hoping, that as the sun, after his setting, sheds the blessing of twilight for a while on the world, that he too might protract his usefulness a little longer, before entering the long night of the grave. As he finished this pathetic remark, he drew from an old valise about forty sermons, which had the appearance and flavor of a high antiquity. The publisher was in a dilemma. It would not do to say an encouraging word, and it was painful to say anything that might sound like a denial. But Mr. Goldleaf is not a man to be forsaken of his wits. After pausing a moment, he warmly commended the old gentleman's pious zeal for lengthening out his usefulness, but told him that sermons, however excellent and profitable to those who read them, were the least salable of all publications.

"We have now on hand," said he,

"several thousands of volumes from some of the most eminent divines at home and abroad. They have long lain on the highest shelves, where, like the relics of saints, they are admired, but never touched. If you can furnish us a few to prove that popery is about to swallow down Protestantism, as an anaconda gulps a hare; or that itself is to go down by an earthquake; or that the millennium is not three months off; or that the globe some time in all next year is to be blown to the Georgium Sidus, we think that we can guarantee them a rapid sale. The world, sir, is fond of exciting topics. The higher you season, the better."

Now Mr. Goldleaf knew full well that Dr. Senectus never preached any such notions, but that he had always stuck to the plain, old, unfashionable Gospel, and therefore he felt sure that he had nothing of the kind to offer. The old gentleman, however, simple-hearted and primitive man that he is, was not to be shaken off so easily. He said that he knew that sermons were greatly multiplied, and that, like all common blessings, they were undervalued; "and yet," he added, "perhaps sympathy for an aged clergyman may procure a sale of mine, even where Chalmers and Hall are neglected."

"Sympathy!" exclaimed Mr. Goldleaf. "Sympathy, did you say? Be assured, Rev. Sir, that there is no human truth more certain than that sympathy never outlasts two weeks."

"Alas!" said the old man, with a sigh, "what you say is too true, and if I am not mistaken, Cicero has a similar remark in his great work on 'The Nature of the Gods.' But may I not hope that men will be kinder to a clergyman whose days have been spent in their service? At any rate, I propose to leave these sermons with you for inspection. Perhaps you may find them worthy of print; but if not, I will rely upon your judgment."

Mr. Goldleaf had no heart to object to this, and by way of administering a little consolation to the venerable divine, told him that he had no doubt but they would be immensely useful as tracts for gratuitous distribution. "Meanwhile," said he, "I will take as good care of them as their merits deserve." With this assurance the good man retired.

Soon after he left, a gentleman came in, whom the publisher addressed by the name

of a well-known historian of the United States. His dignified but familiar bearing plainly showed that this was not the first time he had called on business with the great publishing house. He began a conversation with Mr. Goldleaf in such quiet tones that I could only hear a word or two of each sentence. I saw, also, that the great historian wholly absorbed the attention of the publisher, and finding myself entirely neglected, I lifted my hat and cane, and silently withdrew. As I walked home I remembered that several times of late, I had been seriously diseased with an itching humor to write a book. My distemper was entirely cured by this single visit to the publishing house of Goldleaf, Jokington, & Co

OLD CHURCH BELLS.

Ring out merrily,
Loudly, cheerily,
Blithe old bells from the steeple tower.
Hopefully, fearfully,
Joyfully, tearfully,
Moveth the bride from her maiden bower.

Cloud there is none in the fair summer sky;
Sunshine flings benison down from on high;
Children sing loud, as the train moves along,
"Happy the bride that the sun shineth on."

Knell out drearily,
Measured and wearily,
Sad old bells from the steeple gray.
Priests chanting lowly;
Solemnly, slowly
Passeth the corse from the portal to-day.

Drops from the leaden clouds heavily fall
Drippingly over the plume and the pall;
Murmur old folk, as the train moves along,
"Happy the dead that the rain raineth on"

Toll at the hour of prime,*
Matin, and vesper chime,
Loved old bells from the steeple high—
Rolling, like holy waves,
Over the lowly graves,
Floating up, prayer-fraught, into the sky.

Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach;
Stern is the preaching your iron tongues preach;
Ringing in life from the bud to the bloom,
Ringing the dead to their rest in the tomb.

Peal out evermore—
Peal as ye peal'd of yore,
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day,
In sunshine and gladness,
Through clouds and through sadness,
Bridal and burial have pass'd away.

Tell us life's pleasures with death are still rife;
Tell us that Death ever leadeth to Life;
Life is our labor, and Death is our rest,
If happy the Living, the Dead are the blest.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.

NICKNAMES, prejudices, and false theories are often extremely long-lived, especially when pride or vanity helps to preserve their vitality. We have all a prejudice against monkeys; and if you begin with the ugliest and the longest tailed, your dislike increases at every gradation as you ascend to the wild man of the woods, who inspires you with indescribable antipathy because of his horrid resemblance to yourself. He appears to stand on the utmost verge of what we call the lower creation, and impudently to claim admission into the human family. But we look at his long feet, his gigantic hands, his colossal neck, his broad face, and the repulsive callosities which supply the place of whiskers, and shudderingly push him from us, call him a beast, and shoot him.

Among the philosophers of the last century there prevailed a notion, put forward half jocularly, but at bottom perhaps seriously adopted, that men were only large monkeys which had worn off their tails by sitting perpetually on the rocks. The idea may have originated in a strong love of satire, or in some dim perception of the theory which represents all nature as in a state of perpetual development, evolving superior out of inferior things, though the germs of all qualities must have existed in the original fount of organization. A partisan of this philosophy would probably discover the first rudiments of a court exquisite in the wild man of the woods, who builds his house in a tree amid the vast forests of Pulo-Kalamantin, which, in imitation of the early Spanish navigators, we call Borneo. This creature, known among the natives as the Mias Papan, hovers about the farms and villages, as if obscurely hungering after human society. In muscular strength it far exceeds the Dyak or the Malay, and in all likelihood would prove a formidable rival to the stoutest Cornish wrestler. It even ventures to face the bear in the forest, and, unarmed, sometimes comes off victorious.

Connected with this subject, an anecdote is related which may be worth repeating. A Dyak farmer, who devoted his industry to the cultivation of the sugar-cane, learned that a mias, who lived in his neighborhood, descended nightly from the forest to commit depredations in his fields. Men are generally bold in defense of their own

property. The worthy Kalamantine, therefore, taking up a sharp spear, issued forth soon after dark, and lay in wait for the robber. It would be difficult to imagine a more lonely or exciting situation. He walked to and fro; he planted himself behind the stems of huge trees, and looked forth upon the green expanse of sugar-cane, which lay waving and heaving in the night-breeze beneath the moon. For a considerable time he watched in vain: at length he perceived, sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree, the huge marauder quietly masticating the sugar-cane, the sweet juice of which appeared to have acted upon his senses like the flavor of the fabulous lotus, for he permitted the vindictive farmer to approach and wound him with his spear before he emerged from his reverie. Then, however, he started to his feet, and looking about for the treacherous enemy, saw a large bear emerging from a clump of foliage. There was no time for deliberation, or for asking himself the question, how the bear, possessing no missiles, could have wounded him from a distance. Like a true warrior, he flew at the first foe that offered himself; and the grunting and growling of these fierce combatants, animated to the highest pitch of fury, suggested to the Dyak farmer the prudence of beating a speedy retreat. On returning next morning to the field of battle, he found the bear lying dead on the ground, and, at no great distance, the mias in the same condition. It is probable, however, that but for the deep wound inflicted by the spear, the latter would have obtained the victory, and gone back unscathed to his wife and little ones, who were no doubt anxiously expecting him in their lofty dwelling.

The accounts given of the dimensions of the mias are various; some writers being inclined to exaggerate their height, and some very much to understate it. The truth appears to be that, like men, they differ greatly in stature, certain individuals not exceeding four feet in height, while others fall very little short of six feet. Their habits and manners are an awful caricature of those of man. They utter sounds which suggest the idea of an imperfect speech; they build houses, though very rude ones, high up amid the branches of forest trees, where they live with their females and their young; they traverse the woods by climbing from bough to bough,

the females carrying their young in one arm, while they make their way among the branches with the other. The male reconnoiters the enemy adroitly from behind large trunks or boughs, and will often lose his life fighting in defense of his helpmate. Occasionally, it is said, they carry off Dyak women into the woods, and compel them to live with them. They constitute, doubtless, the strange race of which so many wild stories are told among the Arabs, who, when of old they visited the Indian Archipelago, peopled every island with myths and legends no less marvelous than those which meet us in the *Arabian Nights*. Among these is the tradition preserved in the Narrative of the Pearl Merchant, that they once stole an old woman, and made her their queen, displaying toward her a reverence bordering on worship. No doubt, the Moslem writer greatly embellished the anecdote related to him, but there probably existed some foundation for what he records.

If any man were to take up his residence in the Bornean forests, and study there at his leisure the character and habits of the wild men of the woods, we might probably come to understand them. At present we know little beyond the number of their teeth, the color of their hair, and the ugliness of their physiognomies. Have they faculties capable of cultivation? Could they be rendered gentler, more docile, or even useful, by careful and considerate treatment? Whether or not, is it permitted man to hunt them down like wild beasts; to shoot the mother with her little ones in her arms; to kill the father while he stands up in defense of his family? We once conversed with a traveler, who, after having indulged for some time in the chase of the Mias Papan, and brought down several individuals to the ground, was struck with remorse at beholding the rolling of the eyes and the strong expression of agony depicted in the countenances of the wounded. He felt as if he had been committing murder. The unhappy wretches lay on the earth groaning and sighing like so many soldiers pierced in battle; and when they breathed forth their lives in blood, they seemed to put forth a strong claim for the forbearance and sympathy of mankind.

An old writer remarks, that in length of time it is probable that highly improbable things should happen, and accordingly

we think it not unphilosophical to believe that the mias may, to some extent, be taught to speak. Various kinds of birds have been taught to imitate the human voice, but all attempts to acquire by this any knowledge of their interior organization have proved fruitless. It might be different with the mias. He has, doubtless, a certain number of ideas peculiar to his race, and the question is, whether these might not be multiplied by civilization? We find that all individuals of all races of the human species may be taught something, and what they are taught they can teach their children. In all other divisions of the animal kingdom, the examples are rare, so far as we know, of the transmission of any acquirement from one generation to another. The individual appears to be susceptible of improvement; but the race, so far as intelligence is concerned, remains the same. This constitutes the distinction between man and all other animals. Would the Mias Papan form a second exception? We do not accept the testimony of the Orientals, but the Arabs pretend that the wild men of the woods exhibit some traces of religious practices. According to these imaginative authors, they assemble in large numbers at the full of the moon, and bow and gesticulate toward its silver effulgence. This may be mere fancy; but we do not require this proof of their sharing in our ideas, to justify us in regarding as little short of murder the hunting and slaughtering of these creatures. If a very ardent pursuer of science were to overtake in the woods one of the aborigines of New Holland or New Guinea, who happened by chance to be dumb, we doubt not he would, without the slightest remorse, shoot him, stuff his skin, and transmit him to Europe as a specimen of a new animal. We can easily imagine a Dyak farmer lying in wait for one of these forest burglars and killing him in defense of his sugar-canes; but we are unable to contemplate without horror a man, gun in hand, dogging a creature very much like himself through the forests, in order, through becoming guilty of his death, to procure his skin for a museum.

Though the poor wretch be dumb, he is not by any means destitute of feeling. Chop language or logic how we please, it is impossible to regard him otherwise than as a member of some family: he has his female partner, whom, in his own jargon,

he may call wife ; he has little ones whom, in the same dialect, he may denominate children ; and it is very certain that, whatever he calls or considers them, he provides carefully for their maintenance, and has therefore some sense of duty ; perhaps a higher sense of duty than the armed savage who tracks him through the forest for his blood. The scientific assassin may look upon him simply as a specimen. But transport yourself in fancy into one of the vast solitudes in the interior of Kalamantan, and look at a venerable old mias, sitting with his wife and family about him, in his arborial habitation. He may possibly be very ugly ; his nose may be broad, his face flat, and he may have portentous callosities instead of whiskers ; but he is a mild old fellow, and has been sufficiently mellowed by time to regard the world in a calm and philosophical light. He has witnessed the rising and setting of many a sun ; he has hunted ; he has fished ; he has fought with Dyaks and Malays ; he has bitten off many a finger, and laid his heavy hand on many a dusky back, in defense of his rights. But then, it may be said, he is unable to explain those rights, and has never thought of presenting them to the world in a blue folio. So much the more reason have we to pity him. He does not, perhaps, understand distinctly why he should not be shot, and have his skin stuffed for a museum ; nor would he by any means acquiesce in the reasoning by which the man of science might seek to justify the murderous process. He has come into the enjoyment of life without knowing how, just as the man of science himself has, and is quite as solicitous to prolong the delight of looking at the sun, as the man who dodges him for his skin. We wish the mias could write. Would he not describe with fearful eloquence the poignancy of his sufferings, when seeking, with his awkward movements, to escape from the well-booted stranger from the West, plunging after him, sometimes up to his chin in water, merely to make his children fatherless, and his wife a widow ! The Dyaks have a good excuse for killing the mias, who meets them sometimes stick in hand, fights desperate battles, and occasionally, if fame speaks true, carries off his enemy's head as a trophy. The Dyak himself does much the same when he kills anybody, man or monkey. At any rate, in the former case, he cuts off the head,

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puts it under his arm, carries it home, smokes it carefully, and then hangs it up in a house with other smoked heads, perhaps secretly, as a sort of feticsh.

This creature, however—this Dyak—is admitted freely into the human family, notwithstanding his sanguinary propensities, simply because he can speak, and we by no means object to his admission. But would it do any harm if we were to widen a little the circle of our humanity, and suffer it to embrace the mias also ? He might be looked upon and treated as a sort of cousin-german to the human race, remarkable for his ugliness, and unfortunately deprived of the means of expressing his ideas ; but still related to us by the ties of kindred, and therefore forbidden to be shot down and hunted like a wild beast. Science can fairly make no pretensions, at present, to fix the bounds of his mental horizon. He may be able to think a great deal more than we are aware ; and what travelers speak of as his grunt, may be some incipient form of speech capable of being, to a great extent, cultivated and enlarged. The doubleclick Hottentots do little more than grunt, and yet we exhibit no reluctance to extend to them the common rights of humanity.

Some years ago, several individuals in this mission-organizing country thought of getting up a society for the protection of the Eastern pirates. It would, in our opinion, be equally praiseworthy to form an association for civilizing the Mias Papan, or at least for disseminating the idea that it is neither civilized, manly, nor religious, to shoot him like a tiger. To be kind to the inferior creation would be a more certain mark of superiority on our part, than the faculty to expatiate by the hour on dried butterflies and the idiosyncrasies of tadpoles. If we can do nothing useful with this poor creature, let him, at least, enjoy his native woods in peace. Perhaps it would prove impracticable to teach him to build a better house than he now possesses ; but we cannot help admiring the ingenuity with which, in less than a minute, he weaves the pliant branches of trees into something like a cradle for himself. In a comparatively short space of time, he fabricates, like our British ancestors, a house of wattle, small, and perhaps inconvenient, but yet sufficient to contain him, his female, and little ones ; far up amid the roof of the forest, where

he sits or lies at his ease during the intervals between his secular labors. And those forests, what a glorious domain! extending for hundreds of miles along ridges of mountains, along channels of vast rivers, down precipices, through valleys, over plains where the foot of man, in many instances, has never left its impress, and where the mias may enjoy the fancy that he is monarch of all he surveys. We talk of the enterprise of the present age, which, no doubt, is very considerable, but which, nevertheless, develops itself steadily in a way fixed for it by routine. Travelers nearly always go where other travelers have been. There are immense tracts in the interior of Africa, in Australasia, in the islands of the Indian Archipelago, about which civilized man knows absolutely nothing. There may, therefore, in the animal kingdom, as well as in geography, be discoveries yet to be made. The Mias Papan may form only the external link of a chain, the other extremity of which lies hidden in the wild solitudes of Borneo. He may be the degenerate outsider of a better and more intelligent race, or he may be only one specimen of numerous tribes, similar, but not identical, which nestle in thick darkness among the primeval woods. We would, therefore, venture to suggest to philosophers the desirableness of giving a new direction to their researches, and trying what may be done in the regions of the further East. All animals which may be tamed have not yet been brought under the yoke of civilization; and, therefore, whatever the mias may be, we think it perfectly worth while to give him a fair chance of improving his condition.

THE LAST LETTER.

Above the dark and rugged street
Of one poor squalid town,
With biting winds and driving sleet
The Christmas eve came down.
Through many a window glow'd the light
From hearths which brightly burn'd;
And many a welcome hail'd, that night,
Some wanderer return'd.

But through the darkness and the cold,
With eager footsteps sped
A feeble woman, bow'd and old,
A toiler for her bread;
The worn-out rags her form which cloak'd
Could give but scanty heat,
The freezing mud-pools splash'd and soak'd
Around her hurrying feet.

Day after day her years were past
In toil and penury,
Yet hope's glad radiance was cast
On even such as she.
She had one brave and loving boy,
A soldier, far away;
Her all of earthly pride and joy
In that one darling lay.

Her trembling hand a letter held,
('Twas soil'd, and creased, and worn,)
For two long months had seen it spell'd
Full oft, from night to morn;
She murmur'd to herself the words
Which had lent strength and life
To the spent soul's relaxing chords
Through weeks of weary strife.

Light shadows flitted o'er the blinds,
And voices glad and sweet
Were sounding on the howling winds
That swept the lonely street.
She smiled, and said, "You must not
grieve,
But, mother, hopeful be,
For on the coming Christmas eve
You shall have news from me.

"Not long shall you be left alone,
The hardest times are o'er;
This cruel war will soon be done,
And I be free once more.
I have been safe where shot and shell
Dealt death on every side;
Where many a brave man wounded fell,
And many a soldier died."

She climbs the bleak and rugged hill,
The destined goal is near—
Poor throbbing heart! be still, be still,
Thou hast no doubt nor fear.
The eager question's asked: O joy!
A letter! Well she knew
The promise of her own dear boy,
Once pledged, was ever true.

With tears of gladness low she knelt
Upon the empty street;
And then, her long day's toil unfelt,
She homeward turned her feet.
A cheerless home, you would have said—
Nor food, nor fire, nor light;
The glimmering cinders almost dead—
Her joy made all seem bright.

She fann'd the embers to a blaze,
Her slender rushlight sought,
And close beside its feeble rays
The precious letter brought.
A curl of soft bright chestnut hair
Falls shining on her hand,
Sent by some pious comrade's care
From that far foreign land.

For he is dead—ay, dead and cold!
Her lips sent forth no cry—
No sound of lamentation told
Her inward agony.
The long night waned, the Christmas morn
Broke coldly in the sky;
But ere the festal day was born,
Life had with hope pass'd by.

TRAVEL AND TRAVELERS.

BY ROBERT ATHOW.

"KEEP moving" seems to be the law of the universe. All things travel; inanimate objects as well as animate. Stars in their orbits move. The unwearying sun ceases never his successive journeys. The pensive moon nightly walks the heavens in her beauty, and

"To the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth."

Ships travel on the trackless ocean, and locomotives on the railroad track. "A snail's gallop" is supposed to illustrate the minimum speed of locomotion, while the saying "quick as thought" is often employed to express the maximum of traveling velocity. And truly the swiftest of all travelers is human thought. It is here and there; in New-York, in San Francisco, in New-Orleans, or at Sebastopol, at almost the same second of time. Wonderful emanation of the Omnipresent mind art thou, O thought! annihilating space or overleaping it at a bound; now smiling cheerfully at the fireside of a distant home, and anon ministering mournfully in the sick chamber of an absent friend; at one moment lingering lovingly around the endearing associations of earth, and at the next mingling in the mellifluous melodies of the redeemed in the ante-chamber of heaven!

On the earth, upon the ocean, and in the air the law is ever travel, travel, travel. Men, however, make little progress in aerial travel. It certainly is not an economical mode of locomotion; nor is it a *reasonable* one in any sense of the word. Neither is it to be recommended as the surest or safest method of moving onward. Balloons will not submit to human guidance. The well-trained horse yields to the slightest touch of the rein. The graceful ship obeys readily the helm. Even the powerful, iron-framed, steel-nerved locomotive acknowledges the will of the driver, and with the precision of clockwork stops at the appointed station. But the balloon is the sport and slave of the wind; it floats with the current, like some more rational but scarcely less purposeless creations. Indeed, about the best that can be said of aerial travel is, that it gives a man experience of the ups and downs of life.

Pedestrian travel can scarcely be called popular at the present day. Almost every man now must have at least his horse and *buggy*, a most unpleasantly suggestive name for a traveling conveyance; or, being culpably or unfortunately a bachelor, and perhaps somewhat "fast" besides, must spin along the road in his "sulky," a title, on the other hand, exceedingly appropriate for the occupant. It is remarkable that the most notable pedestrian travelers of modern times, Bayard Taylor excepted, have been women. When a man "takes no note of time," and travels only for recreation or health, no mode of locomotion is so advantageous or pleasant as journeying on foot. I do not wonder that our Western hunters can seldom settle down to a quiet life, after ranging for years over the boundless prairie and through the interminable forest. Pedestrianism has the merit, too, of being exceedingly economical. A friend and myself, while on a pedestrian tour a few years ago, halted for the night at a rural hotel and ordered supper. We were ushered into a small but comfortable parlor. The table was promptly covered with a cloth, white and unsullied as the untrodden snow on Catskill's highest summit, while, for the trifling charge of eighteen cents each, we were supplied with excellent tea, pure cream, sweet butter, white bread, delicious ham, savory cheese, boiled eggs, and Spring chickens! But then the chickens were *inside the eggs*, which somewhat deducted from the market value of the latter, and from their edible condition.

Traveling by stage is also nearly obsolete. The last time I saw a country stage upon the road was while journeying to Owego, on the day the Erie Railroad was opened to that place. The ancient vehicle was chivalrously striving to compete with the locomotive, the proprietor having generously resolved to protect travelers from the oppressive fares that he predicted would result from monopoly. The railroad and turnpike were parallel for a short distance, and the stage and the train had a fair field. If there was any betting on *that race*, I venture to say no one offered odds on the stage. It was a realization of the fable of the hare and the tortoise, *except* in an important particular of the moral, for there was no chance that "slow and steady" would

"win the race," and I think it not unlikely that at his next stopping-place the mortified Jehu unhitched his team, and told his passengers that they would reach Owego sooner—if they took the next train. Still I am disposed to believe that traveling by stage had a more genial and wholesome social influence than traveling "by rail." The crowded stage not only made mutual accommodation necessary, but showed at the same time the positive benefit of good-nature and unselfishness.

Steam is the great supplanter of all other modes of locomotion, whether in its turn to be supplanted by some superior power, who shall presume to say? Nothing need here be said of railroad and steamboat traveling. They are the things of the day, and as familiar to the readers of *THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE* as pedestrianism and stages were to their "illustrious predecessors." But let me introduce a class of travelers whom I have known, and whom I flatter myself you will recognize by their pen-portraits.

What a varied group said travelers are! What a strange medley of them one meets in a lifetime! There is the churlish and unaccommodating traveler, who seems to think that the railroad car which contains him was built exclusively for his use, and that its other inmates are intruders. He is careful to occupy as much room as he can, however much he incommodes his neighbor. He is the impersonation of arrogance and selfishness, a hybrid sort of humanity to be held in special contempt. His contrast is the contented and obliging traveler. This gentleman is not finical. He makes no parade of politeness, for this virtue is with him of the genuine sort, that abhors display. It flows from innate goodness and benevolence, and will cheerfully bear some inconvenience and discomfort rather than abridge another's ease and enjoyment. Different from either is the pusillanimous traveler, who will make concessions to dictatorial demands that he would not to a sense of right, or to the modest request of youth or diffidence. Still he is, perhaps, more tolerable than the traveler who hypocritically affects extreme urbanity, who, so long as he occupies no seat himself, and no requisition, therefore, can be made upon him, is loud and urgent in demanding seats for ladies, and, under cover of such hollow gallantry, usually contrives to

slip into a seat which the holder has politely vacated to permit a lady to pass. From that moment this hypocritical advocate of the rights of the fair sex becomes conveniently oblivious of the fact that ladies are still standing around him.

There is also the aimless traveler, who, for aught I can conceive, might as well be taken as freight. He sees nothing, hears nothing, says nothing, does nothing, except occupy the space for which he is charged. Scenery, however grand or picturesque, has no charms for him. He is of the sort pithily described by the poet:

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

The companions and incidents of his journey supply him with neither pleasure nor instruction. Of the opposite class, again, is the observant traveler, who verifies Solomon's declaration that "the wise man's eyes are in his head." He sees and notes and daguerreotypes everything, but without rudeness or impertinence. Then there are the careless, the silent, the communicative, the sentimental, the practical, the enthusiastic, and the cynical travelers. But I pass them by to notice two that especially demand attention.

The first of these is the inquisitive traveler. Who has not met him? Sometimes he approaches you gently, almost insidiously, and before you perceive his true character, you have told him at least your name and residence, your destination, and a part of your business, and your suspicions are awakened only when he begins to question you too closely about the probable profits of said business, when, as Eve ought to have done to the tempter, you close your mind and ear against his further approaches. At other times he commences his interrogatories with an imperious brusqueness and earnestness that carry the citadel of your taciturnity before you have time to collect yourself for defense. Yet it is always to me a pleasant amusement to baffle the inquisitive traveler; nor is the exercise without its lessons in mental science. Inquisitiveness, by the way, is by no means exclusively a Yankee characteristic. Some years ago, being in England, and having a desire to see the remoter parts of the county of Cornwall, I made a pedestrian tour through portions of that important mining district inaccessible almost by any

other mode of travel. I had heard much of the ignorance, simplicity, and inquisitiveness of the Cornish people, and resolved to know for myself. A current story may be mentioned in illustration of their simplicity. A number of idle fellows were traveling through the country, begging alms, in the capacity of shipwrecked sailors, though probably never on board a ship or even a fishing-boat in their lives. They applied to a Cornish farmer, who was deeply moved by their fictitious tale of woe.

One of the gang, emboldened by the good farmer's simplicity and sympathy, and himself something of a wag, resolved to put the farmer's credulity to a severe test, and to the piteous story of their shipwreck, he lugubriously added, "Yes, sir, it was an awful storm. Our ship went down at midnight, a thousand miles from land, and *every soul on board perished!*" "Poor fellows!" exclaimed the unsophisticated farmer, "Heaven pity you," and he gave them liberal relief.

Speaking of inquisitiveness, I will match a Cornish woman against the most inquisitive of Yankees, traveled or untraveled. I had occasion, during the tour referred to, to inquire my way of a well-to-do Cornish matron, who, standing at her cottage door, was eyeing the "stranger" with considerable interest. The following is an accurate report of the process of question and answer:

"Good day, madam; pray how far am I from Bodmin?"

"How far from Bodmin?"

"Yes, madam; how many miles?"

"Going to Bodmin?"

"Yes, madam; will you be kind enough to tell me the distance?"

"Never been to Bodmin?"

"No, madam."

"Ever been in London, stranger?"

"Yes, madam, I have."

"Live in London?"

"No, madam, I *live here* at present, but my home is a long way off."

"How big is London, stranger?"

"O, it is a very, very large place."

"Big as Bodmin churchtown?"

"I should think it is quite; but I have not yet seen Bodmin; what is the distance?"

"Going back to London when you have been to Bodmin?"

"I think it probable, madam."

"Got a wife and children there?"

"No, madam."

"Not a married man, perhaps?"

Here I began to tire of this catechetical exercise, and made a very formal avowal of my having some years before entered the matrimonial ranks.

"O, any children, then?"

"Yes, madam, some, a few, quite a number."

"Boys or girls?"

"Really, madam, let me think. Both kinds, I believe," (for I found I must either convert the interview into a source of amusement, or lose my temper.)

"How old is the oldest, stranger?"

"Some years younger than myself, madam."

But here the conversation (?) ended, for the good lady was quick enough to perceive that I was quizzing her, and was prompt to resent it. The solitary question I had asked remained unanswered.

Courteous reader, pardon this digression, and permit me to introduce to you a character, the original of which you have doubtless often seen—the inexperienced traveler. He is, of course, timid and nervous; and he has a very inconvenient dread of steam as a locomotive power. He is most amusing, however, when he happens to be a genuine, unsophisticated, unmodified Yankee. In this character I first met him on one of our gorgeous North River steamboats, lost in contemplation of its massive machinery. He was evidently ill at ease, but was cute enough to conceal his alarm, and sought to draw comfort from his fellow-passengers by thus addressing me:

"Say, yeou, stranger, guess this consarn's purty strong, ain't it? It's an all-fired ugly critter, any heow, to have inside here, but I guess it ain't got no vice, eh, stranger, du tell."

But if the inexperienced traveler lacks the cunning and self-possession of the reflective Yankee, the case is widely different. He casts a furtive glance at the engine room, and retires to the remotest part of the saloon. When that dark automaton, who, being wound up and set in motion, runs round the decks bawling, "All—those—who—have—not—paid—their—passage—please—step—up—to—the—captain's—office—and—settle," ten to one our nervous friend commissions the stewardess to procure his ticket! Possibly he may venture down to supper, but

while at the table the loud and sudden twang of the pilot's bell startles him, and he hurries on deck to secure a settee to float upon when the explosion takes place. Never before did our inexperienced traveler pass so long and so wretched a night. Though he has retired to his berth, he dare not disrobe, and but reluctantly yields to the deputy steward's request that he will take off his boots. When at length he has fallen into an uneasy slumber, he suddenly starts and flies on deck at the cry of "fire," which some shrewd fellow from the eastward has spoken in his ear, because he "Kinder rayther wanted the green un's bairth."

Equal discomfort awaits the inexperienced traveler when journeying by railroad. On undertaking a journey he will be at the dépôt half an hour too soon, and pester every bystander with anxious inquiries whether the train has gone. At length he timorously steps upon the platform of the car, (of said platform the newspapers have given him a very wholesome horror,) with a lively fear that the train will be set in motion before he can reach a seat.

His fear is realized. A car is added to the train, and the jerk makes him irresolute whether to abandon his journey or urge his way into the car. He decides upon the latter. Watch him. How careful he is to select a seat in the very center, so that whether the collision comes from the front or rear, he may be equidistant from the peril. Attempt to converse with him, and he answers you only in monosyllables. His thoughts are occupied with the possibility that his baggage may be left behind, or may be carried beyond its destination. Yet he cannot muster courage to go and look after it. The dangers of the platform passage are between him and his valise.

Soon the locomotive, breathing fire and smoke, comes snorting to its work. It is yoked to the train. Straining its iron sinews, it tugs at its unyielding harness. The train moves slowly at first. Car after car comes up with a *bump*. The engine increases its hard, stertorous, unmusical breathing. One long, loud, shrill, defiant scream, and the cars go jumping and thumping over the crossings and turnouts. The scream subsides into a heavy, continuous panting; the speed of the train rapidly increases; and our timid friend

mentally concludes that the iron horse has viciously taken the bit between his teeth, and is running away with the cars. After a while, however, he becomes less alarmed on that point, and his thoughts revert to his valise. Not a brakeman passes through the cars without being importuned respecting the safety and the whereabouts of his sample of that traveler's *vade mecum*; reminding one of the unprotected female, in the city omnibus, who vehemently pulls the strap three or four times in the distance of as many blocks, to remind the driver that she wishes to get out at a place three quarters of a mile off.

A lively charity would, perhaps, suggest that the inexperienced, and therefore timid traveler, is entitled to pity. No man, however, should thus give way to fear. He should meet heroically, philosophically, and with self-command, whatever lies before him. No man has a right to be a coward in the practical affairs of life. If duty requires him to travel, it requires him also to abide calmly all the perils and contingencies of traveling; and forbids him to alarm others by his pernicious example. "A plague on all cowards, say I, and a vengeance too."

"Did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself."

Yet would I not speak lightly of the real perils of traveling by railroad or steamboat, on land or on ocean. For then would Norwalk, and Burlington, and the North River, and the deep Sound, and the swelling Atlantic, rebuke me by their tragic remembrances. Scarcely had ceased the mourning for the Arctic's dead, ere the wail of the Pacific's perishing passengers came booming up from the hidden depths of the surging ocean, and again the "mourners go about the streets," weeping for friends "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried;" while from the north and south, and east and west, above the roar of locomotives and the crash of cars, the piercing shrieks of the wounded and the dying are borne on almost every breeze. Every traveler is exposed to danger, and every thoughtful man is conscious of the peril. It is no light thing, even in broad daylight, to be rushing through space at the speed at which locomotives sometimes travel, and to know meanwhile that a

slight impediment may at any one moment dash the train to pieces. The actual danger is probably but little greater at midnight than at midday; yet, as a matter of feeling, there is something appalling in passing through ebon darkness at such a speed. It requires some nerve, and a strong effort of the will, to remain calm at such a time, amid the scream, and roar, and rush, and crash of the train. Thoughts of others and of other scenes, recollections of deep and fervent love, and of reciprocal attachments, will come forth from memory's secret chambers at such an hour, and claim a hearing at affection's shrine! Then will rise cherished reminiscences of youthful bliss, of maturer joys, of parental love and hope, and these, unless he resolutely asserts his Christian manhood, and has a lively trust in the watchful providence of God, will bring a man into bondage to that fear which is powerless to avert danger, but fearfully potent to deepen its dark and threatening shadows.

And yet, who delights not to travel? It has a thousand pleasures. How the traveler's mind is invigorated by the rapid transit! How his views are expanded by the varied society into which he is thrown! How his mind is impressed by the grandeur and beauty of the works of the great Creator! No intelligent, observant man can travel, especially amid the romantic and picturesque scenery of this continent, without enlarged conceptions of the omnipotence of God. The forest grandeur in the vernal spring, or when tinted with autumn's varied and gorgeous hues; the quiet beauty of the rolling prairie or velvet meadow; the extended landscape or the abrupt and precipitous mountains, are to the Christian traveler the voiceless mementoes of Jehovah's power and majesty. Who that has gazed upon the ceaseless torrent of the Niagara, and as the impetuous waters came rushing from the cave of the past, gleamed for a moment in the rainbow beauty of the sunlit present, and then passed on to the tortuous future, has not felt in his own heart a lesson of time and eternity—of the past, the present, and the future of his own life? Reader! I have trodden alone the echoing valley, and wandered solitarily upon the mountain ridge; have faced the pelting storm, and rejoiced in the genial sunshine; have bent my listening ear to the tremulous tinkling of

the pebbly stream, the music of which was echoed in my dancing heart, and in mid-ocean have heard the thunder peal along the darkened heavens, while the lurid lightning quivered on the foam-crests of the billows; yet never heard I the voice, or visited the spot, or beheld the scene, that did not exalt the power of Him who "spake, and it was done; who commanded, and it stood fast;" or bring up the remembrance that

"The hand that built the palace of the sky,
Form'd the light wings that decorate the fly;
The power that wheels the circling planets round,

Rears every infant floweret on the ground;
That bounty which the mightiest beings share,
Feeds the least gnat that gilds the evening air;"

or revive the vision of that magic scene:

"When moved upon the waveless deep
The quickening Spirit of the Lord;
And broken was its pulseless sleep
Before the everlasting Word!
'Let there be light:' and listening earth,
With tree, and plant, and flowery sod,
'In the beginning' sprang to birth,
Obedient to the voice of God."

We dwell with interest upon the narrative of Moffat, who, fired with missionary zeal, traversed the wilds of Southern Africa; of Bartlett, as he treads the trackless deserts of ancient Egypt; of Layard, as he disinters the long-buried relics of the Eastern nations, and summons them as witnesses to Revelation's truth; of Stephens, as he prosecutes his wonderful researches in Central America; of Marryatt, and Lyell, and Chateaubriand, and M'Kay, and Dickens, as they more or less truthfully delineate our customs and describe our country; of Latrobe and Humboldt, as they pass through decaying Mexico; of Mackenzie, as he dwells upon the romantic scenes and ancient legends of once chivalrous Spain; of Brydon, wandering, troubadour-like, through Sicily and Malta; of Olin, and Robinson, and Wainwright, and Durbin, as they reverently tread the ground the incarnate Saviour trod, while yet he "went about doing good," and as they penetrate Gethsemane's sacred inclosure, and under the shadow of its olive-trees gaze in thought upon Him,

"On whose pale brow the drops were large and red,
As victim's blood at votive altar shed;"

and as they seem once more to behold the Incarnate One, when there

"He led,
From the Last Supper, when the hymn was sung,
His few grieved followers out, in that drear
night,
And in the Garden, on the mountain's slope,
His agony wrung forth the crimson drops."

Favored, indeed, is the traveler, whose steps are turned to the lands and scenes commemorative of the Messiah's sojourn among men; who visits the birthplace of that infant who was called "Wonderful," and whose advent and sacrifice the past adumbrated; whose triumphs and exaltation the present proclaims, and the promise of whose second advent gives grandeur and substance to the future. It were, indeed, a sacred joy to ascend that honored mountain, radiant with the peerless glories of the Saviour's transfiguration, when his "face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light;" or to climb that other hill, made memorable through all time, and through all eternity, by the tragic scenes of the crucifixion; or to gaze upon the sepulcher that, for three days, contained the dead body of Him who was the Lord of life and glory; or to stand upon that hallowed spot where, at one moment, the Redeemer conversed with his disciples, and at the next a cloud received him out of their sight, and the everlasting gates were lifted up, and the ethereal scene was unfolded, and countless cohorts of seraphim and cherubim conducted the triumphant conqueror of death and hell to his eternal throne. Who does not wish to visit the Holy Land; or in the mellow richness of its autumnal glory, when its olives are laden with fruit, and the low laughter of the south wind is heard among its cedar groves; or in the budding beauty of its springtime; or in the full burst of its glowing summer, when the east wind has lost its venom and the atmosphere its fickleness; when the glad trees have "unreefed their foliage," and beneath their shade the turf is tender; where "night itself is but a softer day," and the blue sky is a

"Meet pathway for the pensive queen,
Rich in her thousand diadems;"

who would not love, there and then, to gather reminiscences of that goodly land which was but the type of that better land,

"A land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,"

which is reserved for them who, in the appointed way, still travel on, "the new Jerusalem to find?"

CHRISTMAS—ITS ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

CHRISTMAS! what beautiful recollections are brought to our memory on the annual approach of the day on which the Saviour was born. How vividly we picture all the old associations connected with it, and with what endearment we cherish its thousand legends, as, in these modern days, while seated in our easy chairs, we talk over the pastimes of the twelve merry days of Christmas, kept so loyally by our less enlightened but more zealous, if not more honest, ancestors. With its hallowed endearments—endearments which have yearly increased since the man child, Christ, was born in the manger—no season is so appropriate for thanksgiving and joy. Christmas! sacred ever be thy name! Shepherds will watch thee till the end of time, even as they did the day on which they of Bethlehem sang and bowed on bended knees before the infant babe of Mary. Christmas! we love thee dearly, not only for thy sacred associations, but for thy old and beautiful historic recollections.

Among the primitive Christians, the festival of the Saviour's nativity was ushered in by the display of a calm, religious feeling, unmingled with the consideration of mere worldly enjoyments; but in course of time, when this important feast of the Christian Church had come to be incorporated with those heathen rites of the northern nations, which were celebrated toward the end of the year, it degenerated, for the most part, into a mere display of boisterous festivity. Such was it during the Anglo-Saxon period, and such it continued under the line of Norman kings; though one good feature connected with the celebration of the Christmas festival by these latter monarchs, was the practice that prevailed with them of assembling upon the occasion the chief prelates and nobles of the kingdom, when the general affairs of the country were taken into consideration. As a relief, however, to these grave deliberations, the guests were feasted with a series of grand banquets; and one of the metrical romances of the period has the following allusion to the circumstance:

"Christmas is a time full honest;
King Richard it honored with great feast.
All his clerks and barons
Were set in their pavilions,
And served with great plenty
Of meat, and drink, and each dainty."

The company were, it is true, served with "meat and drink in great plenty;" for we find it recorded, that at several of the entertainments of the period, as many as thirty thousand dishes were set before the furnished guests. Many of the dishes would, no doubt, be regarded as questionable by modern tastes; but our ancestors loved them. The favorite dish was, however, the boar's head, of which much has been spoken and sung. Days thus spent in feasting and deliberation gave place to nights of revelry, at which masques and mummings, varied with games of chance, and the tricks of jugglers and mountebanks, formed the chief features of the evening's entertainment. A continual round of pleasure was thus kept up throughout the whole of the twelve days forming the feast of Yule; and it was rarely, until the expiration of the closing night's debauch, that a time was found for the return to a more sober course of proceeding.

Chaucer, five hundred years ago, in his racy verse, preserved the most exact description of the Christmas of the age in which he lived. It furnishes us, however, with few points to dwell upon. We therefore are not enabled to illustrate the customs and festivities of the Christmas season among our forefathers at this early period of our history. The materials for this purpose we are obliged to cull from more obscure sources. The earliest writers on the festivities of the Christmas season speak of the custom of decking houses and churches with evergreens, and therefore it appears to us that it must be of very ancient date, it being, in fact, one of those ancient remnants of paganism, which, although forbidden by the councils of the early Christian Church, had obtained too great a hold on the prejudices of the people to be readily relinquished, as its transmission down to the present day, all over Europe, serves to prove. The holly and ivy have been the favorite evergreens throughout Great Britain and Ireland for the above purpose. They are regarded as sacred emblems of the season, even to the present day. Indeed, it is not Christmas unless the village church is handsomely decked out with them, and likewise the cottage parlors. In Ireland especially this custom is carried almost to extravagance, and, indeed, also in England. The humblest cottage and the poorest church have their share of the

holly and ivy; every picture is crowned with them; and the more historic the picture, the larger the quantity placed over it. Heathenish though it may seem to be, it has beautiful associations, and when we remember the number of centuries it has been the custom, we surely cannot blame the people for having a reverence for it, particularly when all classes, from the highest to the lowest, revere it. Here is an old ballad, written centuries since, by whom we will never know till the last trumpet sounds:

THE IVY.

"Ivy, chief of trees it is,
Veni coronaberis.

"The most worthy is she in town;
He who says other, says amiss;
Worthy is she to bear the crown;
Veni coronaberis.

"Ivy is soft and meek of speech,
Against all woo she bringeth bliss;
Happy is he that may her reach;
Veni coronaberis.

"Ivy is green, of color bright,
Of all trees the chief she is;
And that I prove will now be right;
Veni coronaberis.

"Ivy, she beareth berries black;
God grant to all of us his bliss!
For then we shall nothing lack;
Veni coronaberis."

Nor can we pass over the holly without saying a word in its praise, lest it should grow jealous of its friend the "Old ivy green." And it strikes us that we can introduce nothing more appropriate in honor of that ancient plant than the following stanzas from the immortal Shakespeare:

THE HOLLY SONG.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;

Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly: [folly;

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly."

Passing now to the Elizabethan age, we find that that female sovereign, although she possessed but little of the gentleness of her sex, brought her influence to bear in refining the manners of her courtiers, and with no object beyond the gratification of her own vanity, converted them into so many *beaux chevaliers*, who did homage to her person, more, perhaps, because she was a woman, than by reason of her position as a queen. However, the Reformation, and the introduction of printing, had begun to produce their fruits, and before them the barbarism of the national manners was slowly but surely to be eradicated. A keen woman, with a large share of common sense, she readily discerned all this, and resolved to change the customs of her own household; but among the many changes which she effected, none were, perhaps, more apparent than in the festive entertainment of the time. Some idea of the ceremony observed on these occasions may be formed from the following code of instructions for the guidance of a nobleman's household:

"On Christmas day, service in the church ended, the gentlemen presently repair into the hall to breakfast, with brawn, mustard, and malmsey.

"At dinner, the butler, appointed for the Christmas, is to see the tables covered and furnished; and the ordinary butlers of the house are decently to set bread, napkins, and trenchers, in good form, at every table—with spoons and knives. At the first course is served a fair and large boar's head, upon a silver platter, with minstrelsy.

"Two servants are to attend at supper, and to bear two fair torches of wax, next before the musicians and trumpeters, and stand above the fire with the music, till the first course be served in through the hall. Which performed, they, with the music, are to return into the buttery. The like course is to be observed in all things during the time of Christmas.

"At night, before supper, are revels and dancing, and so also after supper, during the twelve days of Christmas. The Master of the Revels is, after dinner and supper, to sing a carol, or song; and command other gentlemen, then there present, to sing with him and the company—and see it is very decently performed."

Such were the orders of the Master of the Ceremonies in the reign of the virgin queen of England.

A recent writer, deriving his information from cotemporary sources, furnishes us with some additional particulars in reference to the style of entertainment in vogue among the higher orders during the same period. He says:

"The nobility had discarded entirely their joints of salted beef, and platters of wood and pewter, together with the swarm of jesters, tumblers, and harpers, that formerly had been indispensable to the banquet room; a stately ceremonial and solemn silence were considered to be the indications of true politeness. The table was daily set out with a great variety of dishes, consisting of beef, mutton, veal, lamb, pork, kid, coney, capon, pig, or so many of those as the season afforded, as well as liquors, with store of red, or fallow deer, and varieties of fish and fowl. When the company had finished eating, the remaining provisions were sent to the waiters and servants; and when these had sufficiently dined, the fragments were distributed among the poor, who waited without the gate."

None suffered so much from these innovations as the once highly rewarded minstrel; he, who had been in past times the soul of the tournament, and the welcome guest at every banquet, was now a street "ballad singer," or ale-house fiddler, chanting forth from "benches or barrel heads to a small audience of gaping rustics; and, as if the degradation of these despised and unhoused favorites of former days had not been enough, the law made them more vile, obliging them to perform their merry offices in fear and trembling. Minstrels were now looked on as vagabonds, and made liable to the same penalties."

The lawyers, in the days of which we write, were not without a share in the popular amusements, and, if we are to believe the records handed down to us, at times acted in the most vulgar and unbecoming manner. That they were addicted to swearing, and taking the name of the Lord in vain, and were in other respects very disorderly fellows, we have positive proof from the following order on the minutes kept in that day in the Temple. It runs thus:

"That no gentleman, of this society, nor any other, by appointment, choice, or assent of any gentleman of this house, should in time of Christmas, or any other time, take upon him or use the name, place, or commandment of the Lord, or any such like; or break open any chamber; or disorderly molest or abuse any fellows or officer of this house, within the precincts of the same, upon pain to be expulsed for the abuse or disorder."

The lawyers of the Temple kept the day, or days, most merrily, and, indeed, so did all of the profession in London, as we learn from an old work now in our possession:

"At Gray's Inn it was a regulation 'that the third butler should be at the carrying forth from the buttery, and also at the distribution

of the alms, thrice by the week at Gray's Inn gate, to see that due consideration be had to the poorer sort of aged and impotent persons; the deserving then, as now, in few cases receiving the advantage designed for them, while bold impostors were in effect produced and encouraged. Charity, however, was intended, and upon some claim being advanced by the 'pannier-man and under-cook' to these fragments as their perquisites, it was ordered 'that for those days that the said alms were given, they should have each of them a cast of bread, that is, three loaves a piece, in lieu thereof; to the end the whole broken bread and the alms-basket might go to the relief of the poor.'

One of the most distinguishing features of the Christmas festivities of this era, and on which we made a few remarks in *THE NATIONAL* for December, 1855, was the custom which, originating in the reign of Henry VII., was now at its height, of appointing a Lord of Misrule, or Master of Merry Disports, who exercised a twelve days' sway, perpetrating within that brief while a sufficient number of tomfooleries to be repented of during the course of a long life. Not only was one of these Christmas princes appointed for the special entertainment of the sovereign and her court, but every corporation selected a similar officer to preside over the festivities of the season, and according to old Stow, there was the like "in the house of every nobleman of honor or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal."

In these days town and country vied with each other as to which should exhibit the greatest extravagance in the preparation of the Christmas entertainment, for we find Massinger exclaiming:

"Men may talk of country Christmasses,
Their thirty-pound butter'd eggs, their pies of
carps' tongues,
Their pheasants drenched with ambergris, the
carcasses
Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to
Make sauce for a single peacock; yet their
feasts
Were fasts, compared with the city's."

Immediately after matin service, the "fine old English gentleman" stood at his own gate, and superintended the distribution of alms to the aged and destitute. At dawn, all his tenants were welcomed to his holly-decorated hall; the strong beer (our readers must remember that in the time of which we write all parties indulged in this beverage, and temperance societies were, it is to be regretted, unknown) and the black jacks went plentifully about, with "toast, sugar, nutmeg,

and good Cheshire cheese." "The servants," writes an old author, "were then running here and there, with merry hearts and jolly countenances; every one was busy in welcoming of guests, and looked as snug as new-licked puppies. . . Peg would scuttle about to make a toast for John, while Tom ran *harum-scarum* to draw a jug for Margery."

Much of the old Christmas hospitality, and many of the old Christmas observances, still linger behind, and perhaps the picture which Addison sketched of Coverley Hall at Christmas time (*Spectator*, No. 269, 1711,) is as faithful a representation of the hospitality practiced by the country gentlemen of the period as can be met with. He tells us that "Sir Roger de Coverley adopted the laudable custom of his ancestors in keeping open house at Christmas," and adds:

"He had killed eight fat hogs for that season, had dealt about his chimes very liberally among his neighbors, and, in particular, he had sent a string of hog's puddings, with a pack of cards, to every poor family in the parish. 'I have often thought,' said Sir Roger, 'it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their tricks, and smutting one another.'"

From the same authority we learn that one of the favorite gambols on such an occasion as the one above described, was yawning for a Cheshire cheese. The proceeding generally began about midnight, when the whole company were more or less disposed to be drowsy, and he that yawned the widest, and, at the same time, so naturally as to produce the most yawns among the spectators, was proclaimed the victor, and carried home the cheese as his reward.

We have already alluded to the superstitions of the people; but we cannot close this paper without narrating a few of them. Numerous and beautiful were the opinions which popular superstition formerly entertained respecting the Vigil of the feast of the Nativity—many of which still linger

among the rural population. Perhaps the finest of them is that alluded to by Shakspeare in the following lines :

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth was celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long ;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad ;
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets
strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

Accordingly, it was supposed that "the bird of dawning" (the cock) sang "all night long" to scare away all evil things from infesting the hallowed hours. Many of the peasantry in the southwestern counties of England, still believe that the cattle are to be found kneeling at midnight of this vigil, as if in reverence of the miraculous birth. The bees, too, are said to sing at the same hour in their hives. "These," remarks an excellent author, "are superstitions ; but superstitions based on the principle of adoration, and as purely poetry as the *Iliad*." Brand relates that a Cornish peasant told him, in 1790, of his having, with some others, watched several oxen in their stalls, on the eve of old Christmas day, and that "at twelve o'clock they observed the two oldest oxen fall upon their knees, and (as he expressed it in the idiom of the country) make a cruel moan like Christian creatures." Mr. Howison, in his "Sketches of Upper Canada," tells a similar anecdote. He mentions meeting an Indian, at midnight, creeping cautiously along, in the stillness of a beautiful moonlight Christmas eve. The Indian made signals to him to be silent ; and, when questioned as to his reason, replied : "Me watch to see the deer kneel ; this is Christmas night, and all the deer fall upon their knees to the Great Spirit, and look up."

The Francis Moores and Raphaels of the fifteenth century found even kings and princes, not to speak of those of lower degree, willing believers in their extravagant predictions. If a child was born on a Christmas day, he was to be a great man ; or, if an individual committed a theft, he was immediately to be discovered and meet death, for nothing ill was allowed to happen on that day. The poet of the age in which such things were believed in, writes :

"If Christmas day on Monday be,
A great winter that year you'll see,
And full of winds both loud and shrill ;
But in the summer, truth to tell,

Stern winds shall there be and strong,
Full of tempests lasting long ;
With battles they shall multiply ;
And great plenty of beasts shall die.
They that be born that day, I ween,
They shall be strong each one and keen ;
He shall be found that stealeth aught ;
Though thou be sick thou diest not.

"If Christmas day on Tuesday be,
That year shall many women die,
And that winter grow great marvels ;
Ships shall be in great perils ;
That year shall kings and lords be slain,
And many other people near them.
A dry summer that year shall be,
As all that are born therein may see ;
They shall be strong and covetous.
If thou steal aught thou losest thy life,
For thou shalt die through sword or knife ;
But if thou fall sick, 'tis certain
Thou shalt turn to life again."

In addition to the above old popular superstitions, others of a local character were also observed at this season, and which deserve to be recorded. The custom of wassailing the fruit trees on the eve of Twelfth Day, by the Devonshire farmers, was a very old one. They would proceed to their orchards in the evening, accompanied by their farm servants, who carried with them large pitchers or milk-pails, filled with cider. In each orchard one tree was selected as the representative of the rest, and saluted with a certain form of words ; then would they immerse cakes in cider and hang them on the apple-tree ; after which they sprinkled the tree, pronounced their incantation, danced right merrily round it, and then went home to feast. This was done in order that the trees might bear much fruit, as we learn from the following old verse :

"Wassail the trees that they may bear
You many a plum and many a pear ;
For more or less fruits they will bring,
As you do give them wassailing."

The following curious custom is related by Waldron :

"In the Isle of Man, on the 24th of December, toward evening, all the servants have a holiday ; they go not to bed all night, but ramble about till the bells ring in all the churches, which is at twelve o'clock : prayers being over, they go to hunt the wren ; and, after having found one of these poor birds, they kill her, and lay her on a bier ; bring her to the parish church, and bury her with a 'whimsical kind of solemnity,' singing dirges over her in the Manks language, which they call her knell ; after which Christmas begins."

At Dewsbury, Yorkshire, one of the church bells is tolled, as at a funeral, on Christmas eve ; and any one asking whose

bell it was, would be told that it was the "devil's knell." The moral of it is that "the devil died when Christ was born." This custom was discontinued for many years, but revived by the vicar in 1828.

In ancient times, on Christmas eve, every one kept watch, like the shepherds, while minstrels chanted carols in celebration of the nativity. In the Isle of Man this observance is still retained. Similar to our own custom of watching out the old year, is that kept by the people of this island. In vast numbers they assemble at church, where the Divine office is solemnized, they remaining in the sacred edifice, singing carols, till midnight.

But the picturesque ceremonies and rude festivities that distinguished the Christmas of bygone days have passed away, and we cannot say that we regret them. Too thankful ought we to be to have lighted upon a more civilized age, and to have escaped all the troubles, dangers, and miseries, with which the "good old times" were so thickly beset. The mumblings of our ancestors, the Yule Log, and the Wassail Bowl, are beyond revival, and even the Christmas Carol, common in our own days, is fast falling into desuetude. The practice of decking the churches and houses with evergreens, may now be said to be the only existing custom of old Christmas. It is decidedly the most honored. The boar's head has, however, still a place in the Christmas banquet at Oxford College, and on odd occasions at a few of the mansions of the nobility. At Oxford it is brought to the high table in the Hall, while an altered version of the old carol, printed by Wynkin de Worde, is chanted forth by a band of attendant choristers.

Rome may now be said to be the only place where the most ridiculous customs are practiced. Singular superstitions are believed in by the lower classes of the people, many of which would not be credited in this country. Much carousing is carried on, and during the whole of the night preceding Christmas, the pipes of the Calabrian minstrels are heard in the streets. A recent author says:

"On this evening the decorators are busy in draping the churches, clothing altars, and festooning façades. Nuns and ladies are preparing dresses, crowns, necklaces, and cradles, for the Madonna and Child of their respective churches. The cannons of St. Angelo announce the festival; shops are shut, and saloons desert-

ed. The midnight supper and the midnight bands begin the holy revel; and the splendid pomp in which the august ceremonies are performed at the churches of the Quirinal, St. Louis, and the Ara Coeli, is succeeded by a banquet, of which even the poorest child of indigence contrives to partake. The people from the mountains of the Campagna flock in to witness and to enjoy the fête, and present a strange sight of wild figures amid the inhabitants of the city. The churches are lit up with thousands of wax tapers; the Cradle of Christ is removed from the shrine at the chapel of Santa Maria Maggiore, and carried in procession to the chapel of the Santa Croce; and the pope himself performs Divine service in the Sistine Chapel."

Our space will not allow us to descant upon such Continental customs as appertain to the Vigil of the Nativity; one, however, peculiar to Germany, we must allude to. The children make little presents to their parents, and to each other, and the parents to their children. On the evening before Christmas a great bough of yew or birch is fastened up by the children, in one of the parlors where the parents must not go. This bough is then illuminated with tapers, and colored paper hangs and flutters from the twigs. Under this they lay out, in great order, the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift; they then bring out the remainder, one by one, from their pockets, and present them, with kisses and embraces. On the next day, in the great parlor, the parents lay on the table the gifts for their children. A scene of sober joy succeeds; as, "on this day, after an old custom, the mother tells privately to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which he has observed most praiseworthy, and that which was most faulty, in their conduct."

In drawing the present article to a close, we cannot lay down our pen without paying a tribute to Christianity, inaugurated by the birth of the Son of Mary. To the spread of his glorious religion and the promulgation of its truths, particularly since the Reformation, may mainly be attributed the rapid decline of the superstitions which, in the foregoing pages, we have recorded. And fondly hoping that it will, throughout all time, continue to uproot every evil which estranges the heart of man from his Creator, we most cordially wish, to the readers of *THE NATIONAL*, many happy Christmasses and glorious New-Years.

WHY THERE IS NO MRS. PEONY FLUSH.

READERS who have any sympathy in their souls will not fail to appreciate the touching narrative which follows. We copy it from an English periodical. The story is perfectly English, and is told by the Reverend Peony Flush himself, a modest curate in the Established Church. I was, he says, once engaged to be married, (how I went so far as that is a marvel to me still,) but an incident of so frightful a character took place as to put the matter entirely out of the question. I was a young undergraduate, spending the summer with a reading party at the Irish lakes, when I met with—with Lucy, and got, in short, to be accepted. She was residing with her mother, in the same hotel in Killarney as ourselves, and we all met every day. We boated on the lake together, and fished, and sang, and read. We landed on the wooded islands in the soft summer evenings, to take our tea in gipsy fashion, and to sketch; but she and I mostly whispered—not about love at all, as I remember, but of the weather and the rubric; only it seemed so sweet to sink our voices and speak low and soft. Once, in a party over the moors, while I was leading her pony over some boggy ground, I caught her hand by mistake instead of her bridle, and she did not snatch it away.

It was the heyday and the prime of my life, my friend, and that youth of the spirit which no power can ever more renew. I knew what she felt, and what would please her, as soon as the feeling and the wish themselves were born. Our thought, my thought at least, "leaped out to wed with thought, ere thought could wed itself with speech." She took a fancy to a huge mastiff dog belonging to a fisherman; and I bought it for her at once, although it was terribly savage, and (except for Lucy's liking it) not either good or beautiful. Its name, also—the only one it would answer to, and sometimes it would not to that—was Towser, not a name for a lady's pet at all, and scarcely for a gentleman's. There was a little secluded field, hedged in by a copse, which sloped into the lake, about a mile from the hotel; and there Lucy agreed (for the first time) to meet me alone. I was to be there before break-

fast, at eight o'clock in the morning, and you may be sure I was there at six—with Towser. Perhaps I was never happier than at that particular time.

The universal nature seemed in harmony with my blissful feelings. The sun shone out bright and clear, so that the fresh morning breezes could scarcely cool the pleasant throbbing of my blood; but the blue rippling waves of the lake looked irrepressibly tempting, and I could not resist a swim. Just a plunge and out again, thought I; for though I had such plenty of time to spare, I determined to be dressed and ready for the interview an hour at least before the appointed time. Lucy might, like myself, be a little earlier; and, at all events, with such an awful consequence in possible apprehension, I would not run the shadow of a risk.

"Mind my clothes, mind them," said I to Towser, (who took his seat thereon, at once, sagaciously enough,) for I had heard of such things as clothes being stolen from unconscious dippers before them, with results not to be thought of; and in I went. I remember the delight of that bath even to this day, the glow, the freshness, the luxurious softness of each particular wave, just as the last view which his eyes rested on is painted on the memory of one who has been stricken blind, or the last heard melody is treasured in that of a man stunned deaf by a fall; it was my last perfect pleasure, and succeeded by a shock that I shall never, I think, quite get over.

When I had bathed as long as I judged to be prudent, I landed and advanced toward the spot where my garments and Towser lay; as I did so every individual hair upon his back seemed to bristle with fury, his eyes kindled coals of fire; he gave me notice, by a low, determined growl, that he would spring on me and tear me into fragments if I approached nearer; it was evident that he did not recognize me, in the least, without my clothes.

"Tow, Tow, Tow, Tow, Tow," said I pleasantly; "good old Tow, you remember me;" but the brute, like the friend whom we have known in a better day, and appeal to when in indifferent apparel, only shook his head in a menacing manner, and showed his teeth the more.

"Towser, be quiet, sir; how dare you

—Tow, Tow, Tow—Towser—(here he nearly had a bit of my calf off)—you nasty, brutal dog; go away, sir, go; ain't you ashamed of yourself?" Drops of foam oozed through the teeth of the ferocious monster as he stood up with tail erect at these reproving words, but he manifested no sign of remorse or sorrow. My situation became serious in the extreme; what if he chose to sit there, on my personal apparel, until—? At this idea, too terrible to be concluded, a profuse perspiration broke out all over me. Presently, feeling a little cold, I went back into the lake again to consider what was to be done, and resolving the fell design of enticing Towser into the water, and there drowning him. Abuse and flattery being equally thrown away upon him, I tried stones; I heaved at him with all my force the largest pebbles I could select, the majority of which he evaded by leaping from side to side, and those which struck him rendered him so furious that I believe he would have killed and eat me if he could, whether I was dressed or not, but he would not venture into the water, after me still. At last, the time drawing on apace for the appointed interview which I had once looked forward to with such delight and expectation, I was fain, in an agony of shame and rage, to hide myself in a dry ditch in the neighboring copse, where I could see what took place without being seen, and there I covered myself over, like a babe in the wood, with leaves.

Presently my Lucy came down, a trifle more carefully dressed than usual, and looking all grace and modesty. The dog began to howl as she drew near; she saw him and she saw my clothes, and the notion that I was drowned (I could see it in her expressive countenance) flashed upon her at once; for one instant she looked as though about to faint, and the next she sped off again to the hotel with the speed of a deer. Gracious heavens! I decided upon rescuing a portion of my garments at least, or upon perishing in the attempt, and rushed out of the thicket for the purpose; but my courage failed me as I neared the savage animal, and I found myself (in some confused and palpitating manner) back in my dry ditch again with the sensation of a loss of blood and pain; my retreat had not been effected, perhaps, because there was nothing to cover it,

without considerable loss, and the beast had bitten me severely. I protest that, from that moment, frightful as my position was, it did not move me so much as the reflection of the honors that would be showered down on that vile creature. I knew that he would be considered by Lucy and the rest as a sort of dog of Montargis, an affectionate and sagacious creature, watching patiently at his appointed post for the beloved master that should never again return to him.

Presently they all came back, Lucy and her mother and all the maid-servants from the inn, besides my fellow-students and fishermen with drag-nets, and a medical man with blankets and brandy, (how I envied the blankets and the brandy!) As I expected, neither the women's cries nor the men's labor in vain distressed me half so much as the patting and caressing of Towser; if she could have only known when she dropped those tears upon his cruel nose that there was a considerable quantity of human flesh—my flesh—at that moment lying in his stomach in an undigested state! I could not repress a groan of horror and indignation.

"Hush, hush," said Lucy, and there was a silence, through which I could distinctly hear Towser licking his chops. I was desperate by this time, and hallooed out to my friend Sanford, "Sanford and nobody else," to come into the copse with a blanket. I remember nothing more distinctly. Immediately peals of laughter, now smothered, now breaking irrepressibly forth; expressions of thankfulness, of affection, of sympathy beginning, but never finished, burst in upon, as it were, by floods of merriment; and the barking, the eternal barking, of that execrable dog. I left Killarney that same evening; Lucy and the mother of Lucy, and my fellow-students, and the abominable Towser; I left them for good and all; and that was how my engagement was broken off, and why there is no Mrs. Peony Flush.

DYING RICH.—Who is he that dies rich? That man dies rich, and *only* that man, who, when he leaves behind him a little, or more, or nothing, has *before him* a treasure laid up in heaven. Who dies poor? He that, whatever he leaves behind him, has nothing laid up in heaven. He dies poor.

SOUTHEY'S LETTERS.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, whatever rank posterity may assign him as a poet, was one of the best prose writers that ever drew from the well of pure English undefiled. Until his o'ertasked brain failed him, he was one of the most cheerful and amiable of men. Glimpses of his domestic character as a father and a facetious, mirth-loving friend and companion reveal themselves all through his familiar letters, of which scarcely any man wrote so many, and four volumes of selections from which have been recently published in London.

The opening pages of the series evince the poet's tender delight and reasonable pride in his boy Herbert, only to make more painful the abrupt announcement of Herbert's death. To Neville White the fondest of fathers writes: "Herbert has gone on faithfully both with his Greek and German during my absence, so as to have lost nothing. It is not possible that any child could be more entirely after his father's own heart." This was at the close of 1815. In the early spring of 1816, Southey writes to his old friend John May:

"If you have seen Harry [Dr. Henry Southey] of late, you will anticipate the intelligence which a black seal announces. It has pleased God to visit me with the severest of all afflictions, by removing my son—my only son—who was the very flower and crown of all my happiness: for never was man blessed with a child more entirely after his own heart's desire. 'The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"I am very thankful for having had him during ten years. During those years he has been the joy of my life; and my deepest pleasure hereafter will be in the sure and certain hope that this separation is only for a time. I feel, also, that the removal is for his good; that he was perfectly fit for a better scene of existence: he had learned all of good that this world could teach him—all kind affections, all good feelings, all generous hopes; and he is gone before the world has sullied his pure spirits, without a spot or stain, never having known a thought of evil, never having felt a single affliction. His life has been passed in love, and he has fallen asleep to wake in immortality.

"In this frame of mind, you will believe that I am as composed and as resigned as becomes a man and a Christian, but I am fully aware that in this place [Keswick] I shall never be able to overcome the recollections which must everywhere haunt me. My morning walks, my summer excursions on the lake, &c., &c.—all are associated with him, who was my constant companion. I will therefore, if it be possible, remove from Cumberland. . . . Edith

[Mrs. Southey] has supported herself through this long and severe trial with exemplary fortitude. I trust God will support her now. For myself, it is a relief to know that the worst is over. For full five weeks I have never known an hour's peace of mind, perpetually dreading this; and even when I gave way to the hopes with which others flattered me, it was hoping against belief. His whole demeanor was, like his whole life, almost beyond belief for calmness, collectedness, and obedience."

It is, indeed, no conventional *façon de parler* which Southey makes use of, when he tells his uncle Hill that this affliction is heavier than any person could conceive, who had not seen the habits of his domestic life—how closely they were connected with the studies and amusement of the child he had lost, "and how he became as naturally my companion as I became his playmate." Nor was it on the galling spur of the moment, or in a transitory mood of natural but common emotion, that he declared his happiness could never again be what it had been. It never could be; he was right: it never again was. Yet, he adds, with equal accuracy of psychological prevision—"yet will the difference be rather in kind than in degree; there will be less of earth about it, less that is insecure and perishable." Seneca, in his *Epistles*, rates as equivalent the grief of losing a thing and the fear of losing it: "*In aquo est dolor amissæ rei, et timor amittendæ.*" One is reminded of this philosophy in the "fearful joy" which Southey felt in the living presence of his Herbert—as though in very sooth

"He wept to have what he so feared to lose."

Hence an almost sense of relief when the worst was over—and the loss he had feared so much, he could fear again no more, but look back upon with a resignation inspired by religion and mellowing with time. "Herbert," he writes to Mr. Hill, "was the main object of my hopes; those hopes have now no fears to alloy them, (for this calamity was always before my eyes)." And to another correspondent—after alluding to previous losses of infant children, and remarking that the death of an infant seems repaired by the birth of another, and that you lose in it more of hope than of actual enjoyment, though even then the heart is wounded in its tenderest part—he says:

"But in our present case, the loss is irreparable. Were there the probability of our having another son, I am not sure that I should

desire it; so infinitely unlikely is it that he should resemble Herbert in those moral and intellectual endowments which rendered him all that my heart desired. No father was ever blessed with a child more entirely such as he would have prayed for, and therefore it was that I always apprehended the calamity which has befallen me: I could not help feeling that when a creature of this kind came into the world, it was not likely that he should be suffered to remain in it; he lived in it long enough to know all that was good—and nothing but what was good; and he is removed before a thought of evil has ever risen in his heart, or a breath of impurity ever tainted his ears."

Another son, nevertheless, was born to Southey, some three years afterward. In the winter of 1818, writing to Mr. Bedford about pecuniary and other cares, which, however, he says, "do not sit heavily upon me," he adds:

"A circumstance of a very different nature affects me much more in my heart of hearts. After an interval of more than six years, I am likely to become again a father; and you may well imagine what feelings this must occasion, after the grievous loss which we have sustained in those years—a loss which I shall never overcome. This prospect, indeed, only makes me feel more deeply how irreparable it is; for, setting aside the myriad or million chances against my having such another son as that incomparable boy, it is but too certain that I should neither have life nor heart ever again to perform my duty by another in the same manner."

To the son born shortly afterward we owe the "Life and Correspondence" of that justly honored and devoted father.

The name of the new-born is mooted in another letter to Mr. Bedford.

"I intend to call my boy Cuthbert. If any one asks why, it is reason enough that I like genuine English names, and such as are peculiar, without being fantastic. But you may, for your own satisfaction, find the secret feeling that leads me to choose it in a legend which Wordsworth has versified, as an inscription for St. Herbert's Island."^{*}

* The lines in question are not cited by Southey or his editor, but the reader may like to see them, not only for their absolute, but for their special relative interest:

"FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE STOOD ON ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND, DEERWENTWATER.

"If thou in the dear love of some one friend
Hast been so happy that thou know'st what thoughts
Will sometimes in the happiness of love
Make the heart sink, then wilt thou reverence
This quiet spot; and, stranger! not unmoved
Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap of stones,
The desolate ruins of St. HERBERT'S cell.
Here stood his threshold; here was spread the roof
That sheltered him, a self-secluded man,
After long exercise in social cares
And offices humane, intent to adore
The Deity, with undistracted mind,
And meditate on everlasting things,
In utter solitude.—But he had left

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And cheering it is, in turning from letter to letter, to mark how the boy becomes more and more a winsome treasure, a "bonny wee thing," to the boy-hearted sire. The young Cuthbert's first efforts to pronounce his own name, are delightful to one so fond of ludicrous nomenclature and familiar nicknames as was the author of *The Doctor*. "Your godson," Southey tells Mr. Wynn, "is as fine a creature as you could desire to see, and begins to mispronounce mutilated words most delightfully. Charles Cuthbert he makes into *Cha-Cupn*." The present volumes are of course rife with pet-names and nicknames of all sorts, and applied impartially to men, women, children, and beasts. A Mr. Adamson, author of a "Life of Camoens," "I usually call," says Dr. Dove's creator, "A-dam-son of the Muses." Dove-like tricks are played with the names of the Edinburgh Reviewers, &c., in a characteristic fragment called "The Book of the Prophet Jehephary"—a profane *jeu d'esprit* (query, however, as to the amount of *esprit* in its concoction; and query, also, whether the *jeu* itself at all *vaut la chandelle*?) in the style of the author's previous "Ogham Fragment," or of the better-known Blackwood "Chaldee Manuscript:" among the obvious celebrities with whose names liberty is taken, appear, thus phonographically disguised, in addition to Jehephary the Prophet himself—Peherri the Chronicler, and Kawbit of the Black Guards, Brum the Scribe, and Lee the Huntsman, Philip the Pythagorean (who is called also Syrr-itch-hardos), and Shidnai the Jester, Lord Harold the Giaour, Kawp-helsiton the Provost, the Giphardos, and Krokairos, and Kahannin who had been the king's minister, and Surjami, and Archy the Constable. Possibly some one of our readers may be at a loss in some one instance in this collection of improper names; and for that possible unit's sake we venture to "guess," without much risk, that whom Southey had in his eye, in the persons of

A fellow-laborer, whom the good man loved
As his own soul. And, when with eye upraised
To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,
While o'er the lake the cataraet of Lodore
Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced
Along the beach of this small isle, and thought
Of his companion, he would pray that both
(Now that their earthly duties were fulfilled)
Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain
So prayed he: as our chronicles report,
Though here the Hermit numbered his last day
Far from St. CUTHBERT, his beloved friend,
Those holy men both died in the same hour."

WORDSWORTH'S *Miscellaneous Poems*

this mixed multitude, were Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*; William Cobbett; Brougham; Leigh Hunt; Sir Richard Philips, the vegetarian publisher and editor of the *Monthly Magazine*; Sydney Smith; Lord Byron; Dr. Copleston; Gifford; John Wilson Croker; Canning; Sir James Mackintosh; and the Edinburgh publisher of the "Reekie" Review, Archibald Constable. Again, when referring to his own publishers, the Messrs. Longman, it is Southey's fashion to style them the *Longi Homines*, and "Conscript Fathers of the Row." John Murray figures under a variety of aliases. He is the Murraymagne. He is King John. He is the Grand Murray. He is the Megistos. The irritation which some of his ways and means appear to have caused in the mind of Southey, is amusingly displayed now and then: though the best of paymasters, his payments sufficiently involved the idea of mastery, of taskmaster even, to make Southey only half-pleased at pocketing them, and not half-pleased to pocket the affront his sensitiveness sometimes conjured up in the idea of them as wages, and the hints preceding or accompanying them. In writing to Mr. Bedford, in 1818, he says:

"I have half a mind to inclose you my last letter from the greatest of Bibliopoles, that you may form by it some estimate of his conceit, which is as immeasurable as the height and depth of Seva, in the Hindoo fable. If you were to see the manner in which he exhorts me 'to put my whole soul' into an article for his six-shilling 'Review,' you would breathe out a pious malediction on his head, and cast his letter behind the fire. Whosoever may compile from my papers, when the booksellers have the picking of my bones, will find rare morsels in the correspondence of this great man."

Again to Mr. Hill:

"Lord L  wther drank tea with us last week, bringing over Wordsworth to introduce him, for I had never seen him before. The only other great person whom I have seen was the Grand Murray himself on his way to Edinburgh. He, I believe, is the very grandest personage among mankind, now that there is no longer a Great Mogul."

And to Mr. Bedford, again, in the same year:

"You will have seen my two papers in the last 'Q. R.' The Megistos thought proper, when he sent me 150*l.* for them, to remind me that such prices could not be afforded unless the articles produced a *decided impression*, to observe that the *latter part* of Evelyn had been approved, and to offer some hints respecting

the arrangements of such reviews for the future. I dare say my answer would astonish him. It was written in thorough good-humor, and without expressing the slightest resentment at such impertinence: in truth, I understood his humor too well to feel anything except amusement at it. But I told him that though his prices were very liberal, it was nevertheless very plain that I was employing myself less profitably (of which I gave him convincing proofs) and less worthily (which he will not very easily comprehend) in writing for them than in pursuing my own greater avocations; and that, therefore, he must admit it to be a matter of prudence on my part, when I should have executed the paper in hand, to become only an occasional contributor to the 'Q. R.' instead of a regular assistant, and that at long intervals. He is chewing the cud upon this, and I shall adhere to my purpose."

Next year he writes, in the same spirit of dissatisfaction, to Mr. Rickman, with a cut at Gifford's systematic and incurable habit of pruning the papers for the "Q. R.:"

"I have had a pressing application from Murray le Magne, to write *de temporibus* pro 'Quarterly Review,' the said greatest of all journals being in danger of appearing without anything upon the subject, to the great distress of the said greatest of all great men! My reply was, that it was utterly impossible to undertake it for want of time; and I followed the decisive reply by a protest against the castrating system which, in spite of all promises to the contrary, the editor continues to pursue: in nine instances out of ten without any conceivable reason."

And to Mr. Hill, on the same sore subject, in nearly the same words:

"I am as little pleased as you can be with the manner in which Gifford mutilates whatever is sent to him, upon no imaginable principle, as far as I can discover; in most cases for no other reason than that of indulging a habit which he cannot help. He has repeatedly promised me that he would not do it, and yet every one of my papers comes forth castrated from under his hands. It would be a great satisfaction to me if I could do without this Review, and at present there seems to be some probability that my connection with it may be broken off, however great the immediate inconvenience. Murray has thought proper to send me a less sum for my last paper than I thought proper to accept for it. I therefore sent the draft back to Gifford, from whom it came, treated the matter as a mistake, (as, indeed, at first I really supposed it to be,) and told him I expected 100*l.* Six posts have elapsed, and I have received no reply. I shall wait patiently, and let him chew the cud as long as he pleases. But if the answer, when it comes, is not what it ought to be, the 'Q. R.' shall never receive another communication from me. This will leave me very much abroad for my ways and means at first. However, this is of no great consequence. I shall make my way somehow or other, and probably more to my own contentment at the end."

But no such schism from Albemarle-street took place; and a good thing for Southey too. The Megistos "made things pleasant," as the phrase now goes; and re-cooked the accounts, as another phrase current in the same circles hath it, to suit his contributor's palate. The recalcitrant poet's objurgations on his paymaster become henceforth fewer and feebler; there ceases to be any observable strife between them

"Of nicely calculated less or more;"

and in 1821 we meet with such passages in the correspondence as this:

"At present I am finishing a life of Oliver Cromwell for the 'Review.' Murray allows me to make use hereafter of any English lives which are written for the 'Review,' in a series of such lives, for which he will pay me 500*l.* per volume, the extent of the series being six octavo volumes."

Verily in Albemarle-street there was for Southey fat pasture and a milch cow too profitable to be hastily parted withal; and wroth as he was with what now and then sounded to his ears like impertinent "cackle," he did well not to give up in dudgeon a "goose" that laid him so many golden eggs.

In mentioning the fondness Southey indulged for bestowing nicknames and new-fangled titles on people and things, we included "beasts" among them. Every one knows Southey's weakness for cats. His cats figure away in the present volumes, under an imposing category of styles and titles extraordinary. Mr. Grosvenor Bedford is apparently the correspondent who took most interest in these feline frivolities, for it is in the letters to that gentleman that the poet gives full play to his delight in such particulars. Mr. Bedford is kept completely *au fait* and *au courant* in respect of the shifting and changing cat-dynasties at Greta Hall. He is told how Lord Nelson became so wretched that it was an act of mercy to put him in the river; how Bona Fidelia reached a good old age, and was found dead in the wood-house; how Madame Bianchi, who was Bona's daughter, and Pulcheria, who was Madame's daughter, pined away after the loss of an old servant, and disappeared or died; how a visitor from the town, by name Virgil, who haunted the poet's premises, being possibly driven from his own, died there also;

how the only cat now at Greta Hall is "a young Othello, from Newlands," who "has the defect of being of a miserably small breed," but is "otherwise a worthy and promising cat." Othello's patron, addressing Mr. Bedford, continues:

"Sir, I shall be very happy to introduce you to Othello. It is a good name, not merely as expressing his complexion, but because he will undoubtedly be as jealous as befits his Tomship. I trust he will be the founder of a new dynasty, and that in a few generations black will be the prevailing livery of the cats in Keswick."

There is one long letter occupied with the history of a new arrival, "a fine, full-grown black cat," whom Southey first intended to call Henrique Diaz, in reference to both his complexion and his sex, but eventually named the Zombi, (title of the chief of the Palmares negroes,) "an appellation equally appropriate and more dignified;" how the said Zombi arrived in a sack; and how, "when the sack was opened, the kitchen door, which leads into the passage, was open also, and the cat disappeared; not, indeed, like a flash of lightning, but as fast as one, that is to say, for all purposes of a simile;" and how Greta Hall was perplexed by the Zombi's continuing in obstinate retirement for seven days and nights; and how, "between four and five o'clock on the Sunday morning," all who had ears to hear were awakened by such screams as if the Zombi had met with some execrable accident, about which a mystery hung, forming a famous subject for grotesque speculation on Southey's part, and taken advantage of, as such, with the most thorough enjoyment of the opportunity. Then, too, we have his letters to one of his daughters, wherein he grieves to inform her of the "illness of his Serene Highness, the Archduke Rumpelstilzchen, Marquis Macbun, Earl Tomlemagne,* Baron Raticide, Waouhler, and Skratsch. His Serene Highness is afflicted with the mange," &c.

For a friend's cat, in want of a name, he suggests that if the cat were a witch, she might be called Felismena, after the enchantress in the Diana of Montemayor;

* A personage not unknown to those familiar with Southey's lyrics—for example,

"Our good old cat, Earl Tomlemagne,
Is sometimes seen to play,
Even like a kitten at its sport,
Upon a warm spring-day."

Catherine of Arragon, if old and grave, and inclined to severity of temper; St. Catherine of Sienna, if demure and hypocritical; or the Czarina, if in any respect resembling the Empress of Russia. And so late as 1837 we find the poet writing to Mrs. Bray:

"My cattery consists at present only of Thomas, Baron Chinchilla, and Grey de Bythen, his spouse and half-sister Knurra-Murra-Purra-Hurra-Skurra, and the elder half-brother of both, who is an out-of-door freebooter, and whose name is Chaka-checkka-chikka-cheeka-chokka-choaka-chowski."

Had the reading public been conversant with Southey's epistles, in the days when Who wrote The Doctor? was an unsolved problem, there could have been little room for notes (of interrogation) and queries as to the authorship.

To that unique nondescript in modern book-work there are occasional allusions in the letters before us, previous to the avowal of the authorship, in which the writer ingeniously enough discusses, as an impartial and indifferent reader only, the character and possible origin of the farago. Thus, in a letter to Mrs. Bray, in 1834:

"THE DOCTOR,' &c., has been sent me, with the author's compliments, in a hand which is either an unknown one to me, or a disguised one. At a first glance, D'Israeli seemed the likeliest person to have written it; but upon a perusal, I was satisfied that he could not write a style which is at once so easy and so good. Then I thought of Rogers, who has both the wit and the feeling that the book displays; but I question whether he has the Cervantic humor, and, moreover, he is a dissenter. It may be Mathias, perhaps. There are two reasons for ascribing it to him: first, the number of Italian quotations from authors known only to those who have made Italian poetry their peculiar study; secondly, he is an old *incognito*, and this book is printed by Nicol, whose father published the 'Pursuits of Literature,' and was intrusted with that secret. But, on the whole, I incline to fix it upon Frere, for in him (and I can think of no other person) all the requisites for it are united."

To Mr. Wynn:

"The 'Edinburgh Review' is more abroad in its guesses about the 'Doctor' than I was when I guessed about it. No clew to the author has reached me. As for Hartley Coleridge, I wish it were his, but am certain that it is not. He is quite clever enough to have written it—quite odd enough; but his opinions are desperately radical, and he is the last person in the world to disguise them. One report was that his father had assisted him: there is not a page in the book, wise or foolish, which the latter could have written; neither his wisdom

nor his folly is of that kind. It amuses me to find myself suspected. Rogers's 'Italy' was given to me in like manner before it was claimed by its author."

Nearly two years later he writes to Mrs. Hughes:

"You have not heard, then, that the author of the 'Doctor,' &c., turns out to be a Scotchman, and a bitter enemy of the English Church? At least this is positively affirmed; and yet I cannot think he is either the one or the other. Dubois is also named as the author, a person who wrote 'My Pocket-book,' and a novel called 'Old Nick,' and who was editor of the 'Monthly Mirror,' a man of some scholarship and a great deal of small wit. He brought letters of introduction to me, when I was in Lisbon in 1801, but from what I saw of him there and afterward in London, I do not think that the better part of the 'Doctor,' &c., can be the work of one who is composed of such coarse materials himself. At Doncaster the Rev. Erskine Neale has the credit of the book: so Mrs. Hodgson (the *ex-devant* Margaret Holford) was assured, she tells me, in a bookseller's shop there; and if this is not known at Doncaster, where should it be? For who but some one connected with the place would have written all those provoking chapters 'about it and about it?' and especially that account of the Corporation, which for tiresomeness beats anything that ever was shaped into such a book, if any other such book there be. Now, methinks, I see you smile! And if you think that you see me smile also, you will not be mistaken; but it is under no other fringe than that of my own gray locks.

"However, in spite of the Doncaster chapters, (and of the Almanacs too,) I delight in the book: nobody can enjoy it more. And if I had a right to the feathers, I should stick one of the finest in my cap. On that point you see we are agreed. I shall not wear it, nevertheless, let who will be so obliging as to present it to me. Porson, if he were alive, might plume himself with it, and be in no danger of having it challenged by me."

The line of defense adopted by literary men in affiliation cases of this sort, their sometimes unconditional denial or flat contradiction, sometimes ingenious, but most disingenuous equivocations, their hedging and fencing, their doubling and flitting, their show of *nolens volens*, or he would and he would not, almost resembling the girlish tactics of Galatea,

"Et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri,"

would furnish matter for a curious chapter in the "Curiosities of Literature," and perhaps a problematical one among the problems of casuistry. Rarely, if ever, has author delighted so manifestly in playing within the precincts of his secret, and egging on others to join in the game,

as did Southey in the instance of "The Doctor."

The present series of letters contains numerous and sometimes interesting allusions to literary and other celebrities of the day, rising, established, or dying out. Hallam and Heber, Haydon and Davy, John Wilson and Henry Taylor, Lockhart and Croker, Peel and Brougham, Frere and Isaac Disraeli, Hartley Coleridge and Leigh Hunt, Allan Cunningham and Charles Lamb, Mrs. Bray and the late Mrs. Southey, the debut of Alison as an historian and of F. D. Maurice as a pamphleteer, the system of Robert Owen of Lanark, and the wholesale doings of James Morrison in Fore-street, are but a few among the so many. A fragmentary excerpt or two may here be added on topics bearing on what is of present interest. On occasion of the execution of Fauntleroy, in 1825, the practice of public executions is thus referred to:

"Though men must sometimes be hanged, (and certainly few criminals deserved it more than he did,) yet . . . no government ought to make the better parts of its subjects unhappy by making the execution a matter of general annoyance. The sentence should of course be public, but the execution should not; neither should the time when it takes place be known. It should be performed within the prison walls; when it was over, a black flag hoisted for the remainder of the day; and then the funeral should be public, and an appropriate sermon appointed for it."

Twelve years later, (1837,) in a letter to Mr. Wynn, the same subject is mooted in nearly the same words, with this preface:

"It has often been in my mind to bring forward an opinion that executions should no longer be public. Nothing but mischief, and of the worst kind, arises from making a spectacle of them."

A passage written in the opening of 1833 has its significance in the autumn of 1856:

"In this part of the country the Conservatives have rallied and shown their strength. . . . I believe there is no doubt that the rising generation at the Universities, and very many of the young aristocracy, have taken the right bias. Great expectations are formed of young Gladstone, the member for Newark, who is said to be the ablest person that Oxford has sent forth for many years, since Peel or Canning. I have always some fears for such reputations; they sometimes upset the bearer, and often indicate more dexterity than strength; but I hope he may not disappoint his friends."

Remembering the melancholy condition into which Southey fell in his closing years, there is something touching beyond the ordinary in occasional apprehensions and, as it were, deprecations such as the following, to be met with at intervals in the correspondence. On the death of Sir George Beaumont he writes to Charles Wynn in 1827:

"Few men have been so happy in all respects; he had never known any serious affliction, and was in full possession of all his faculties and capacities of enjoyment at the moment when the stroke came, which produced stupor, insensibility, and in a few days death without any consciousness of struggle."

Then of the premier's similar attack:

"Lord Liverpool, I suppose, has been over-worked. A stroke of this nature makes me feel a sort of giddiness when I hear or think of it. If it does its work at once, it is the most desirable termination of life; but if it only wrecks the sufferer in body and mind, then it is a visitation which is indeed to be deprecated."

Again, in a letter to his brother:

"Bedford wrote to me about the affection of his speech, some weeks ago; and I was willing to account for it by the extreme susceptibility of his nervous system. But any unusual sensations about the head make me feel as if there were a candle in the powder magazine."

Scott's condition in the August of 1832 is thus referred to:

"But to return to our poor friend Sir Walter: his case, I apprehend, is more painful to others than to himself; it is one of those humiliating spectacles which ought to make us understand feelingly what poor creatures we are. Life must be to him an uneasy dream, or a delirium in the interval of broken sleep, rather than any conscious suffering either of body or mind, most distressing to those about him, but less so to himself than if he knew what they were suffering."

And the death of Coleridge in 1834 elicits this retrospective and prospective meditation from his once companion and friend:

"On Tuesday next my sixtieth year will be completed. Poor Coleridge has just died at sixty-two, of old age. Time has dealt gently with me; indeed, the whole course of my life has been singularly favored by Providence, and in such a way, too, as to keep me constantly sensible of my constant dependence upon it. What may befall me during the last stage of my journey God only knows; but I enter upon it with good heart."

Merciful provision that he knew not what should befall him! Only God knew: only God could provide.

MR. SPECKLES ON HIMSELF.

HEREAFTER, men will tell each other of three poets in a single nation, Shakspeare, Milton, and Speckles: to make the third of whom nature had joined the other two. This is a junction in the line of poetry not recognized at present. That which is Not-I does not understand me, but I understand myself. It may be said, too, that—while four of my six epics are still in manuscript, while two hundred of my tragedies are not only unacted, but also unpublished, and I have issued not more than thirty volumes of my lyric verse—the materials for an estimate of my poetical genius are not yet fully laid before the country. Posterity will, I am convinced, do me justice. Speckles, whose daily diet is humble-pie, has had more than a flask of water from the springs of Helicon. It saturates his soul.

It is not only in metaphysics and in poetry that I have proved my strength. I have made in vain some of the greatest mechanical discoveries of the present age. I have planned how to send huge steamers across the Atlantic, sped by a motive power of the simplest kind—a single hen. Instead of the thirty, fifty, or a hundred horses, whose power is commonly applied to engines, and the mules used by some spinners, I am able to show how wheels may be adjusted capable of being set in motion by a hen of ordinary strength. As hens, who are tough of muscle, would be preferred for this service, there would be none left but tender chickens for the dinner-table; and on this fact I shall rely, whenever I bring out my plan, for a great deal of popular support. A hen-coop and a bushel of corn will box and feed my engine power. In me, gentlemen, you recover a Watt, a Milton, and a Bacon; but, unluckily, the Watt, Milton, and Bacon, of the twentieth century. By a mistake I have appeared in the nineteenth, and it is only for that reason that I am not fully appreciated.

There are people who say they wish me well; but who say also, that it would be absurd to expect from me a connected narrative, for that I should exalt and be-praise myself till doomsday if I were not stopped. But I appeal to an enlightened public. How can I tell you anything if I know nothing, and how can I know anything if I am blind to my own character? Do you

know what the absolute in cognition is? "Object plus subject is the absolute in cognition; matter mecum is the absolute in cognition; thoughts or mental states, together with the self or subject, are the absolute in cognition." I do not say this of myself, but have it from a distinguished professor.

How, then, do I know that there ever was such a man as my Uncle Badham, the chemist? He may have existed only in my mind as the idea of a rich uncle who was more desperately offended than anybody at my having been born a boy; but who, nevertheless, stood my godfather and my friend. After him I was christened Badham Speckles, and to him, at the age of fourteen, I was apprenticed. I was more certain of the existence of six tragedies and a farce which I had written at that time, than of the existence of my uncle, at whose table I sat, and in whose bed I slept, and at whose counter I served. The tragedies I had created. They were substantive portions of myself; but Uncle Badham (if Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, was right; as I took him then to be) may have been a phantom—an idea of mine. His beef and potatoes were also ideas, good ideas; his rhubarb and bitter aloes, his pestle and mortar, scammony and Castile soap, were bad ideas. Rochester, where we seemed to live, was built out of my own ideas, and peopled by creatures of my own. Hearing, seeing, touching, tasting, feeling, as everybody knows, is quite inadequate to prove the existence of anything or anybody, except only one's self.

Yet the phantoms moving in that dream-figure, the world, complained of me sometimes for being dreamy. I, a Speckles, a direct descendant, as the slight corruption of the family name proves, from the great Sophocles, myself the then author of six tragedies, was condemned even by the nurse-maids of Rochester, who came to me for dill-water and castor-oil. I had a little printing-press, which I kept under my bed; and by the help of which I printed many of my own fugitive pieces upon fragments of shop-paper. Many a mixture did I send out folded in immortal verse. My uncle's customers found stanzas in powder-papers, mottoes in bottle-caps, poetry even in blisters, genius in everything. They laughed in their phantom way; my uncle groaned, and shook his finger at me, like a warning ghost.

On one occasion he caused to sweep upon me the figure of a hair-dresser, who forced me into a chair, and cut away the rich, clustering hair that hung over my shoulders. At the same time he declared that he would turn me out of doors if ever I wrote another line of verse. He was in wrath because, having by mischance forgotten to make up a prescription, I had sent to a wealthy customer a bottle of air corked and capped, which, by an odd accident, was folded in a favorite poem of mine, on "The Emptiness of Things." My inadvertence gave offense. I wrote privately to the offended customer, a note of apology, of which I can almost remember the words, explaining what was the fact; that, by one of those happy concatenations of thought that now and then occur, the mention of cream of tartar in the prescription had suggested to me a poem illustrative of the pastoral condition of life among the Crim Tartars, and while I was preparing my idea, I had forgotten that I was not also preparing the prescription. The customer in question, Mr. Milcan, a puray man and a cow-keeper, was very unforgiving, and we lost him altogether.

I had an affection for my Uncle Badham, and a desire for his good-will, partly founded on the fact that he entertained thoughts of leaving me the main bulk of his property, together with his shop. I promised faithfully that I would no longer look upon his customers as my public; that I would issue no more verse; and, upon that condition, I obtained leave to write it. My uncle, indeed, took my poetry at that time to be a ferment in young blood, a state of intellectual measles, and thought it advisable that the eruption should not be suppressed.

For a time, however, I wrote no more poetry. My hair had been cut down to mere stubble, and the sudden change made me so cool in the head, that my inventive genius took more practical directions. Many things had for some time been awaiting investigation. I had observed that in every boiled potato placed upon my uncle's table, there were invariably to be seen three small holes in a right line with one another. The same observation I had made in other places, and a question had thus come to assume great prominence in my mind, Why are there always three holes in a boiled potato? I had even so early designed my anthropological treat-

ise (written in later years) on the Material of Trades, wherein I show why tradesmen absorb and become absorbed in the material by which they live. The butcher, as we all see, becomes fleshy, and consists of prime joints; the baker becomes white and doughy; the shoemaker brown and leathery; the lawyer's skin becomes converted into parchment; usurers turn yellow. The baker's blood, on the other hand, is, in some measure, yielded to his rolls; the lawyer writes on skin that represents a part of his own substance; the gall of the usurer goes with his gold. You will find the essay most important. Hereafter the fact that I wrote it will have its interest for my biographers.

I was at work upon this very subject, setting down thoughts as they occurred to me on one of the last leaves of my uncle's ledger, when one day, soon after my hair had been cut, a lovely girl came into the shop. I knew her, of course; for she was no less distinguished a person than Miss Bridget Milcan, second daughter of the cow-keeper. She was admired in all the country round about us as the belle of Rochester. She was considered to be a girl of great vivacity and spirit; but I paid little attention to the fair sex, and I knew no more of her than I know of her features and the sound of her voice. Considering how recently I had provoked her father, I feared lest Biddy Milcan might not be the bearer to my uncle of some hostile message, which I accordingly made haste to intercept. Biddy cast down her eyes when I appeared, and timidly held out to me the wrapper from her father's bottle.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said; "but I thought this poem was too valuable to be destroyed. You might desire its return."

"It is of no importance, miss," I answered; "I have other copies, and if not, so mere a trifle—"

"O, Mr. Speckles!" she said; "sir, may I then keep it? You cannot tell what consolation it has brought me; how much I do feel the emptiness of things." She folded up the paper carefully, and put it in her bosom. "Indeed, sir," she went on to say, "I wished to consult you as a professional man." She fluttered like a moth in a pill-box, looked full at a red bottle in the window, through which the light streamed in a great flush over her

face, and said, "I have felt for some months a strange sense of emptiness in the heart. Could you do anything for me?"

"My uncle, miss—"

"But I think *you* will be more likely to understand my case."

I thought a bit, and remembered that, so far as I knew of the ailments of ladies, they occur only in the head, nerves, heart, and chest. The stomach is, out of delicacy, called the heart. I thought that I understood Miss Bridget's case, and asked about her appetite. She sighed, and said that it was bad. I at once recommended tripe. That is a digestible kind of food, which is, moreover, calculated to excite a failing appetite. The sense of emptiness could be removed, no doubt, with tripe. She shook her head, and said she wished me to prescribe. If I did not mind, she would call again in a day or two, and tell me how she was. I therefore undertook to fill up the void in her heart with medicine; and began with the remedies that seemed most cognate to her case—pectoral lozenges and stomachic pills. She paid me on the spot, and came again after two days; and, in fact, every two days, always complaining of the emptiness at her heart, which I strove always vainly to fill up with lozenges and pills. These were all regularly paid for by Miss Biddy, and not entered in our books. She never asked for trust.

This kind of intercourse had gone on between us for about a month, when one morning Miss Bridget seemed unusually thoughtful. The void in her heart ached, she said, more than ever. "And, Mr. Speckles, I don't think you understand my case." She gave me a look straight into my eyes that puzzled me.

"Pardon me, Miss Bridget, I will change your lozenges." I looked confused.

She said, "Speak out, if you have anything upon your mind."

"I have, indeed, a serious question, that has long agitated me to the depths of my soul, and I think it is near solution."

"Ask it of me," she said.

"I am afraid," I stammered. "To do so would be impertinent."

"I promise," she replied, "to take it in good part, whatever it may be. Ask me your question."

"Well," I said, "it is this. Why

are there always three holes in a boiled potato?"

She bit her lip, and replied, quietly: "Because the cook progs them in the saucepan with a three-pronged fork. What else have you to ask?"

For the first time in my life I looked at her with admiration. The happiness of the suggestion pleased me. It was, indeed, far-fetched and improbable. Forks have no place in Epistemology, or the Theory of Knowing. Object plus subject, or matter mecum, is the substantial in cognition. The cook knows by matter mecum when she has boiled her potato; not by help of a three-pronged fork. Nevertheless, I was much struck by the elaborate ingenuity of Miss Bridget's reply; and, for the first time, my eye dwelt upon her with admiration.

"O, Mr. Speckles!" she said again, looking straight at the red bottle, "how often I think of those beautiful lines in the poem which you generously suffered me to keep:

To be is not to be. What is to have
But not to have? A hollow mockery
Is man's best prize. O void,
That never will be fill'd, O vacancy,
Come, let me marry thee, since so must be,
And must be must.

But let me be silent. Mr. Speckles, do you understand my case?"

She gave me another of those looks, and the truth flashed upon me. Void—marry: if she had proposed for me in form I could not have understood her better.

From that hour we got on rapidly. I made love as I could, and my suit prospered. Miss Biddy made no effort to conceal her visits from my uncle. Uncle Badham smiled upon her when they met; but it was certain that her father would not smile on me. It was, for that reason, agreed upon between us that we should elope and be married. I was to hire a post-chaise to carry us to the place of elopement. On a certain day, when her father, she said, would be out, the milk-maids and cow-keepers all being in her confidence, the carriage might call boldly at her house to take her up, and then drive on. At the foot of Rochester Bridge I was to be in waiting, and there to mount the box, it being further understood that I was to respect her feelings before our marriage by riding outside during all coach journeys.

On the appointed day, at the appointed place and time, I was in waiting; a post-chaise and four approached the bridge. It was ours. It stopped. I only glanced in at the window to where Biddy sat, in the same leghorn bonnet and stiff gown of brocaded silk that I had so often seen her wear. I murmured "Bless you!" and leaped upon the box seat; the post-boys gave me a good-humored grin of recognition, and drove on. Before we had gone far, a heavy rain set in; but as I had promised faithfully to ride outside, I kept my seat. In good time—for we drove at a tremendous pace—we arrived at the inn, where we were to dine. Our smoking horses were at rest before the door; waiters ran in and out; and, as the rain still fell in torrents, I shouted lustily for an umbrella as I leaped down, to hand my lovely prize into the inn. Landlord and waiters stood in file to receive her; but she seemed to be asleep. I touched her to awaken her. Horrible to relate, she collapsed. Nothing was there but her empty gown of that abominable silk, stiff as a board, that has now happily gone out of fashion. The gown had been seated in the coach, and Biddy's bonnet had been pinned to the coach-lining without any head in it at all.

I was fooled, deluded, made the victim of a hollow treachery. The post-boys knew it; landlord and waiters knew it. Little boys were collecting. I dashed through them, leaving the whole nightmare behind me. In ten minutes I had reached the fields outside the town. I began to think. I had in my pocket enough money to carry me to England or France; but, failing my heiress, what should I do in either place? At Rochester there was my uncle, party to the plot against me; of that I felt sure: kindly, no doubt; but could I face him? Could I face the boys of Rochester, after eloping in a post-chaise and four, with Biddy Milcan's green brocaded gown?

For some days I wandered restlessly among small towns and villages, uncertain whether to return to Rochester or to go abroad. The next number of the *Weekly Tally-ho* decided me. Therein was contained a heartless paragraph to this effect:

"ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—We understand that a romantic townsman, Mr. Bad—m Spec—s, who made, we think, an exceedingly bad

spec on the occasion, eloped on Thursday last in a post-chaise and four, with a green silk brocaded gown and leghorn bonnet, lately in the service of our lovely and fascinating townswoman, Miss B—t M—n. The dashing lover sat, we believe, on the coach-box, where the flame of his affection, though unprotected by a great-coat, was not extinguished by a heavy storm of rain. Arrived at the place of his destination, he was about to hand the object of his choice into the Corcoran's Arms, when it suddenly collapsed." (Did the fool mean that the hotel collapsed?) "The disappointed gentleman was heard to recite to the gown these lines, which, we believe, form part of a poem composed by himself:

"To be is not to be. What is to have
But not to have? A hollow mockery
Is man's best prize. O void,
That never will be fill'd; O vacancy,
Come, let me marry thee."

There was more; but I read no more. After all, it was only then that I at last understood completely Biddy Milcan's case. Her father was in the secret. The whole town was in the secret. I and my philosophy were mocked. My very name had, for the first time, suffered that malicious abbreviation of which I have since heard so much. The boys would be crying at my heels, "Bad Spec!" I determined to quit Rochester.

It was in this way that I first became a traveler, and I have been upon my travels ever since. They have not enriched me. My Uncle Badham omitted my name from his will. My father died, having forgotten me; and my mother afterward died, blessing me, while I was still abroad. My brothers behaved to me according to my circumstances. Sometimes a speculation made me rich. Then I had letters from them signed, Affectionately yours. Soon afterward perhaps I was a beggar, and affectionately theirs to no good purpose. In Germany I thrived for a short time by publishing a perfectly new system of metaphysics, which I caused to be translated from my manuscript by a gentleman who, as I found afterward, had an exceedingly imperfect acquaintance with the English language. The book was, on that account, made perhaps more incomprehensible than I should have desired; but it achieved a vast success, and was translated into English. By this means I discovered how extremely ill my German friend had done his work; because my book, when translated into English, was a continuous boggle and confusion of my meaning. I never put my own name to it, and I never will; although it is, to this day, a text-book among many students of

metaphysics, both in Germany and in England.

As a speculator, I have made some good hits here in America; though I have met with too many disasters. I did mean to mention some of the catastrophes I have survived; but I will content myself with naming one idea, that was designed to bring about a terrible catastrophe elsewhere. Grievously insulted by Miss Milcan and her father, I long brooded on a terrible revenge. At last, the method of it dawned upon me. If I could supersede the necessity of cow-keeping—crush Milcan with the milk-trade of the country? What was more easy? The idea was suggested to me by a trifling circumstance. A trifling circumstance it generally is by which great thoughts are suggested. I was English teacher at a school in Germany, and had been explaining something to an English boy, who, when I had done, said impudently, "That accounts for the milk in cocoa-nuts."

Millions of cocoa-nut trees in all parts of the globe are yielding seas of milk, and no account has yet been rendered of the precious offering. At once I planned a Cocoa-Nut-Milk Churning Company. Although it is now too late to ruin Milcan, it is not too late for somebody else to make his fortune. Let him take good offices in the city, raise in shares a capital of two millions sterling; with which send out churns and cocoa-nut crackers to the chief cocoa-nut districts, Labrador, Vancouver's Island, or wherever they may be. Let nuts be obtained by the usual method—throwing stones at monkeys; if necessary, it would be easy to send out pebbles. You see the rest at once. Crack nuts, and pour milk into shallow pans. In due time, skim; churn some of the cream; of which make cheeses, clotting the rest, according to the well known process. Bring home the results in tins, with a sufficient quantity of pure milk in unbroken shells, to be supplied every morning fresh from the nut to the entire population. In support of my scheme, I have collected many facts upon the state of the milk now supplied to the metropolis, much of which comes from consumptive cows, or is made from chalk, and nicknamed "Pure Orange County Milk." Now I want to know if anybody has ever heard of a consumptive cocoa-nut?

EARLY AMERICAN POETRY.

IT is not a great while since any inquiries into the early efforts of our countrymen in polite letters would have seemed fitly introduced with an apology. Men thought too little of attempting to discover the scattered proofs of literary taste and genius; a general excuse for presumed deficiencies was found in the character of our ancestors; and no investigations were made to search out the almost forgotten memorials of former efforts, and trace the culture of the country to its origin. Now, however, we can bear even to hear the deficiencies of early times freely discussed and exposed. But, in fact, the literary condition of our fathers, far from needing an apology, furnishes a just cause for pride to their descendants.

The first poem of any length or pretension composed within the limits of the present United States, was, probably, a Latin description of New-England, written in hexameter verse, by William Morrill, an Episcopal clergyman. He came to New-England in 1623, and remained but a year, during which period he devoted himself to poetry.

The first book ever printed in the United States was an original version of the Psalms, with the title, "*The Psalms in Meter, Faithfully Translated for the use, edification, and comfort of the Saints in Public and Private, especially in New-England.*" The authors of this version were John Eliot, Thomas Wilde, and Richard Mather. The version is homely, the rhymes uncouth, the construction of the sentences unnatural, and the whole almost devoid of spirit and elegance. The translators apologize for these defects as follows:

"If, therefore, the verses are not always so smooth and elegant as some may desire and expect, let them consider that God's altar needs not our polishings; for we have respected rather a plain translation, than to smoothe our verses with the sweetness of any paraphrase, and we have attended conscience rather than elegance, fidelity rather than poetry, in translating the Hebrew words into English language, and David's poetry into English metre."

There is not the slightest attempt to accommodate the Psalms to the condition of the times; they remain as Jewish as though they were to be sung again on the Euphrates, or chanted in solemn pomp within the walls of the Holy City.

Soon after the above version was published, the Rev. Henry Dunster and Mr. Richard Lyon were appointed a committee to revise and improve the Psalms. These gentlemen, as appears from an advertisement to the godly reader, had "special eye both to the gravity of the phrase of Sacred Writ and sweetness of the verse."

Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, the "mirror of her age, and glory of her sex," made her appearance as a poetess in 1642. The title-page of her volume is almost a table of contents:

"Several Poems, compiled with great variety of Wit and Learning, full of Delight; wherein especially is contained a Compleat Discourse and Description of the four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, Seasons of the Year, together with an exact Epitome of the three first Monarchies, viz.: the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman Commonwealth, from the beginning to the end of their last King. With divers other Pleasant and Serious Poems. By a Gentlewoman of New-England."

From the topics treated of in the volume the general character of it is apparent. By constitutions the four temperaments are in fact intended, and they are described with tolerable accuracy. The following quotation, from a poem entitled "*Contemplations*," is a favorable specimen of Mrs. Bradstreet's language and poetic talent:

"Then higher on the glittering sun I gazed,
Whose beams were shaded by the leavy tree;
The more I looked the more I grew amazed,
And softly said, What glory like to thee?
Lord of this world, this universe's eye,
No wonder some made thee a deity;
Had I not better known, alas! the same had I.
* * * * *
Thou, as a bridegroom from thy chamber rushes,
And as a strong man, joys to run a race,
The moon doth usher thee with smiles and blushes;
The earth reflects her glances in thy face.
Art thou so full of glory that no eye
Hath strength thy shining rays once to behold?
And is thy splendid throne erect so high?
As to approach it can no earthly mold.
How full of glory then must thy Creator be,
Who gave this bright light luster unto thee?
Admired, adored forever be that Majesty!"

We believe these lines will leave on the mind an impression favorable to the first American poetess. They will be read with surprise by all who are not imbued a little with the antiquities of the country, especially when it is remembered that they were written within twenty years of the first landing of the Pilgrims.

Governor Bradford, too, was something of a poet, and was altogether a learned man, being acquainted with several languages. His most celebrated poem is entitled, "*A Descriptive and Historical Account of New-England in Verse*." Benjamin Woodbridge wrote a poem on the death of a friend, in which these lines occur, which are thought to have furnished Franklin with the hint for his epitaph on himself:

"A living, breathing Bible: tables, where
Both covenants at large engraven were;
Gospel and law, in 's heart had each its column;
His head an index to the sacred volume;
His very name a title-page; and next,
His life a commentary on the text.
O, what a monument of glorious worth,
When in a new edition he comes forth!
Without erratas, may we think he'll be
In leaves and covers of eternity."

But the following lines from Joseph Capen's elegy on the "death of that ingenious mathematician and printer, John Foster," bear a more striking resemblance to the epitaph of Franklin:

"Thy body, which no activeness did lack,
Now's laid aside, like an old almanack;
But for the present only's out of date,
'Twill have, at length, a far more active state.
Yea, though with dust thy body soiled be,
Yet, at the resurrection we shall see
A fair edition, and of matchless worth,
Free from *errata*, new in heaven set forth;
'Tis but a word from God, the great Creator,
It shall be done when he says *Inprimatur*."

The finest poetry written in the times of which we are speaking, was upon the death of distinguished persons, who were remarkable for piety, talents, or learning. One of the best poems of this period (1677) was written by Resident Oakes, "the Lactantius of New-England," on the death of the Rev. Thomas Shepard. All testimonies respecting this Mr. Shepard unite in celebrating his talents and virtues. Devotion to duty caused his death. Having heard that one of his parishioners, who was dying with the small-pox, wished to see him, he went without hesitation into the midst of the pestilence, carrying, as he well knew, his life in his hands. The poem on his death has so much merit that we cannot refrain from quoting several verses from it, both as illustrating the literary character of Resident Oakes, and the moral worth of the man who was at the

head of the clergy of New-England, and who, having lived the life of a blameless Christian, died a martyr's death :

" Art, nature, grace, in him were all combined,
To show the world a matchless paragon,
In whom of radiant virtues no less shined
Than a whole constellation; but he's gone!
He's gone; alas! down in the dust must lie
As much of this rare person as could die.

" His look commanded reverence and awe,
Though mild and amiable, not austere:
Well humored was he, as I ever saw,
And ruled by love and wisdom more than fear.
The Muses and the Graces, too, conspired
To set forth this rare piece to be admired."

The next poet among the early settlers of New England was "an able, godly Englishman, named Peter Foulger, who was employed in teaching youth in reading, writing, and the principles of religion." Foulger's daughter was the mother of Dr. Franklin. His principal poem was entitled, "*A Looking-Glass for the Times*." In this poem Foulger addresses the magistrates in favor of liberty of conscience, and argues warmly in behalf of the persecuted Anabaptist Quakers. To this persecution he attributes the war with the Indians, and other calamities which afflicted the country, regarding them as the judgments of God in punishment of so odious an offense against liberty of conscience.

It would take up too much time and space to enumerate all, who, in any way, contributed to preserve the rhyming art among us. It is said that even Roger Williams assuaged the sorrows of his exile by writing poetry; and the great men of those days were not suffered to die "without the aid of some melodious tear." Nathaniel Pitcher (1684—1724) was a considerable poet. His death was celebrated in an Elegiac Poem, "*on the prophet Pitcher, whose sacred Pitcher the gloomy fates had arraigned*," and learned notes, with passages from Persius, Ovid, Horace, are thickly interspersed. Roger Wolcott, in 1725, published a long poem, entitled, "*A Brief Account of the Agency of the Honorable John Winthrop, in the Court of King Charles the Second*."

The poetry of the Rev. John Adams was extremely popular in its time. In his poetry, published in 1745, we discern a cultivated mind, pure feeling, and poetic ambition. The volume contains an Address to the Supreme Being, which is a sort of prayer for assistance as a poet; Halleluiahs attempted; Religious poems, on Content-

ment, on Joy, on Society, in three cantos; Odes of Horace; and a versification of the book of Revelation.

John Osborn, a poet who wrote about this time, (1735,) went to Nature for his inspiration; and though not ranking very high, there is still something of a poetic spirit in him. His "Whaling Song" went through several editions, and, it is said, is still sung by Pacific fishermen. While at college, he addressed a consolatory poetical letter to his sister, on the death of another of his sisters. We cannot but admire the opening of this elegy.

" Dear sister, see the smiling spring,
In all its beauties here;
The groves a thousand pleasures bring,
A thousand grateful scenes appear.
With tender leaves the trees are crown'd,
And scattered blossoms all around,
Of various dyes,
Salute your eyes,
And cover o'er the speckled ground.
Now thickets shade the glassy fountains;
Trees o'erhang the purling streams;
Whispering breezes brush the mountains,
Grotts are fill'd with balmy steams.

" But, sister, all the sweets that grace
The spring and blooming nature's face;
The chirping birds,
Nor lowing herds;
The woody hills,
Nor murm'ring rills;
The sylvan shades,
Nor flowery meads,
To me their former joys dispense,
Though all their pleasures court my sense,
But melancholy damps my mind;
I lonely walk the field,
With inward sorrow fill'd,
And sigh to every breathing wind."

Dr. Mather Byles had such a reputation as a scholar and a poet as to attract the notice and gain the friendship of Pope and other English *literati*. His poem, entitled "*The Conflagration*," contains some vigorous passages. He sings the "grand catastrophe of our world, when the face of nature is to be changed by a deluge of fire." As this poem is very scarce, and must be considered a curiosity, we give an extract to show its style:

" Yet shall ye, Flames, the wasting globe refine,
And bid the skies with purer splendor shine;
The earth which the prolific fires consume,
To beauty burns, and withers into bloom;
Improving in the fertile flame it lies,
Fades into form, and into vigor dies;
Fresh dawning glories blush amid the blaze,
And nature all renews her flowery face.
With endless charms the everlasting year,
Rolls round the seasons in a full career;
Spring, ever blooming, bids the fields rejoice,
And warbling birds try their melodious voice;

Where'er she treads, lilies unbidden blow,
Quick tulips rise, and sudden roses glow;
Her pencil paints a thousand beauteous scenes,
Where blossoms bud amid immortal greens;
Each stream, in mazes, murmurs as it flows,
And floating forests gently bend their boughs.
Thou, Autumn, too, sitt'st in the fragrant shade,
While the ripe fruits blush all around thy head:
And lavish Nature, with luxuriant hands,
All the soft months, in gay confusion blends."

In 1765 Thomas Godfrey, of Philadelphia, published a volume of poems, containing a tragedy entitled "*The Prince of Parthia*." This tragedy is believed to be the first effort of the dramatic muse in America. The "*Court of Fancy*," a poem in heroic measure, "is superior to his tragedy in its diction, but has little originality of thought or illustration."

Joseph Green was a cotemporary of Byles, and celebrated for his humor. A short specimen of his humor we give: An honest farmer, knowing Green's reputation as a poet, and wishing to get a first-rate epitaph written for a favorite servant, who had just died, paid a visit to the poet. Having stated his wants, Green asked him what were the qualities of his servant. The farmer answered that he was excellent in all things, but that he excelled in *raking hay*, which he could do faster than anybody. Green immediately wrote,

"Here lies the body of John Cole,
His master loved him like his soul;
He could rake hay, none could rake faster,
Except that raking dog, his master."

Phillis Wheatley, an African girl, was certainly a prodigy. In 1761, Mrs. John Wheatley, of Boston, went to the slave-market to select and purchase a negro girl. Among the group she observed a girl of about eight years of age, of a peculiarly interesting countenance and manners. The child was in a state of almost perfect nakedness. The lady purchased the child, and brought her home. The extraordinary intelligence she soon displayed, induced her mistress to teach her to read; and such was the rapidity with which this was effected, that in eighteen months the African child had so mastered the English language, to which she was an utter stranger before, as to read with ease the most difficult parts of the Bible. As she grew up, her extraordinary attainments attracted the notice of literary persons, who lent her books and encouraged her. At the early age of fourteen, she appears first to have attempted literary compo-

sition; and between this period and the age of nineteen, the whole of her poems which were given to the world, seem to have been written. Her favorite author was Pope, and her favorite work his translation of the *Iliad*. It is not, of course, surprising that her poems should present many features of resemblance to those of her cherished author and model. She began also the study of the Latin tongue, and actually translated Ovid's *Tales*. A great number of Phillis's poems were written to commemorate the deaths of the friends who had been kind to her. The following little poem is on the death of a young man of great promise:

"Who taught thee conflict with the powers of night,
To vanquish Satan in the fields of fight?
Who strung thy feeble arms with might unknown?
How great thy conquest, and how bright thy crown!
War with each principedom, throne, and power is o'er;
The scene is ended, to return no more.
O, could my muse thy seat on high behold,
How deck'd with laurel and enrich'd with gold!
O, could she hear what praise thy harp employs,
How sweet thine anthems, how divine thy joys,
What heavenly grandeur should exalt thy strain!
What holy raptures in her numbers reign!
To soothe the troubles of the mind to peace,
To still the tumult of life's tossing seas,
To ease the anguish of the parent's heart,
What shall my sympathizing verse impart?
Where is the balm to heal so deep a wound?
Where shall a sovereign remedy be found?
Look, gracious Spirit! from thy heavenly bower,
And thy full joys into their bosoms pour;
The raging tempest of their griefs control,
And spread the dawn of glory through the soul,
To eye the path the saint departed trod,
And trace him to the bosom of his God."

We have no hesitation in asserting that these lines, written by an African slave girl of fifteen years, are quite equal to a great number of the verses that appear in all standard collections of English poetry, under the names of Halifax, Dorset, and others. True, her lines are faulty, but the faults are those which characterize the models she copied from; for it must be recollected that, sixty years ago, the older authors of England were almost unknown; and till the return to nature and truth in the works of Cowper, the only popular writers were those who followed the artificial, though polished style, introduced with Charles II. from the continent. This accounts fully for the elaborate versification of the negro's poetry; since it re-

quired minds such as those of Wordsworth and Cowper to throw off the trammels of this artificial style, and to revive the native vigor and simplicity of their country's earlier poetry.

Philip Frenau was a poet of sterling merit. His career began just before the Revolution, and continued until the nineteenth century. He seems to form the connection between our earlier and our more recent poets. He is remarkable for humor and ease; he is national, and possesses a fine imagination, but nothing of the sentimental. He was one of the best of the poets whose powers were called into action by the stirring events of our great struggle for liberty. His poems were first collected and published in 1786. "His patriotic songs and ballads, which are superior to any metrical compositions then written in this country, were everywhere sung with enthusiasm." We have space but for one specimen of Frenau's poetry, his graceful lines on "The Wild Honeysuckle:"

"Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouch'd thy honey'd blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

"By nature's self in white array'd,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye;
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

"Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see thy future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts and autumn's power,
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

"From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower."

SUBMISSION.

The following verses, which in the original German are exquisitely beautiful, were written by the devoted and heavenly-minded *Moses*, when obliged by illness to resign the pastoral office.

Thus said the Lord, "Thy days of health are over!"
And like the mist my vigor fled away,
Till but a feeble shadow was remaining,
A fragile frame, fast hastening to decay.
The May of life, with all its blooming flowers,
The joys of life, in colors bright array'd,
The hopes of life, in all their airy promise,—
I saw them in the distance slowly fade.

Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise,
Then silent tears would overflow my eyes!
But a warm sunbeam from a higher sphere
Stole through the gloom, and dried up every
tear:

Is this Thy will, good Lord? the strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

"Thy cherish'd flock thou mayest feed no longer!"

Thus said the Lord who gave them to my hand;
Nor even was my sinking heart permitted
To ask the reason of the dread command.

The shepherd's rod had been so gladly carried,
The flock had followed long and loved it well.
Alas! the hour was dark, the stroke was
heavy,

When sudden from my nerveless grasp it fell.

Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise,

Then rushing tears would overflow my eyes!

But I beheld *Thee*, O my Lord and God,

Beneath the cross lay down the Shepherd's rod:

Is this Thy will, good Lord? the strife is o'er,

Thy servant weeps no more.

"Never again thou mayest feed thy people!"

Thus said the Lord, with countenance severe,

And bade me lay aside at once, forever,

The robes of office, honor'd long and dear.

The sacred mantle from my shoulders falling—

The sacred girdle loosening at His word;

I could but feel and say, while sadly gazing,
I have been once a Pastor of the Lord.

Then groans of anguish in my soul would rise,

Then burning tears would overflow my eyes!

But his own garment once was torn away,

To the rude soldiery a spoil and prey:

Is this Thy will, good Lord? the strife is o'er,

Thy servant weeps no more.

"From the calm port of safety rudely sever'd,
Through stormy waves thy shatter'd bark must
go,

And dimly see, amid the darkness sinking,

Nothing but heavens above and depths below!"

Thus said the Lord; and through a raging
ocean

Of doubts and fears my spirit toil'd in vain.

Ah! many a dove went forth of hope inquiring,

But none with olive-leaf return'd again!

Then groans of anguish in my soul would rise,

Then tears of bitterness o'erflow'd my eyes!

Yet through the gloom the promised light was
given—

From the dark waves I could look up to heaven!

Is this Thy will, good Lord? the strife is o'er,

Thy servant weeps no more.

"Thou shalt find kindred hearts in love united,

And with them in the wilderness rejoice;

But stand prepared, each gentle tie untwining,

To separate at my commanding voice!"

Thus said the Lord—He gave as He had prom-
ised.

How many a loving heart has met my own!

But ever must the tender bonds be broken,

And each go onward, distant, and alone?

Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise,

Then tears of anguish overflow'd my eyes!

But *Thou* hast known the bitter parting day,

From the beloved John hast turn'd away.

Is this Thy will, Good Lord? the strife is o'er,

Thy servant weeps no more.

The National Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1856.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

END OF THE VOLUME.—THE NATIONAL is four and a half years old to-day, and this number closes our ninth volume. Our Subscription List is larger than that attained in the same time by any similar publication issued under the same auspices. Our publishers, however, are anxious to increase the list. In the way of mechanical execution, paper, type, and pictorial embellishments, they pledge themselves that nothing shall be lacking on their part. In these respects, complimentary as have been the "notices" of the press in all directions, there is room for improvement, and it will be made. As to the editorial supervision, it is not necessary to review the past, and we have no disposition to indulge in speculations for the future. Our readers have seen, and are as able as ourselves to appreciate our Bill of Fare for each successive month. We have not deemed it seemly on our part, to call special attention to particular articles, nor to praise one at the expense of another, as is the custom of some of our contemporaries, a custom, we cannot help thinking,

"More honored in the breach than the observance."

So with regard to the future. We have no special promises to make, no labored programme of our intentions with which to tempt the reader. He shall not say of us, as we heard said the other day of a neighboring publication, "It is an everlasting programme with no performance." What we mean to do is, with the assistance of competent contributors, to furnish a monthly visitor, independent in its opinions of men and things, but temperate in the expression of them; religious, but not sectarian; blending the solid and the useful with the lively and the amusing; and, in so far as we have the ability, deserving that extended circulation which our spirited publishers desire.

OUR COTEMPORARIES.—We ought long since to have acknowledged the flattering compliment paid to THE NATIONAL by that veteran in the ranks—an abler as well as an older soldier—the KNICKERBOCKER, of this city. Our modesty will not allow us to transcribe his honeyed phrases, but we assure KNICK that, although no one of our exchanges is so frequently stolen by the way, none is perused with more pleasure when it does reach us. We are indebted to PUTNAM'S MONTHLY in another direction. KNICK copied from our pages with acknowledgment and laudation. We copied from PUTNAM, and omitted to give credit, which we now do, cheerfully, by stating that the article in our October number, entitled "A Diver's Tale of the Ocean's Depths," appeared originally in that admirably-conducted magazine. We wish them both all the success they deserve, and that ought to satisfy their most enlarged expectation.

LONGEVITY OF MINISTERS.—In looking over the Obituary of Wesleyan ministers in England and Ireland, as found in the "Minutes" of the

present year, we were forcibly struck with the long life to which many of them attained. There were twenty-nine who died during the year, and the average of their lives was something more than sixty-two years. In referring to the "Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the year 1855," we find the number who died to be fifty-two, and the average age to be only forty-four years. Of the twenty-nine British preachers, ten, or more than one-third, lived more than three score years and ten; while of the American clergy only four out of fifty-two reached that age. One half of those who died in the United States were under forty-five years of age; more than half of those who died in Great Britain were over sixty-five. Of ministers who did not live to see their fortieth year there were in England only four; in the United States there were twenty-three, and of that number six were less than thirty years of age. Can any good reason be given for this great difference?

MEASUREMENT OF THE MIND.—Mr. George Gilfillan has recently given to the world—we believe it has not been reprinted in this country—what he calls "The History of a Man." A London critic thus introduces a slashing review of the man and his history:

"When we contemplate the purchase of a horse, we lead him up to the measuring-bar, and there ascertain the precise number of hands and inches which he stands: what a blessing it would be if we could subject the mental stature of human beings to an analogous process of measurement! There is nothing we have often so longed for, as some recognized and unerring gauge of mental caliber. We wish to goodness that somewhere, in a very conspicuous position—say at Charing Cross or Hyde Park Corner—there were a pillar erected, graduated by some new Fahrenheit, on which we could measure the height of a man's mind. How delightful it would be to drag up some pompous pretender, who passes off at once upon himself and upon others as a profound and able man, and make him measure his height upon that pillar, and understand beyond all cavil what a contemptible pigmy he is! And how pleasant, too, it would be, to bring up some man of unacknowledged genius, and make the world see the reach of his intellectual stature. The mass of educated people, even, are so incapable of forming any estimate of a man's ability, that it would be a blessing if men could be sent out into the world with the stamp upon them, telling what are their weight and value, plain for every one to see. So should we settle the irreconcilable differences of opinion which exist in regard to the merits of those members of the race whose thoughts have been printed and given to the remainder of it. There have been people who maintained that Shakspeare was an over-rated impostor. We have seen a paper in a Scotch magazine, in which Mr. George Gilfillan is declared to be the first prose writer of the day—though, to be sure, that paper may have been written by Mr. George Gilfillan himself. And in this valuable work, *The History of a Man*, we find an individual, whose main characteristics appear to us to be bombast, quackery, and impudence, bewailing the success of charlatans and humbugs. Mr. George Gilfillan, we take it, bears the same relation to a genuine critic, that the sound produced by banging a tea-tray bears to genuine thunder."

POVERTY OF MINISTERS.—We have heard and read many bitter complainings of the inadequate compensation of ministers of the Gospel of various denominations. This state of things is not, it seems, peculiar to this country. Mr. Gilfillan, in the volume so savagely cut up by the reviewer above referred to, gives the following, perhaps exaggerated, but in the main truthful account of the poverty of many of the Scotch dissenting clergy:

"The voluntary principle with a proportion of the laity, means not voluntary giving, but voluntary withholding. What misery it has often entailed upon dissenting clergymen and on their families! I have known clergymen of great talent insulted in the street for petty debts, which the most rigorous economy could not prevent them from contracting, owing to their narrow incomes; and of others, all their lifetime subject to bondage, the most galling bondage, that of hopeless and honest debt. When there were wives or families in the case, I have witnessed or heard of cases even worse; I have heard of *stipends paid in silver or copper installments*; and of the wives of clergymen, when asking for a small portion of their dues a little in advance, receiving it in the language of reluctance spiced with insulting wonder—how they could wish or contrive to spend so much! I have known of families where the children were half fed, half clad, and almost wholly uneducated; and of others which were compelled to eke out by mean shifts, by gentled beggary, or by unceasing toil, the miserable pittance they received. I have seen the tears of them that were thus oppressed; the brave wife bursting out, after long effort to conceal her feelings, into wild sobs of despair; the children sharing in and echoing her anguish, and the husband retreating, with these sounds in his ears, to his study, to prepare, forsooth, an elaborate sermon for the ensuing Sabbath. And worst of all, I have known many classes of laymen, from the rich farmer or merchant down to the humble artisan, speaking with callous contempt of such sufferings."

GROWTH OF THE WEST.—From an able address, delivered at Indianapolis, by our esteemed friend, the Hon. Oliver H. Smith, we make a few extracts, showing the almost incredible rapidity with which, in the great West, cities grow up in the wilderness, and everything else goes ahead:

"Indiana was born in the year 1816, with some sixty-five thousand inhabitants—only about forty years ago. A few counties only were then organized; the whole middle, north, and northwest portions of the state were an unbroken wilderness, in the possession of the Indians. Well do I remember when there were but two white families settled west of the White Water Valley; one on Flat Rock, above where Rushville now stands, and the other on Brandywine, near where Greensfield was afterward located. When I first visited the ground on which Indianapolis now stands, the whole country east to White Water, and west to the Wabash, was a dense, unbroken forest. There were no public roads, no bridges over any of the streams. The traveler had literally to swim his way. No cultivated farms, no houses to shelter or feed the weary traveler or his jaded horse. The courts, years afterward, were held in log huts, and the juries sat under the shade of the forest trees. I was Circuit Prosecuting Attorney at the time of the trials at the Falls of Fall Creek, where Pendleton now stands; four of the prisoners were convicted of murder, and three of them hung for killing Indians. The court was held in a double log cabin, the grand jury sat upon a log in the woods, and the foreman signed the bills of indictment, that I had prepared, upon his knee; there was not a petit juror that had shoes on; all wore moccasins, and were belted around the waist, and carried side knives, used by the hunter. The products of the country consisted of peltries, the wild game killed in the forest by the Indian hunters, the fish caught in the interior lakes, rivers, and creeks, the papaw, wild plum, haws, and small berries gathered by the squaws from the woods. The travel was confined to the single horse and his rider, the commerce to the pack-saddle, and the navigation to the Indian canoe. Many a time and oft have I crossed our swollen streams, by day and by night, sometimes swimming my horse, and at others paddling the rude bark canoe of the Indian. Such is a mere sketch of our state when I traversed its wilds, and I am not one of its first settlers."

"How stands the state to-day, as compared with Indiana at the time of her admission into the Union? She then contained the same area of thirty-three thousand eight hundred and nine square miles. Then, as now, she embraced the same minerals, the same fertile soil, and lay in the lap of the great Mississippi Valley. Her beautiful rivers and smaller streams then, as now, meandered through every part of her territory. But then the state only contained some sixty-five thousand inhabitants, confined to a few counties; now she

contains some one million five hundred thousand, spread over her ninety-one counties. Then there was not a railroad of any considerable length in the Union; now we have, in the United States, more miles of railroad than all the world beside; and such has already been the concentration of railroads at our capital, that Indianapolis has, by common consent, received the name of "the Railroad City of the West." The trains of nine railroads, radiating from the capital, in full operation are hourly entering and leaving our city, exchanging their freight, and more than four thousand passengers daily, in our splendid Union Passenger Depot, while other important lines of railroad are being constructed to our city; and this is only the beginning of the end. Such is the rapid progress of this astonishing age. Time is flying with the rapidity of thought; the new world seems to be moving with uncommon velocity, and man is progressing to his ultimate high destiny under an impetus without a parallel in the history of our race."

PROPHECY.—The following, written by Southey, years before the advent of Jo. Smith, or any appearance of the Mormon delusion, seems like a prediction:

"There is a good opening for a new religion, but the founder must start up in some of the darker parts of the world. It is America's turn to send out apostles. A new one there must be when the old one is worn out. I am a believer in the truth of Christianity, but truth will never do for the multitude; there is an appetite for faith in us, which, if it be not duly indulged, turns to green sickness, and feeds upon chaff and cinders."

"WORDSWORTH AND MYSELF," said Rogers, the poet, "had walked to Highgate to call on Coleridge, when he was living at Gillman's. We sat with him two hours, he talking the whole time without intermission. When we left the house we walked for some time without speaking. 'What a wonderful man he is!' exclaimed Wordsworth. 'Wonderful indeed,' said I. 'What depth of thought, what richness of expression!' continued Wordsworth. 'There's nothing like him that ever I heard,' rejoined I. Another pause. 'Pray,' inquired Wordsworth, 'did you precisely understand what he said about the Kantian philosophy?' R. 'Not precisely.' W. 'Or about the plurality of worlds?' R. 'I can't say that I did. In fact, if the truth must out, I did not understand a syllable from one end of his monologue to the other.' W. 'No more did I.'"

POPULAR RELIGIOUS TEACHING.—A writer in the *Eclectic* thus satirizes the popular sermonizers of the day:

"With the spiritual thermometer below the freezing-point, and the mental vision beyond the cure of men, there is sufficient and more than sufficient of the pretentious. Some step out like Italian dancing-masters; others lounge and dress their sermons like a faded beauty; others give you such a tissue of stylistic nonsense and tasteless verbosity to cover their mental darkness, as positively keeps you in the alternative of wonderment and fear. Substantives innocent of adjectives, wondering what happy accident has suddenly brought them together; figures which you may figure; a sentence with a tail, and nobody to carry it, dragging in the mud; 'rosy-footed morning' and 'pink-eyed evening' hobnobbing to each other; 'gurgling streams' and 'meandering cherubim of glorious visions brighter than can be transplanted,' together with sleeping or gaping hearers, in short, Don Quixote in the pulpit, and Sancho Panza in the pews; a very useful combination."

"We have heard of a rare compound of 'Bonserges' and 'Flowerpots,' in the north of Scotland, who, utterly unable, from sheer exhaustion, to proceed, could at last, cuss out single words to electrify his audience. 'Eh, wasn't he grand at last,' observed one of his hearers to the other, 'on the word, Mesopotaw-

mia!" There is a good deal of this 'Mesopotawmia' grandeur, where words are smothered in figures or figures in words, and both mental and moral nakedness concealed amid 'high swelling words of vanity.' Still, as this passes among the half-educated for elegance, and the uneducated for eloquence, and as preacher and hearers share in the unreality, 'Flower-pots' are decidedly the thing for the ecclesiastical 'season.'

"Christianity and its mysteries—what a theme! the wants of our fellow-men, living, suffering, waiting, working, weeping, perishing—what realities! the mission of the Church—what a calling! And are these the performances, is this the food of souls, the light of the world, the salt of the earth, this mass of canting, of insanity, and of unreality? What we need is *truth, life, love*; one sentence of it is worth a volume of traditionalism, of terrification, and of trash. And yet how rare is it!

"A good and useful preacher is one who, with mental cultivation, combines the prime qualities of spiritual experience and spiritual sympathy, who, instead of a system of doctrines, gives you what he has experienced, and what your heart and your life require both for time and for eternity. He speaks to the hearts of his hearers. Out of the rich treasury of Christian truth he brings the 'pearl of great price'; he wins your admiration for it; he gains your consent to purchase and to wear it. He is sound in doctrine and values orthodox truth, but he knows that formularies are without value unless they are understood and felt by himself and his audience, and he prefers to adapt his teaching to your and your fellow-men's wants, rather than to tradition. He drinks at the spring of Scriptural truth; he sympathizes with all that is holy, good, and noble; and, having led his hearers to the cross, he points them to fields of becoming usefulness in the Church and the world. However unaffected, he is powerful; however simple his strain, such melody is divine."

DIED AT HIS POST.—Our esteemed friend, the Rev. James V. Watson, editor of the *North-western Christian Advocate*, died at his residence in Chicago, Illinois, on the 17th of October. That he lived so long was matter of surprise to all who knew him, and yet the tidings of his death came upon us unexpectedly. No man of our acquaintance so wonderfully exemplified the supremacy of mind over the weak and failing physical faculties. For many months his body was so exceedingly frail that it seemed almost a miracle that the soul could make it a habitation, and yet he was always cheerful and even brilliant in conversation, and as editor of the *Advocate* performed such an amount of intellectual labor weekly as would have seriously tasked any man in the most vigorous health. For many weeks previous to his death he was confined to his bed, his lower limbs being entirely powerless, and in that condition he dictated all the leading articles for his paper, being too weak to hold a pen.

On the morning of the day on which he died we are told that he dictated an article, and just as the printers were putting it in type he breathed his last. He thus literally died at his post, determined to fulfill all its duties while the flame of life continued to burn, and prepared at any moment to leave it when the Master should call him to "come up higher." A political paper, (*The Democratic Press*), to which we are indebted for these particulars, pays this tribute to his memory:

"Mr. Watson was a remarkable man, whose loss will be deeply felt by his own denomination of Christians, and hardly less deeply by the public at large. Possessed of great activity of temperament, the moral and intellectual elements of his nature were most happily combined to give firm integrity of purpose and a quickness of apprehension that seemed rather intuition than reason. He was a brilliant and forcible writer, and his singular and magnetic eloquence will

be long remembered by those who have heard him on occasions calculated to touch his sympathies and awaken his warm social feelings. His life was in an eminent degree useful, and his memory will be a blessing to all who have come within the sphere of his influence."

THE ZION'S HERALD.—A little late, indeed, but, from the nature of our publication, this is our first opportunity to welcome to the editorial fraternity our friend, Professor Haven. We have just read his salutatory in that time-honored and influential journal, the *Zion's Herald*, of Boston. It is admirably written, and although the new editor has a difficult task before him, we are quite certain that the paper, under his control, will be fully equal to what it ever was in the best days of his predecessors. We wish him and his *Herald* all possible prosperity and success.

THE GENERAL CONVENTION of the Protestant Episcopal Church, recently in session at Philadelphia, has restored Bishop H. U. Onderdonk. The resolution for the immediate and unconditional remission of the sentence of suspension, under which he has suffered for twelve years, was adopted in the house of bishops by a vote of twenty-one to eight. At the same convention the Bishop of the diocese of Illinois offered his resignation, but it was not accepted.

WORKING A TRAVERSE.—The following is the singular history of Mr. Labouchere, late a member of the British Cabinet: In 1822 he was a clerk in the banking-house of Mr. Hope, in Amsterdam, and was sent by his patron to Lord Baring, the celebrated banker of London, to negotiate a loan. He displayed in this affair so much ability that he attracted the attention of the English banker.

"Ah!" said he one day to Lord Baring, "you have a charming daughter; will you not accord me her hand?"

"Young man, no pleasantry! I like you much, but how could Miss Baring become the wife of a common clerk?"

"But," said Mr. Labouchere, "if I were associated with Mr. Hope?"

"Ah, that is very different, and would most materially lessen the inequality between you."

Mr. Labouchere returned to Amsterdam, and said to his patron, Mr. Hope, "I must be your partner!"

"My friend, do you think of that? You are without fortune, and—"

"But if I were a member of Lord Baring's family?"

"Indeed! Why, in that case I would give you a partnership on the spot!"

On the strength of these two promises, Mr. Labouchere returned to England, and about two months afterward married Miss Baring, because he had the promise of Mr. Hope to make him a partner as soon as he was married to her, and became associated with Mr. Hope because he was married to Miss Baring.

SCENES AND SIGHTS IN THE EAST.—From Bruce's "Scenes and Sightings in the East," we learn that the English officers are in the habit of treating the unfortunate Hindoos most brutally. Mr. Bruce castigates them in severe

terms for their cruelty, and appeals to the people of England to put a stop to their rascality. Here is a lizard story, which will at once illustrate his manner and his opinions. Who that has lived in the South does not remember the little creatures glittering like tongues of flame, in thirsty grass, or by some hot white stone?

"The Hindoos believe that the lizard's 'tak, tak, tak,' is a language intelligible to the initiated; and I was assured by my servant that he knew many persons who understood it very well, and derived much useful information from their knowledge. An evil-disposed and unprincipled lizard in a house, will intimate to a thief who understands its language where the master's most valuable things are stored; whereas an upright and conscientious lizard will warn the master, if he can communicate with him, of the approach of the midnight robber. The lizard is exemplary in domestic life. Of an evening, after the lamps are lighted, you will see in the verandah two parent lizards with a young one, amusing themselves on the wall, and keeping close together in all their movements. The following tale of conjugal love, which with some variations I think I have read somewhere, though I cannot recollect the place, I give as told me with infinite minuteness of detail and copiousness of language, by my servant. A party of English officers were residing in a bungalow, some few miles from Madras. Among their attendants they had a clever little boy well versed in the lizard tongue. One day, as they were at dinner, a lizard on the wall commenced its 'tak, tak, tak,' on which the little boy burst out into a great laugh. For this extraordinary liberty in presence of Englishmen, he was of course furiously reprimanded, as might have been expected. Yet again the lizard spoke, and again the little boy fell a-laughing. On this one of the furious Englishmen asked the boy what he meant by laughing in this manner. The boy told them that he could not help being tickled at what the lizard was saying. He was then asked what the lizard said, and he told the officers that the lizard said, 'My wife will be here tonight.' Upon this, says the narrator, the officers flew into a great passion; one of them called the poor boy 'a liar'; another gave him a blow on the face, a third kicked him, and a fourth knocked him down. All this part of the relation carries the evidence of truth on the very face of it, as this is just what English officers under the circumstances would do to a poor Indian boy, in order to vindicate the national character for manliness and love of truth. But a signal proof of the boy's veracity was at hand. A few hours had only elapsed when a package of wine for the company arrived from Madras, and, immediately on its being opened, out jumped a female lizard and scrambled in great haste up the wall to her mate, who flew to meet her joyfully, exclaiming, as the wise little boy interpreted the speech, 'Here's my wife!' And now, says the narrator, when these officers observed this affecting interview, so unexpectedly brought about between this exemplary couple, they were sorry that they had cursed, beaten, kicked, and knocked down the poor boy, and began now to comfort him. One gave him a quarter rupee, another gave him a half rupee, and a third gave him a whole rupee, and then this poor boy was very happy."

From the same work we take the following amusing paragraph, showing how the palanquin bearers cheer their labors with song:

"The song of the bearers, as is the usage in Madras, never ceases while the palanquin is in motion. From the moment of lifting it till it is put down, you have the constant 'ho, ho, ho; hee, hee, hee; ha, ha, ha; hah, hah, hah;' intermingled occasionally with something spoken by one bearer to the others, probably about their business. In some other parts of India, I understand that there are bearers who carry their burden in silence, and that this practice is agreeable to the sullenness of their English employers. The assistance of their monotonous song is, however, invariably insisted on by the bearers in Madras, as one of the conditions on which they undertake to be able to fulfill their engagement within the time stipulated. I have read that some of the bearers intersperse their songs with criticisms on the character of their burden. The following specimens of these remarks are given in a Madras magazine. The bearers in this case are carrying a great weighty man:

"O, what a heavy bag,	Ho, ho!
Sure it is an elephant,	Ho, ho!
He is an ample weight,	Ho, ho!
Let's let his palkee down,	Ho, ho!
Let's set him in the mud,	Ho, ho!
Let's leave him to his fate,	Ho, ho!
No; but he'll be angry then,	Ho, ho!
Ay, and he'll beat us then,	Ho, ho!
Then let us hasten on,	Ho, ho!
Jump along, jump along!	Ho, ho!

"The following are their favorable notices of a lady of light weight:

"She is not heavy, Botherum! [*take care.*]
 Carry her softly, Botherum.
 Nice little lady, Botherum.
 Here's a bridge, Botherum.
 Carry her carefully, Botherum.
 Carry her gently, Botherum.
 Sing along cheerily, Botherum.
 Botherum!"

SMALL CHANGE.

A CLERICAL ANECDOTE.—Some thirty-five or forty years ago, a Mr. Williams, a clergyman of the old school, somewhat eccentric, came to Salem from the country, to exchange desks with one of his brethren in the ministry. During the Sabbath noon intermission, he said to his daughter,

"I am going to lie down. If St. Paul comes himself, don't you disturb me."

Mr. Bently, who preached in the East Church, who had been very intimate with Mr. Williams, but had not seen him for several years, hearing he was in town, hurried off after dinner, to make his old friend a call.

"Where is Brother Williams?" he inquired, as he met the daughter.

"He can't be disturbed, sir, not even if St. Paul should call."

"I must see him!" was the impatient rejoinder, in the inimitable manner peculiar to Mr. Bently.

Resistance to such a *must* was out of the question. The room of the sleeper was designated. With no gentle voice, and a corresponding shake, Mr. Williams was aroused. He was delighted to see his old friend Bently, reiterating in his fervency his gratification.

"I think, Brother Williams, that you are a little inconsistent."

"How so, how so, Brother Bently?"

"Didn't you tell your daughter you were not to be disturbed, even if St. Paul called? yet you appeared very glad to see me."

"No, no, Brother Bently, not inconsistent at all. I was—I am glad to see you. The Apostle Paul! why, I hope to spend a blessed eternity with him; but you, Brother Bently, I never expect to see you again."

THE FOURTH AND THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENTS.—The late worthy Dr. Lockhart, of the College Church, Glasgow, when traveling in England, was sojourning in an inn when the Sabbath came round. On entering the public room, and about to set out to church, he found two gentlemen preparing for a game at chess. He addressed them in words to this effect: "Gentlemen, have you locked up your portman-teaus carefully?" "No. What! are there thieves in this house?" "I do not say that; only I was thinking that if the waiter comes in,

and finds you making free with the fourth commandment, he may think of making free with the eighth commandment." Upon which the gentlemen said, "There was something in that," and so laid aside their game.

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY.—It is a custom of our civic authorities to confer upon distinguished individuals what they are pleased to call the freedom of the city. We never knew exactly what it means. Indeed, we do not remember to have heard any other explanation than that given by a sailor when, as it is said, Commodore Decatur, having been presented with the freedom of the city of New-York, the next day overheard the following conversation between two of his crew: "Jack," said one, "what is the meaning of this 'freedom of the city,' which they've been giving to the 'old man'?" "Why, don't you know? It's the right to rollick about the streets as much as he pleases; kick up a row; knock down the men, and kiss the women!" "O, O!" cried the other, "that's something worth fighting for."

A FINE.—Cibber, in his juvenile days, held a very subordinate situation in the theater, and on one occasion delivered a message on the stage in so indifferent a manner that Betterton in anger inquired who he was. "Master Colley," was the reply. "Then forfeit him," said Betterton. "Why, sir, he has no salary." "No!" then put him down ten shillings a week, and forfeit him five."

TRANSCENDENTALISM.—A very intelligible definition of this word is given by one who is, we think, himself a transcendentalist. It is, he tells us, the spiritual cognoscence of psychological irrefragibility connected with concurrent ademption of incolumment spirituality and etherialized contention of subsultory concretion.

An eminent lawyer belonging to the New-York bar gives a better though less "highfalutin" idea of the word than this. Transcendentalism, he says, is two holes in a sand-bank—a storm washes away the sand-bank without disturbing the holes.

But here is a specimen of the same thing, carried out into the affairs of every-day life. Jones wanted some baked sweet potatoes: "Landlord," said he, "can you enable me to realize from your culinary stores the pleasures of a few dulcet murphies, rendered innocuous by ingenious martyrdom."

A STUNNER.—Jenkins asked me this morning to help in getting up a contribution for friend Bunkles. "Did you give assent?" "Give a cent! I gave twelve and a half on 'em. Yes, sir-ee!" And Spoodlesticks gathered up his coat-tail, and in a halo of fine-cut glory sloped.

A COOL CALCULATION.—Mrs. Dabster is a woman of imperturbable coolness, and places an appreciating value on dollars. A few days since the note that Mr. Dabster endorsed for Rush & Goit met with a protest. The information drove Mr. D. to distraction. He lost his appetite, silk handkerchief, and temper. He found

the sulks and a taste for desperation. In this state of mind he returned home.

"Mrs. Dabster, my love, I am a ruined man."

"Just what I expected, my dear, when I heard you had endorsed that note."

"I shall go crazy; buy a butcher's knife and cut my throat."

"As you please, my love; but perform the act in the yard."

"Why? Not afraid of blood, are you?"

"Not at all, my dear; but cutting one's jugular in the parlor could not do otherwise than injure the carpet."

Apropos to this is a piece of very sensible advice; to wit: When you go to drown yourself, always pull off your clothes; perhaps they may fit your wife's second husband.

Talking about suicide, reminds us of the sober second thought of the Frenchman who, having resolved to kill himself, in order to make his departure for the other world the more heroic, wrote the following on his table: "I follow the teaching of a great master, for Moliere has said,

"When all is lost and hope no more is nigh,
Life is a shame—our duty is to die."

The knife was already applied, when a sudden thought stopped him. "Ah! was it really Moliere that said this, now? I must be very sure of that, for otherwise I shall look excessively ridiculous." He at once set about resolving the point, and read through two or three of Moliere's comedies, which, restoring his good humor, saved his life.

THE YOUNG MARKSMAN.—Here is a lively bit of versification, which, under the title of "The Young Marksman," we find in an exchange:

"John is a youth of 'low degree';

His name swells no great pedigree;

But on the old barn's stable-door,

And on the cross-beam, on the stall,

You now may see, if you'll explore—

JOHN, cut with jack-knife over all.

On the gate-post in the lane,

Scratch'd with crystal on the pane,

Mark'd with red-chalk on the hen-coop,

Scrawl'd with charcoal on the front stoop,

Scribbled on the mantle-piece,

(Letters curved 'as smooth as grease,')

On the front-door, in the hall—

JOHN JONES 'carved out' upon all.

On the village church's column,

Written in the sacred volume,

On the benches in the basement,

On the blinds and window-casement,

On the shaggy osken-tree,

In the hymn-books you may see,

Writ in characters uncouth,

The name of that ambitious youth,

JOHN JONES, the bright, mischievous spark,

Who seems inclined to leave his mark.

SQUIRE J.'S ELOQUENCE.—Squire J— recently aspired to represent a flourishing Western town in the next Legislature, and in hopes of obtaining the nomination he seized all favorable opportunities to address the million. Some time since there was a caucus at the school-house, when Squire J— delivered one of his flowery speeches, which terminated somewhat as follows: "I say, fellow-citizens, that the inalienable rights of man are paramount and catamount to all others, and he who cannot

put his hand on his heart, and thank God that nothing is rankling within, deserves to lie in a bed—lie in a bed—I say, gentlemen, he deserves to lie in a bed—in a bed—” “With cracker crumbs in it,” shouted out the voice of a person anxious to round the period. The laugh was tremendous.

RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.—A colored gentleman down South bought himself a new shiny hat, and when it commenced raining, he put it under his coat. When asked why he did not keep his hat on his head, he replied, “Do hat’s mine; bought him wid my own money; head longs to massa; let him take keer he own property.”

COLOR OF HAIR.—Some turns black and some turns white. Here are two illustrations:

Patient to Doctor.—Doctor, can you assign any reason for my whiskers turning so very gray, while the hair on my head remains of its original jet?

Doctor.—thoughtfully—I should suppose it is caused by the excess of labor performed by that part over the other.

But here is a change in the other direction: Two of our lady friends were reading Byron’s “Prisoner of Chillon.” We intended to say that one lady was pretending to read it aloud to the other lady. No woman has ever been, now is, or ever will be, capable of listening without interrupting. So that, at the very commencement, when the reader read the passage,

“Nor grew it white

In a single night,

As men’s have grown from sudden fears,”

the listener interposed as follows:

“White! How odd, to be sure! Well, I know nothing about men’s hair; but there is our friend, Mrs. G——, of Twelfth-street, the lady who has just been twenty-nine years old for the last fifteen years; her husband died, you know, last winter, at which misfortune her grief was so intense, that her hair turned completely black within twenty-four hours after the occurrence of that sad event.”

But there is no end to the satires upon the fair sex. Thackeray, in describing one of his heroines, after eulogizing her ruby lips, and her chiseled nose, and her sparkling eyes, quietly adds that, after all, her teeth were the most striking and the most lovely; and no wonder, they had only come from the dentist’s that very morning.

FORCE OF THE IMAGINATION.—Davy put a thermometer into the mouth of a patient to ascertain his animal heat. A few days afterward the man came to him: “D’ye, sir, please to put that thing in my mouth again; nothing ever did me so much good. I felt myself better directly.”

JINKINS.—Jinkins is a man who takes matters humorously. When his best friend was blown into the air by a “bursting biler,” Jinkins called after him, “There you go, my esteamed friend!”

EPIGRAMMATIC.

“When Limerick, in idle whim,
Moore as her member lately courted,
‘The boys,’ for form’s sake, ask’d of him
To state what party he supported.

“When thus his answer promptly ran,
(Now give the wit his meed of glory,)
‘I’m of no party, as a man—
But, as a poet, am-a-tory.’”

APOLOGIZING.—Some people are very adroit at framing an apology. Scranton, in a pet, said to his friend Scrawney, “You are a greater fool than you look like.” Scrawney demanded a retraction or a fight. “Well, then,” replied the other, “I will take it back. You are not so great a fool as you look like.”

This reminds us of a similar retraction by a foul-mouthed fellow, who declared of an absent friend: “He is not fit to carry garbage to a bear.” Being called to account for the expression, and desirous to soothe his friend’s wounded feelings, he said, “I will retract. You are fit to carry garbage to a bear.”

A writer in the *Westminster Review* says that the rebels in China, who profess to favor Christianity, say that they do it because the God of the Christians “makes his favorites powerful in war and invulnerable at sea.” “Such is Christianity now in China,” he adds, “illustrated by the recent American and European policy of transporting Coolies, under the deceptive conditions, to be virtually slaves in guano and sugar islands, if not starved or suffocated by the way and thrown into the sea.”

WHAT WAS IT ABOUT?—Barnes, being inclined to sleep a little during the sermon, a friend who was with him in his pew one Sunday lately, joked him on his having nodded now and then. Barnes insisted he had been awake all the time. “Well, then,” said his friend, “can you tell me what the sermon was about?” “Yes, I can,” he answered; “it was about half an hour too long.”

WHAT IS SAL SODA?—A witness in a liquor case at Manchester, N. S., gave the following testimony: “Sal soda is ice and water, and some stuff squirted into it from a concern. Don’t know whether it is intoxicating or not—it makes one feel good—feet lift easier.”

A NOTIFICATION.—The following was found on a post-office door in Indiana County, Pa. It is a supervisor’s notification concerning certain public work to be done on the river:

the time for work is October 23th 1856 all persons nowin them selves in Debted to a super cription for working on the river will Bee one had with out Dont at that time Come one friends and Makers and Cee wee Can Due as it is inn all aporthin thing

DANIEL BARTRENGER

super viser.

this 16 day of Sept

JAS. C. CONNEVER [L. &.]

SENSIBLE.—A Chicago broker, famous for his shrewdness, took a trip by railroad the other day, and sat down at the end of the last car, because he considered the use of the money worth something while the conductor was coming through the cars.

Recent Publications.

Arctic Explorations: the Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, 1853, '54, '55. By Elisha Kent Kane, M.D., U.S.N. We esteem this as the most valuable addition that has been made to our library for a long time. It is comprised in two octavo volumes, on elegant paper, sumptuously printed, and illustrated by upward of three hundred engravings on wood and steel. Our own copy is embellished with the autograph of the intrepid commander of the expedition, which greatly enhances its value. Dr. Kane, it will be remembered, was the principal historian of what is called the First Grinnell Expedition. Of the second, so graphically described in these volumes, he was the conductor; the plan of the voyage originated with himself, and its expenses were mainly defrayed by the noble generosity of Henry Grinnell and George Peabody, Esqs. The mechanical execution of these volumes reflects the highest credit upon the taste and the enterprising liberality of the spirited publishers, Messrs Childs and Peterson of Philadelphia. Of the results of this expedition—the Kane expedition, as it should be called—we may say, in the language of a cotemporary, that the discovery of a Polar Sea was unquestionably the crowning event. That, next to the finding of Sir John Franklin, was the leading object of all the recent English expeditions; but not one of them was successful. Dr. Kane was animated by a similar hope, and he was successful. Unsubdued by the horrors of sunless winters, of the biting cold, and the dangers of starvation, he forced his way beyond the boundaries of human existence, crossed a belt that might well be termed the Land of Utter Desolation—where no living creature was seen; and, on reaching the margin of an ocean, he was welcomed by a warmer breeze than he had lately known, and by the unexpected appearance of birds and quadrupeds; and had, in reality, discovered a new world. He proved himself to be a man of rare pioneer ability and of astonishing fortitude, and in returning home, after performing one of the greatest exploits of the present century, he overcame a series of difficulties in traveling which would seem to be too wonderful even for the pen of romance. In the meantime his countrymen became anxious for his safety, and an expedition, commanded by Lieut. H. G. Hartstene, was dispatched to his rescue, and he who departed from the North as a commander, returned to his country in the simple capacity of passenger. He reported himself to the government, and was complimented, and in the eyes of the American and European public has quietly been assigned a position among the most distinguished navigators and discoverers of the world. May he long live to wear the honor he has so nobly earned.

Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical; or, the Conditions and Course of the Life of Man. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. This is an admirably printed, and profusely illustrated large octavo volume, of six hundred and fifty

pages, from the press of Harper & Brothers. It contains the substance of the lectures delivered, for several successive years, in the New-York University, by the accomplished and well-known professor of Chemistry and Physiology. It has been the aim of the author to banish the mysticism and metaphysical absurdities with which the science of physiology has been enveloped from the earliest ages; "to exorcise it," in his own language, "from such nonentities as irritability, plastic power, vital force," and he has been to a very great extent successful. For this he deserves the thanks no less of the general reader than of the medical student. Indeed, his entire volume, and more especially the second part of it, is not only beautifully scientific, but exceedingly full of interest. It is gratifying to see, too, that the author, diverging from the track of most of his predecessors who have made human physiology their study, does not ignore the teachings of the Bible, nor forget that man has a moral as well as a physical nature. The existence of God, his goodness, wisdom, and power; the immortality of the soul and the retributions of the future; together with the relative duties existing between man and his fellow, are blended with the teachings of philosophy, and so presented as to conduce to the best interests of the reader.

Life in the Itinerancy, in its Relations to the Circuit and Station, and to the Minister's Home and Family. A vivid delineation of the life of an itinerant minister; his joys and sorrows, his triumphs and his trials, with perhaps rather more than a fair proportion of the latter, in the country and in the city, among the rich and the poor, the churlish and the generous, from the commencement of his career down to superannuation and final release and endless rest. The author assures us that it is not a work of fiction, but that every incident has its basis in facts, and that it is a representation of real life. No doubt of it. Our only fear is, that some of the imaginary characters are delineated with such life-like fidelity that readers, here and there, may not be able to resist the temptation to furnish one and another of them with a local habitation and a name. The author inscribes the book "to the wives of Methodist ministers, who share equally with their husbands the trials and triumphs of the itinerancy." Whatever may be said of the triumphs, there can be no doubt that they have a full share of the trials, and if a perusal of this little volume shall induce them to bear their lot with greater fortitude; and, more especially, if it may be the means of lessening their trials, the author will not have written in vain. (Miller, Orton, & Mulligan. For sale also by Carlton & Porter.)

Dr. Johnston, the accomplished Professor of Natural Science in the Wesleyan University, has just issued a new edition, the sixth, of his *Manual of Chemistry*, beyond all question the best book of its class for colleges, seminaries, and private students. This edition has been

rewritten, contains many new and important facts, and is profusely illustrated with well-executed wood engravings. The publisher (*Charles Desilver*, of Philadelphia) has performed his part admirably. We have seldom seen a more beautiful specimen of typography, or a neater and more appropriate style of binding.

Life of Prince Talleyrand, with Extracts from his Speeches and Writings. By Charles K. M'Harg. (Scribner.) There has never been an extended biography of this prince of diplomatists. A series of papers entitled "Leaves from the Life of Talleyrand" was published soon after his death in the *Dublin University Magazine*, and, in 1850, a fragmentary volume, under the title of "Revelations of the Life of Talleyrand," was published in London. Several sketches of his eventful career have also appeared in France, but the French *littérateurs* appear to be waiting patiently for the year 1868, when, according to the requisitions of his will, Talleyrand's own account of himself—his autobiography, will be published. Those who profess to have seen this manuscript say that it is very complete, graphic, full of anecdotes, and an able vindication of his own tortuous career. In the meantime Mr. M'Harg has prepared the volume before us, gleaming from all accessible sources, and weaving the whole into a very pleasant and readable volume. We make a few extracts. Here is Talleyrand's own account of an incident that took place during his brief sojourn in the city of New-York. With a party of friends the conversation turned on the subject of "Second Sight."

"Somnambulism, and the waking sleep, might account for the origin of such a wild belief," said one of the company.

"Or the faculty of fixing the mind with straining energy on one point," said another.

"Or, perhaps, the sudden light—the quick, vivid flash, which reveals to some strong and powerful minds the *Possible*, the *True*," said Talleyrand. "I remember," continued he, "upon one occasion having been gifted for one single instant, with this unknown and nameless power. I know not to this moment whence it came; it has never once returned; and yet, upon that one occasion it saved my life; without that sudden and mysterious inspiration, I should not now be here to tell the tale. I had freighted a ship in concert with my friend Beaumetz. He was a good fellow, Beaumetz, with whom I had ever lived on the most intimate terms; and, in those stormy times, when it needed not only friendship to bind men together, but almost godlike courage to dare to show that friendship, I could not but prize most highly all his bold and loyal demonstrations of kindness and attachment to me. I had not a single reason to doubt his friendship; on the contrary, he had given me, on several occasions, most positive proofs of his sincere devotion to my interests and well-being. We had fled from France together, we had arrived at New-York together, and together we had lived in perfect harmony during our stay there. So, after having resolved upon improving the little money that was left us by speculation, it was still in partnership and together that we freighted a small vessel for India, trusting all to the goodly chance which had befriended us in our escape from danger and from death, to venture once more together to brave the storms and perils of a yet longer and more adventurous voyage.

"Everything was embarked for our departure; bills were all paid and farewells all taken, and we were waiting for a fair wind with most eager expectation—being prepared to embark at any hour of the day or night, in obedience to the warning of the captain. This state of uncertainty seemed to irritate the temper of poor Beaumetz to an extraordinary degree, and, unable to remain quietly at home, he hurried to and from the city, with an eager, restless activity which at times excited my astonishment, for he had ever been remarkable for great calmness and placidity of temper.

"One day, he entered our lodging, evidently laboring under great excitement, although commanding himself to appear calm. I was engaged at the moment writing letters to Europe, and, looking over my shoulder, he said, with forced gaiety, 'What need to waste time in penning those letters? they will never reach their destination. Come with me, and let us take a turn on the Battery; perhaps the wind may be chopping round; we may be nearer our departure than we imagine.'

"The day was very fine, although the wind was blowing hard, and I suffered myself to be persuaded. Beaumetz, I remembered afterward, displayed an unusual officiousness in aiding me to close my desk and put away my papers, handing me, with hurried eagerness, my hat and cane, and doing other little services to quicken my departure, which, at the time, I attributed to the restless desire for change, the love of activity, with which he seemed to have been devoured during the whole period of our delay.

"We walked through the crowded streets to the Battery. He had seized my arm, and hurried me along, seemingly in eager haste to advance. When we had arrived on the broad esplanade, the glory then, as now, of the city of New-York, Beaumetz quickened his step yet more, until we arrived close to the water's edge. He talked loud and quickly, admiring in energetic terms the beauty of the scenery, the Brooklyn Heights, the shady groves of the island, the ships riding at anchor, and the busy scene on the peopled wharf; when suddenly he paused in his mad, incoherent discourse, for I had freed my arm from his grasp, and stood immovable before him. Staying his wild and rapid steps, I fixed my eyes upon his face. He turned aside, *conceded and disavowed*. 'Beaumetz,' I shouted, 'you mean to murder me—you intend to throw me from the height into the sea below. Deny it, monster, if you can!'

"The maniac stared at me for a moment, but I took especial care not to avert my gaze from his countenance, and he quailed beneath it. He stammered a few incoherent words, and strove to pass me, but I barred his passage with extended arms. He looked vacantly right and left, and then flung himself upon my neck and burst into tears. 'Tis true—'tis true, my friend. The thought has haunted me day and night, like a flash from the lurid fire of hell. It was for this I brought you here. Look, you stand within a foot of the edge of the parapet—in another instant, the work would have been done.'

"The demon had left him; his eyes were still unsettled, and the white foam stood in bubbles on his parched lips; but he was no longer tossed by the same mad excitement under which he had been laboring so long, for he suffered me to lead him home without a single word. A few days' repose and silence, bleeding and abstinence, completely restored him to his former self, and, what is most extraordinary, the circumstance was never mentioned between us. My fate was at work. It was during those few days of watching by the bedside of poor Beaumetz, that I received the letters from France which announced to me the revocation of the decree which had sent me a wanderer to America. The Directory had relented, and I was invited to return with all speed. I sought not to resist the appeal, and at once decided on leaving Beaumetz to prosecute our speculation alone, and on returning to Paris immediately.

"The blow was cruel to poor Beaumetz, who was fully persuaded, I have no doubt, that it was in dread of another attack on his part that I had now the wish to leave him. No argument I could make use of, no assurances of unchanged friendship, could shake his opinion, and our parting was a most stormy and painful one. I made over to him my interest in the ship which we had freighted together, and he departed for India, while I bent my course once more toward my *belle France*.

"Once more in a position to assist my friends, my first thought was of Beaumetz, and one of my first acts was the canceling of his death-warrant. I wrote to him to announce the joyful news, addressing my letter to the merchant at Calcutta to whom he had been recommended. In due time, receiving no answer, I wrote again; but my letters were returned, with the information that the ship, which had sailed from New-York some months before, and of which M. Beaumetz was supercargo, had not arrived, that no tidings had been received of its fate, and that great fears were entertained of its total loss. The apprehension was justified, for from that day to this no tidings have ever been received of the ship, nor, alas! of my poor friend Beaumetz!"

The prince's account of an interview between the celebrated Madame de Staël and Monti, whose poems were at that time exceedingly popular, is amusing. These two literary celebrities were introduced to each other at a party, and Talleyrand listened to their conversation:

"It was overwhelming with erudition, and then the compliments were poured forth like rain from an April sky—the abbé 'had never reckoned upon so great an honor as that of meeting the first writer of the age,' madame 'little dreamed, when she arose that morning, that the day would be marked by so auspicious an event as the meeting with the abbé.'"

"I have devoured every word that has escaped from Sappho's pen," said the abbé.

"I cannot sleep until I read the charming odes from the Italian Tyrtaeus," said the lady.

"Have you seen my last endeavor?" said the abbé. "Alas! not yet," sighed the lady, "although report speaks of it more highly than of any which have preceded it."

"I have it here!" exclaimed the abbé, eagerly drawing a small volume from his pocket. "Allow me to present it to you, madame; a poor homage, indeed, to so much genius, but it may prove interesting to one who has had so much success in heroic poetry."

"Thanks, thanks," cried Madame de Staël, seizing the little volume with every demonstration of overpowering gratitude. "This is indeed a treasure, and will be prized by me far beyond gold or jewels."

"She turned over the leaves slowly, while the delighted abbé watched her with a charming self-complacency; then suddenly dropping it into her lap, she exclaimed, turning on the abbé a languid glance, 'You were talking of heroic poetry, dear abbé; have you seen my last attempt—a dramatic scene, "L'Exil"—a slight and poor imitation of some of your own?'"

"I have not been so blessed as to obtain a copy," replied the abbé.

"How fortunate that I should have one in my reticule!" said madame, hurriedly seizing the strings of the bag suspended from her arm, and drawing forth a thin volume in boards. The abbé bent low over it as she presented it, and kissing it with reverence, placed it by his side, and the conversation—that is to say, the complimenting—was continued with redoubled vigor.

"Talleyrand then departed, and did not return till the company broke up, when he found that they had both left the bench whereon they had been seated so long together, leaving, however, the "precious treasures," which they had received from each other, with so much gratitude, behind them! Talleyrand seized upon them with inexpressible delight, thinking that they would furnish matter for innocent jeering, when the loss came to be remembered by either party. But the thing was complete—they were never sought and never asked for."

We copy at random a few of the bold bad man's witticisms and *bon mots*, some of which evince his intimate knowledge of poor human nature:

"Being vexed by a man who squinted awfully, with several importunate questions concerning his leg, which it will be remembered was lame, he replied, 'It is quite crooked—as you see.'"

"Being somewhat out of patience, through the persevering solicitations of an English nobleman for his autograph, he promised to send him one in a few days. His promise he redeemed as follows: 'Dear sir, will you oblige me with your company to dinner on Wednesday, at eight o'clock? I have invited a number of exceedingly clever persons, and do not like to be the only fool among them.'"

"Napoleon once said, rather irreverently, of his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, 'Francis is an old granny.' Some friend repeated the remark to Maria Louisa. The empress sought an explanation from Talleyrand. 'Monsieur Talleyrand, what does that mean—an old granny?' The cunning diplomatist, more polite than conscientious, answered, with his most serious air, 'It means, madame—it means a venerable sage.'"

"In the latter portion of his life, the celebrity of Chateaubriand, who was with all his genius exceedingly vain, began to wane. About the same time he complained bitterly of becoming deaf. This infirmity being alluded to in conversation, Talleyrand archly

observed, 'I understand; since they have ceased talking about him he thinks himself deaf.'"

"The Princess of Sweden, the wife of Marshal Bernadotte, used to complain feelingly of the *ennui* of the frigid and gloomy court of Sweden, the members of which, she remarked, never were excited, except to shoot kings at masked balls. Hearing this remark, Talleyrand sought to console the princess by saying, 'But really, madame, that is very well for a beginning!'"

"Ruhlières, the author of a work on the Polish Revolution, having said, 'I have never committed but one wicked act in my life;' 'And when will that act be completed?' was Talleyrand's inquiry."

"When Madame de Staël published her celebrated novel, 'Delphine,' she was supposed to have painted herself in the person of the heroine, and Talleyrand in that of an elderly lady, who is one of the principal characters. 'They tell me,' said he to her, 'that we are the only two in your romance who are disguised as females.'"

"One day when Marshal Davoust excused himself for being too late, because he had met with a 'Pekin,' who detained him, Talleyrand begged to know what he meant by that word. 'We call Pekin everything not military,' said Davoust. 'Ah, yes,' replied Talleyrand, 'as we call everything *military* which is not *civil*.'"

"Unbounded modesty is nothing more than unavowed vanity: the too humble obeisance is sometimes a disguised impertinence."

"The reputation of a man is like his shadow—gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportions when it follows."

"To contradict and argue with a total stranger, is like knocking at a gate to ascertain if there is any one within."

"That sovereign has a little mind who seeks to go down to posterity by means of great public buildings. It is to confide to masons and bricklayers the task of writing history."

"Theologians resemble dogs, that gnaw very large bones for the sake of a very little meat."

"A great capitalist is like a vast lake, upon whose bosom ships can navigate, but which is useless to the country, because no stream issues thence to fertilize the land."

"I remember of having often been told in my youth that the love of glory was a virtue. Strange must be that virtue which requires the aid of every vice."

"To succeed in the world, it is much more necessary to possess the penetration to discover who is a fool, than to discover who is a clever man."

The Harmony of Ages: A Thesis on the Relations between the Conditions of Man and the Character of God. By Hiram Parker, M.D. (Boston: Jewett & Co.) Medicine has entered the lists with divinity, and the man of drugs does battle with the man of doubts. Dr. Beecher assures us that we all lived in another world previous to being born upon this beautiful planet, and that we sinned *there*, for which we are damned *here*. At least, he knows of no other method to account for the sorrows and sufferings of sinners. Dr. Parker lays down the lancet and takes up the pen in opposition, supposing, apparently, that possibly others besides the inventor, may have been led to swallow his absurd theory. The physician, albeit his style is a little harsh, and the arrangement of his argument is not the most methodical, has decidedly the advantage of the cleric.

A Threefold Test of Modern Spiritualism. By William R. Gordon, D.D. (Scribner.) The reverend author has thought it worth his while to investigate, with great care, and at much expense of time and change, the whole subject of rapping, knocking, pulling and hauling, tipping, kicking, spelling, and befooling, which is absurdly called Spiritualism. He has procured

and carefully read all the publications, bound volumes, big and little, pamphlets and papers, issued by believers in this delusion, and copied from them largely. He attended "circles," visited all the "meadjims" of any note, and honestly paid his shot for the revelations made to him about his father, mother, grandfather, and other relatives dead and living, and spreads upon his page at full length the miserable twaddle for which he paid his money. In his introduction the learned doctor gives reasons for what we cannot help thinking a lamentable, if not a wicked, waste of time. One of them he assures us is the fact that "several ministers of the Methodist Church have embraced it," and he wants to set them right. It may be so, but we see no good reason why our author should be so exceedingly anxious on that account. We have some little acquaintance with Methodist ministers, and a great deal less with those who hold the same religious faith with the doctor. It will surprise him, perhaps, to be assured that we know quite as many of the latter who are enrolled among Spiritualists as we do of the former. But let that pass. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. It is that Spiritualism is not a mere trick, nor a deception, nor a money-making humbug; that the hypothesis of involuntary or unconscious movement is inadequate to explain the phenomena; and that the same may be said of the electric, mesmeric, and odylic theories. What then? Why, according to Dr. Gordon, the whole thing is of the devil. *He* is the grand agent. Of that the doctor has no doubt whatever. So far he is himself a believer in Spiritualism. The all-wise and infinitely good Being permits the arch-adversary of God and man to go about the earth hocussing, at his pleasure, reverend divines of Dr. Gordon's caliber and creed, and—"several ministers of the Methodist Church." For ourselves, now, we must say, that of the two theories, that avouched by our author, and that of which Judge Edmonds may be deemed the exponent, we think the latter, absurd as it is, is quite as rational as the former, and rather less God-dishonoring. In fact, the doctor himself does not feel easy in his mind even with the clear convictions which have induced him to publish his experience. He tells us, "It is not *safe* for any one to pursue the matter as long and as hard as he has done, and would persuade *every one to keep aloof from it altogether.*" Good advice, doubtless; but intended, it would seem, only for those whose religious creed differs from Dr. Gordon's. At least, so we judge from the following abominably impudent passage, which we quote with the author's own italics, and lay aside his book with feelings, not exactly of pity, but of that other emotion which borders closely upon it:

"Several *Methodist*, and other clergymen of the *Arminian* type of the Christian faith, have fallen away; but we have not seen an instance of a sound *Calvinistic* divine, risen from his mooring upon the rock, and driven into this Stygian whirlpool, which has been recently found in the troubled waters of human opinion. Our limited observation among the deluded laity leads us to think that few, if any of them, had entertained Calvinistic views of Divine truth, previous to their slumping in the slush of an effete heathenism, where our modern adventurers are now found plunging, led on, as they think, by spirits sent from God to

guide them into the right path. We mention this by the way simply to show the *practical value of Calvinism* in affording well-tryed general principles for the protection of both heart and life from those fatal errors to which we have already referred."—P. 377.

Sinai and Palestine in connection with their History. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M. A. The literary, no less than the religious world, is under obligations to the publisher, (Redfield,) for reprinting, from the English edition, in a magnificent octavo, with well-executed maps and engravings, this most graphic and interesting description of the Holy Land, historical, geographical, and philosophical. Mr. Stanley's work is superior, in our judgment, to anything that has appeared upon this fruitful theme. Other men have traveled through the land and published their descriptions, some dry and dull, and others poetical and full of rhapsody. Mr. Stanley is evidently accurate and to be depended upon, at the same time that his style is captivating, and his readers are borne on pleasantly to the end of the volume. An extract from his preface will indicate in some degree the general character of the work, and serve as a specimen of his style:

"The whole journey, as it is usually taken by modern travelers, presents the course of the history in a living parable before us, to which no other journey or pilgrimage can present any parallel. In its successive scenes, as in a mirror, is faithfully reflected the dramatic unity and progress which so remarkably characterizes the sacred history. The primeval world of Egypt is with us, as with the Israelites, the starting-point, the contrast, of all that follows. With us, as with them, the Pyramids recede, and the Desert begins, and the wilderness melts into the hills of Palestine, and Jerusalem is the climax of the long ascent, and the consummation of the Gospel history presents itself locally, no less than historically, as the end of the law and the prophets. And with us, too, as the glory of Palestine fades away into the 'common day' of Asia Minor and the Bosphorus, gleams of the Eastern light still continue; first in the apostolical labors, then, fainter and dimmer, in the beginnings of ecclesiastical history, Ephesus, Nice, Chalcedon, Constantinople; and the life of European scenery and of Western Christendom completes by its contrast what Egypt and the East had begun. In regular succession at 'sundry' and 'divers places,' no less than 'in sundry times and divers manners,' God spake in times past to our fathers; and the local, as well as the historical diversity, is necessary to the ideal richness and completeness of the whole."

Mr. Stanley's first impressions of the Holy City are thus related:

"Jerusalem is one of the few places of which the first impression is not the best. No doubt the first sight, the first moment when, from the ridge of hills which divide the valley of Rephaim from the valley of Bethlehem, one sees the white line crowning the horizon, and knows that it is Jerusalem, is a moment never to be forgotten. But there is nothing in the view itself to excite your feelings. Nor is there even when the Mount of Olives heaves in sight, nor when 'the horses' hoofs ring on the stones of the streets of Jerusalem.' Nor is there in the surrounding outline of hills on the distant horizon. Nebi-Samuel is, indeed, a high and distinguished point, and Ramah and Gibeah both stand out, but they and all the rest in some degree partake of that featureless character which belongs to all the hills of Judea, as does Olivet itself. In one respect no one need quarrel with this first aspect of Jerusalem. So far as localities have any concern with religion, it is well to feel that Christianity, even in its first origin, was nurtured in no romantic scenery; that the discourses in the walks to and from Bethany, and in earlier times the Psalms and Prophecies of David and Isaiah, were not, as in Greece, the offspring of oracular cliffs and grottoes, but the simple outpouring of souls which thought of nothing but God and man. It is not, however, inconsistent

with this view to add, that though not romantic, though at first sight bare and prosaic in the extreme, there does at last grow up about Jerusalem a beauty as poetical as that which hangs over Athens and Rome."

We close this interesting volume with the author's brief, but striking description of the Dead Sea, that wonderful inland lake, of which so much has been written, and which will ever be ranked among the most profound of nature's mysteries:

"Gradually, within the last mile from the Dead Sea, the river melts into its grave in a tame and sluggish stream, still, however, of sufficient force to carry its brown waters far into the bright green sea. Along the desert-shore the white crust of salt indicates the cause of its sterility. Thus the few living creatures which the Jordan washes down into its waters are destroyed. Hence arises the unnatural buoyancy and the intolerable nausea to taste and touch, which raise to the highest pitch the contrast between its clear, bitter waves and the soft, fresh, turbid stream of its parent river. Strewn along its desolate margin lie the most striking memorials of this last conflict of life and death; trunks and branches of trees, torn down from the thickets of the river-jungle by the violence of the Jordan, thrust out into the sea, and thrown up again by its waves dead and barren as itself. The dead beach, so unlike the shell-covered shores of the two seas between which it lies, the Sea of Tiberias and the Gulf of Akaba, shelves gradually into the calm waters. A deep haze, that, like, to earlier ages, gave the appearance of the smoke going up forever and ever, veils its southern extremity, and almost gives it the dim horizon of a real sea."

Alexis De Tocqueville, whose name will be familiar to our readers as the author of a widely-circulated volume on the "Democracy of America," has recently published "*The Old Regime and the Revolution*," which has been translated by John Bonner, and issued from the press of the Messrs. Harper. It is an elaborately written and profoundly philosophical work, worthy of the author and of his subject. The translation is spirited and sufficiently literal.

The Conquest of Kansas by Missouri and her Allies. By William Phillips. (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.) The author was the special correspondent of the *New-York Tribune*, and his letters were read with great interest. He has here given us, in a 12mo, of some four hundred pages, a temperate, well-written, and apparently truthful account of the early settlement of Kansas, the troubles, perils, and trials of the pioneers; the sham elections, ruffianism, bogus laws, arrests, imprisonments, skirmishes, lynchings, and murders which make up her doleful history down to the present day. Notwithstanding all these horrors, and we are told that "very many outrageous occurrences have been omitted," and notwithstanding "the rights of American freemen have been subdued," the author looks hopefully to the future, and closes his volume with the assurance that "there is, thank God, still a spirit and vitality in the American character which will rise above all these obstacles, and yet write RESURGAM! on the tomb of Kansas liberty."

And yet another book about Kansas. It is entitled, and the title will give a good idea of its spirit and temper: "*In Perils by mine own Countrymen.*" *Three Years on the Kansas Border.* By a Clergyman of the Episcopal Church. (New-York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mul-

ligan.) This clergyman, we take it, is somewhat of a wag. At any rate, he keeps in excellent humor, cracks his jokes, and looks upon the farcical side of almost every event which befall him in his perilous mission. He is not an abolitionist, but something more than negative virtue is demanded by the whip-cracking masters of Kansas ere a man is permitted to preach the Gospel among them. It is required of a clergyman, as of everybody else, that he be "sound on the goose question." Readers who are unable to guess what that is are referred to the pages of our author, whose little book, we had almost forgotten to say, is dedicated "to churchmen and statesmen, to be handled without gloves, as churchmen and statesmen handled the author." And now, what is this Kansas about which we hear so much?

"It is a vast country situated in the heart of the continent, stretching from Missouri westward to the very shadow of the Rocky Mountains. Its soil is as fertile as any beneath the sun. Its climate is mild and genial. It has large rivers, smaller streams in abundance, alluvial soils holding the deposits of centuries, productive and beautiful table-land, rolling prairies, and picturesque hills. It is the land of all others in our national domain, for the cultivation of the olive and the vine. In the hands of freemen from the vineyards of Germany and Italy, Kansas may become the vineyard of America, and as the vine seems to be dying out in Europe, may yet be the vineyard of the world."

"It contains eighty-one millions of acres. It is nearly three times as large as the State of New-York. It is four times as large as Ireland, nearly six times as large as the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. What a domain to be the prize for freedom or slavery! It is capable of supporting twenty millions of people. No other such country remains for the emigrant. Nebraska is too cold for the vine and olive. Utah is pre-occupied or barren; New-Mexico is nearly waste. The emigrant has been hitherto excluded from southern climates. Missouri is shut upon him by the black line drawn around her borders. So are Kentucky and Tennessee. One only territory remained in the same parallel of latitude. That, the wisdom of our forefathers reserved by the most solemn act of legislation which they could perform for the free emigrant and the future."

The great question of the age is, Shall it, in violation of solemn compact, be blighted and blasted by the deadly upas-tree of slavery, or remain forever open to the honest toil of the hardy freeman?

Five volumes with the general title, "*Fire-side Reading*," edited by the Rev. D. W. Clark, D.D., have just been issued from the press of Schoenstedt & Pbe. of Cincinnati. They are, "Traits and Anecdotes of Animals;" "Traits and Anecdotes of Birds and Fishes;" "Travel and Adventure, comprising some of the most striking Narratives on Record;" "Sketches of Life and Character;" and "Historical Sketches, or Narratives of striking Events in the course of Human Affairs." Each volume is perfect in itself. The entire series is creditable to the good taste of the compiler, and well calculated to amuse and instruct the reader.

Signs of the Times: Letters to Ernst Moritz Arndt on the Dangers to Religious Liberty in the Present State of the World. By Christian Charles Josias Bunsen. Translated from the German by Susannah Winkworth. (Harper & Brothers, 12mo, pp. 440.) These letters, in the original German, were exceedingly popular, and obtained

a wide circulation in continental Europe. So far as we can judge, they have been faithfully translated; and, although some of the questions discussed by the author have, happily, little practical interest in this country, the great principles mainly involved are pertinent everywhere. We commend the volume to the thoughtful philanthropist who anxiously inquires, with the old Jewish prophet, What of the night? and to the disciple of the Saviour who, heeding the Master's injunction, would pierce night's darkness, and discern and profit by the "Signs of the Times."

Carter & Brothers have published, in a neat little volume, three lectures, entitled *Trade and Letters: their Journeyings Round the World*. They were delivered by the Rev. Dr. W. A. Scott, before the Mercantile Library Association of San Francisco, and are published at the request of those who heard them. It is gratifying to know that away off there, among the gold-hunters, appreciative audiences find time to listen to lectures, and that mental improvement is not altogether neglected. The lectures are fully equal to the average of those heard on this side of the Rocky Mountains.

The Victory Won is the title of a little volume containing a brief memorial of the last days of a sinner saved by grace. It is modestly written, and well adapted to encourage personal effort for the salvation of souls. (*Carter.*)

Dred: a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. (Boston: Jewett & Co.) The author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has added nothing to her reputation by this anti-slavery novel. That was an inspiration, which, with all its faults, and they were many, took the reader captive, and stirred his soul. This is a compilation, an evident manufacture, containing, indeed, many touching passages, but, as a story, lacking interest, and as a delineation

of characters, vapid and commonplace. Dred himself, who gives his name to the story, is a mere abstraction. He appears occasionally—once at a camp-meeting, which is miserably caricatured, and where Dred enacts a part utterly incredible; but he adds nothing to the story, and is conveniently killed off when the author's repertory of Scripture quotations has been exhausted.

Apostolic Preaching. A Sermon on the Death of the Rev. Charles D. Burritt. By L. A. Eddy. It was our happiness to have a somewhat intimate acquaintance with Mr. Burritt previous to his entrance upon the work of the ministry. It is gratifying to learn, as we do from this admirable discourse, that during his brief career our departed friend was a diligent and successful laborer in the Lord's vineyard. He died in peace on the 7th of May last, in the thirty-third year of his age.

We rejoice to see a marked improvement in the subject-matter and in the style of the juvenile books issued by the Sunday-School Union. Too frequently they have been merely reprints from English publications, with little adaptation to the wants, habits, and manners of Young America. It is surely possible to furnish our children with reading, free from the peculiar slang of the lower orders of Great Britain, and the Sunday-School Union is abundantly able to pay for original matter that shall be in every respect more appropriate, and of course more popular. The little volume entitled *Six Steps to Honor; or, Great Truths Illustrated*, just issued from the press of Carlton & Porter, will be a favorite in the family and in the Sabbath school. It is an original work, from the pen of the Rev. H. P. Andrews. The scenes are laid in our own country, and the incidents are such as will be familiar among us without the aid of an interpreter. It is illustrated with well-executed wood-cuts.

Literary Record.

Literature in Iceland.—Mr. Robert Chambers gives the following highly interesting account of the literary doings of this little insular community:

"The zealous cultivation of literature in Iceland during the last six centuries, and its remarkable productions, the sagas and eddas, histories and romantic poems, have excited the interest of all visitors. I am free to own that I can form no image of literary life more touching, or more calculated to call forth respect and veneration, than that of such a man as the Icelandic priest, Thorlakson, who produced a beautiful translation of 'Paradise Lost,' and many original works of distinguished merit, in the small inner room of a mere cottage which formed his parsonage, while his family concerns were going on in an equally small outer apartment, and his entire annual income did not exceed what is often given in England for the writing of an article in a magazine. Inquiry regarding the present state of literature in Iceland was a matter of course. So far as I could learn, the love of letters is still a more vivid passion in Iceland than the circumstances of the country would lead one to expect. I had much pleasure in looking over Mr. Thordarson's

printing-office in Reikiavik, where I found two presses of improved construction, and saw in progress an Icelandic translation of the 'Odyssey,' by Mr. Egilsson, late president of the college, whose son, I was told, is also giving promise of being a good poet. The list of books printed and published by Mr. Thordarson would surprise any one who thinks only of Iceland as a rude country half buried in arctic snows. He is also the publisher of two out of the three native newspapers produced in Iceland, the 'Ingolfur,' and 'Thiodolfur.' An Icelandic newspaper, I may remark, is a small quarto sheet, like the English newspapers of the seventeenth century, produced at irregular intervals, and sometimes consisting of two, sometimes of four leaves, according as the abundance of intelligence may determine. In a country where there are no roads and no posts, that there should be newspapers of any kind is gratifying. I regret, however, to say that they are described as of a violent malcontent complexion."

It is said that the sale of Mr. *Epes Sargent's* excellent standard series of school readers, speakers, and primers, has already reached the large number of two hundred thousand copies.

The library of four thousand volumes, lately belonging to *Professor Lucke*, of Germany, and purchased for the use of the divinity school in Cambridge, chiefly by the generosity of Colonel Benjamin Loring, of Boston, has arrived in safety at the institution for which it is designed.

A Curious Discovery.—A very curious discovery has recently been made in Germany, which tends to throw some additional light upon the known early employment of English actors upon the continent: it is the fragment (only a single leaf) of an English moral play, which appears, from the character of the type, to have been printed abroad, and which, we may conjecture, was used for the purpose of representation. On the other hand, it is very possible that the piece itself was of a political complexion, and that on this account it was originally published in the Low Countries. It is a large folio, and at the head of the page, and in considerably coarser letters than the rest, we read these lines:

"Truth it is, that by my magnanymie
I subdue Prynces for their offence;
But certainly subdued should I be,
If that I wanted the helpe of prudence.

This species of title reads as if the whole performance might have been objected to in this kingdom at about the period when it was printed, (the reign, perhaps, of Henry the Eighth, or Mary,) but what we have quoted above bears the appearance of English type, the rest, which comes below it, being foreign. The names of the characters in the play were at the side, but the margin has been cut away, and with it are gone portions of the allegorical appellations of the persons engaged in the representation: still, we can read "Temperance," "Charity," "Hope," "Prudence," "Justice," etc., as the interlocutors, and the stanza with which the drama commences is repeated near the conclusion of what has been recovered. It is indisputably a relic of great interest. Mr. Weigel, the well-known bookseller of Leipzig, into whose hands it has luckily fallen, has just circulated among his friends an exact fac simile (a xylograph) of the whole, which, in spite of abridgment at the top and bottom, as well as at the sides, measures rather more than sixteen inches by twelve. No resemblance can well be more perfect, and the paper is of the precise tint of the original.

Merle d'Aubigné.—The historian, M. d'Aubigné, has been invited to visit this country by the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston. The doctor, in reply, accepts the invitation, and promises to visit the United States next year. His works have a large sale in this country, for which he receives nothing.

There are in the United States one hundred and twenty-two colleges, with more than a thousand professors, and having more than twelve thousand students. They have extensive laboratories and astronomical instruments, and libraries containing more than a million of volumes. There are about forty medical schools, with about two hundred and fifty professors and five thousand students. There are forty-four theological schools, with one hundred and twenty-seven professors, and between

thirteen and fourteen hundred students. There are sixteen law schools, and about six hundred students.

Macaulay was, at the latest accounts from Europe, in Venice. On his return to England he was to resume his history. A London paper says that a calculation has been made, on the "rule of three" principle, that if it took four volumes to narrate what was done in eight years, it will require sixty octavos to record the events of the hundred and twenty years intended to be covered by the whole of his history.

A Southern Literature.—In an article on the necessity of encouraging a Southern literature, the *New-Orleans Delta* made use of the following language:

"Many of our foremost journals are imitating the example of the Rev. Mr. Marshall, of Vicksburg, in advocating the creation of a purely Southern literature, the support and encouragement of Southern publishers and the universal circulation of Southern books. A movement in this direction has frequently been attempted before, but without sufficient success to justify the originators in adhering to the project very long. It was tried by John C. Calhoun, advocated with rare ability by William Gilmore Simms; many enterprising men were willing to commit their capital to the cause, and yet, to-day, there is scarcely a Southern publishing house outside of Charleston and Richmond which can afford to compete with the North."

Another Shakspearian relic of historical importance, and of much popular interest, has recently been discovered—a second copy of the earliest edition of *Hamlet*, printed in 1603. This treasure has come into the hands of an English gentleman, who purchased it for £120 (\$600). The copy is in good condition and complete, with the exception of the title-page. The Duke of Devonshire's copy, the only other one known, is imperfect at the end, and the deficiency will now, for the first time, be authentically supplied. The play, as printed in 4to, for N.L. and John Trundell, is supposed to have been taken from an imperfect copy in the prompt books, or to have been fraudulently obtained. The Devonshire copy, till now unique, was discovered in 1825. It has been reprinted. The title-page of the edition of 1604 describes the play as "newly imprinted, and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect copy."

The twelfth annual meeting of the promoters of historical research in Switzerland took place last month at Solothurne; the members unanimously agreed to assist in the publication of a book of Swiss records and archives, the work to be a periodical, and embracing all the cantons of Switzerland. Among many interesting papers, Dr. Stalin, of Basle, read one upon some extremely valuable sources for the compilation of Swiss history which we had discovered in England.

It is a curious fact in the history of periodical literature, that the little comparatively insignificant kingdom of Saxony publishes 220 newspapers, while the whole of Austria produces but 271; Bavaria, 178; Wurtemberg, 99; Hanover, 89.

A translation of Thackeray's "Book of Snobs" is now in course of publication in the official journal of the French government, the *Moniteur*.

Arts and Sciences.

An important scientific exploring expedition is now on its way to the scene of its active labors. It is composed of Professor E. C. Francis, of Iowa; Professor N. E. Moore, late President of the Iowa State Lyceum of Natural History; Professor Silliman, son of Professor Silliman, of Yale College, and one or two other scientific gentlemen. The object is a thorough exploration of the fauna, flora, and geological character of a region of South America of which we have but a very imperfect knowledge, and which has not been traversed by any intelligent foreigner since the exploration of Humboldt, half a century ago. The gentlemen alluded to above expect to find, on reaching the beautiful valley of the Cauca River, a corps of American engineers, who have been sent out from this city by Gen. Mosquera, for the purpose of opening a road from the valley to the port of Buenaventura, on the Pacific. After pursuing their investigations in this valley they will cross the Andes, and examine the objects of interest in New-Granada. Thence proceeding to the southward, they will ascend the valley of the Upper Magdalena, and visit the ancient Spanish cities of La Plata and San Augustin. At this point they will seek some of the head waters of the mighty Amazon, and follow their course through the great level regions of Southern America until they empty into the Atlantic Ocean. This undertaking has been set on foot and is supported by some public-spirited gentlemen of Iowa, and although it has received the approbation of many public men of that state, no government aid has yet been extended to it.

A Powerful Engine.—The Detroit papers state that an engine costing fifty thousand dollars is in process of construction, which is to be used for pumping water into the reservoir of the water works of that city. This engine is guaranteed to raise one million pounds one foot with one hundred pounds of coal, less than two pounds of coal per hour for a single horse power—the highest guaranteed duty of any engine known.

There has been in use, in Columbus, Ohio, for some time past, a three-wheeled phaeton, which is said to work admirably, and it is thought will introduce a new style of vehicle into use. It obviates the annoyances now experienced in getting into our present four-wheeled vehicles, and in turning them. The front wheel is so arranged as to run steadily, and there is less friction and less resistance to draught.

At a late sitting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, M. Elie de Beaumont communicated a letter from Prince Napoleon, requesting him to make known to the Academy, and to the principal learned bodies of Europe and America, that in the course of his voyage to the northern parts of the Atlantic, in the *Reine Hortense*, His Royal Highness, with the view of ascertaining the direction of currents, caused to be thrown into the sea fifty blocks of wood, each containing a vial in which was a paper, bearing in

French, English, Latin, and Russian, the date on which, and the latitude and longitude at which the blocks were thrown out, and begging the finders thereof to note when and where they might be picked up. The blocks, it is added, are made in such a way that they can easily be recognized.

Interesting Discovery in Russian America.—A discovery has just been made in the village of Alexandropol, in the government of Enitherin-oslow, which has caused an immense sensation among archaeologists. M. Luzancho, the director of the Museum of Kertch, has found, in a small mound, the catacombs of the Scythian kings. Numerous articles in gold, silver, bronze, iron, earthenware, &c., have been discovered there. The existence of the Gherros, or Necropolis of the Scythian monarchs, spoken of by Herodotus, is thus proved.

The expedition with which M. d'Escayrac de Lauture is, on the demand of the Pacha of Egypt, to make a new search for the sources of the Nile, comprises twelve gentlemen belonging to different countries of Europe—France, England, Prussia, Austria; also, one of the United States. These gentlemen are officers of the army, the engineers, and the navy, or physicians, *savants*, and artists. The representative of England in the expedition is Mr. Twyford, of the navy; and that of the United States is Mr. Clague, of New Orleans.

Julius Hübner, one of the professors of the Dresden Academy of Painting, and author of the new historical catalogue of the famous Dresden Gallery, has finished a picture which is receiving considerable praise from the German art critics. It represents Frederic the Great in Sans Souci, seated in an arm-chair on the terrace, with his favorite greyhounds at his feet. He is gazing with a rapt and absorbed expression toward heaven, from whence a stream of light seems to fall on the old warrior; Hübner seizes the moment when the king feels death coming over him, and is trying to fix his mind on the might and grandeur of eternity. He is supposed to be exclaiming to the starry firmament, "I, too, shall soon be nearer to you." Professor Hübner has been more successful with this picture than with any of his previous ones.

Horseflesh for Human Food.—M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, presented his work "On the Use of Horseflesh as Human Food," and in a brief speech repeated the principal arguments and statements he has employed in his public lectures, to show that such flesh is wholesome, abundant, and has always been consumed in some nations of Europe; nay, is consumed still, and publicly too, in more than one European city. That the prejudice against horseflesh as food, which exists in France, England, and America, is unjust and unreasonable, we are not disposed to deny. But it seems to us that there is one great obstacle to its coming into general use, and that is its comparative dearthness.

